# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

**In This Number**

John Taintor Foote—H. G. Wells—Arthur Stringer
Melville Davisson Post—Samuel G. Blythe—Kennett Harris—Frank Goewey Jones—Cameron Mackenzie

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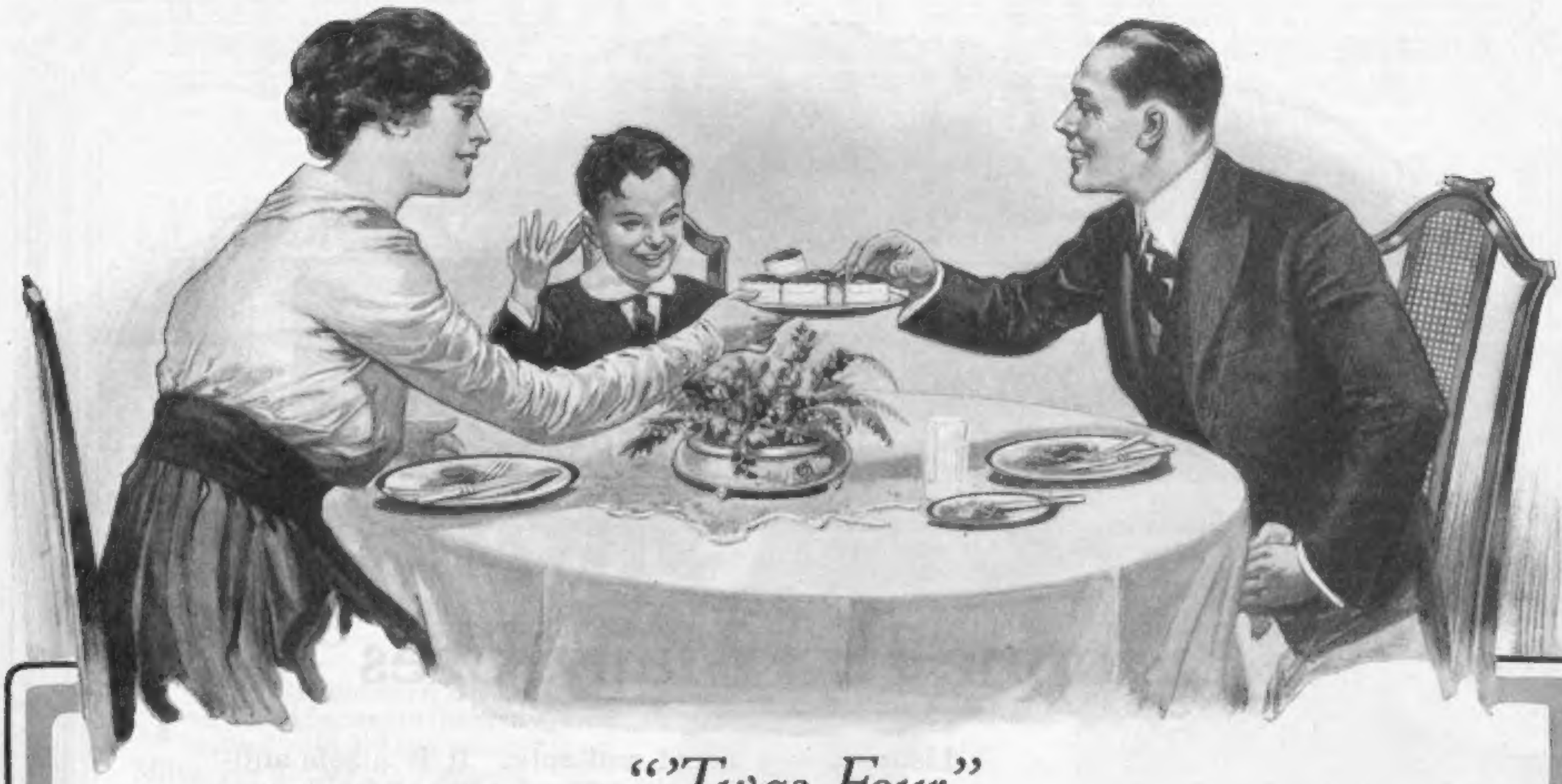

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# FLUSH TIMES IN NEW YORK

*The Last Few Winters, From the Point of View of Luxury Venders, the Town Was Stagnant, Almost Dead*

## By Cameron Mackenzie

*SKETCHES BY HERBERT JOHNSON*

TAKE New York over the last few winters and its life has been reasonably sane, sober and regulated. The public bought modestly—but very modestly—of jewelry, and, when it came to dressing, had a very careful eye to cost. As for elaborate and costly dining out, there was relatively little of it; scores upon scores of empty tables used to gleam in the throne rooms of the pleasure palaces and the waiters knew by name nearly everyone who ever bought champagne. The cabarets would pretty well empty themselves by half past one or two and generally caution and restraint were in the air. From the point of view of luxury venders the town was stagnant, almost dead.

Then came this winter, and it is as if a wand of easy money had passed over the place, setting it into a glittering whirl. The restaurants are filled with flushed and reckless crowds; dressmakers' showrooms are packed with clamoring women before whom tired-faced manikins parade for hours a day; dance floors are loaded with clogged, breathless masses of men and women resplendent in evening attire, while waiters who a year ago were standing about counting change now drive their fagged steps until dawn serving champagne. A carnival is on, and it has been in progress day after day, night after night, week after week since early fall.

It is a startling transformation that has come over New York. A virus of abandon has got into the blood of thousands and the scatter of coin seems to be in the air, showering a golden flood upon the town. Consider hotels and restaurants. There are seventeen of the first grade—establishments in which a dinner for two persons, even without wine, costs close to ten dollars. Practically half of these twelve months ago were losing, but to-day every one of them is not only prosperous but extremely prosperous. The dressmaking business is up fifty per cent; the jewelry trade has increased thirty per cent. Translated into money, it has been estimated that for every dollar handed out for soft living last year two dollars are being handed out this. A vast army of spenders has taken possession of the city and is making it over; and this army has its officers, its leaders—the people who set the pace—quite as well as its rank and file.

### When the Army of Spenders is Mobilized

THE rank and file was recruited less directly by the war than by the leaders. The average man who is spending in New York this season is primarily a product of general prosperity. For the first time in years he finds himself enjoying a margin which he dare "blow in." Although there is nothing spectacular in the spending of these folk—they pay less than one hundred dollars for their gowns and it does not require twenty-five dollars to represent an evening's gayety for them—their numerical strength is overwhelming. There is no way of estimating the exact size of this great group, but for months it has been filling every one of some forty-odd great transient hotels, crowding dining rooms and grills and generally animating every place of amusement.

The majority probably come from New York and its environs, but there is a huge contingent from elsewhere in the country. It is estimated that there are well over half a million visitors in the city every day; a year ago this figure was placed at three hundred thousand. One hotel alone had in November a "floating population" of fifty-eight thousand persons, representing an increase of ten thousand over the corresponding month in 1914, and it is of interest to note that the average individual expenditure of these persons went up in twelve months approximately twenty per cent. Of the out-of-towners many are in New York merely for an outing and nothing more; probably a greater number, though, are there partly on business—buyers, for example, who for several years back have relied upon mail orders for their stocks, but who this year feel prosperous enough to journey to the metropolis themselves for selections and at the same time make occasion to see the town.

### Fifth Avenue Instead of Rue de la Paix

BUT ranks and files are chiefly interesting only in respect to mass, and although this tremendous crowd is vital to the vivid picture which New York affords, it is in one sense little more than background for the glittering activities of other types; and these other types all result more or less directly from the European conflict. Of these, easily the most striking is that class which has heretofore lived nearly continuously abroad or else made one or two trips there annually. They are a curious breed—not the tourists of other years, but men and women of established wealth and immediately recognizable names. Their main task in the world is to kill time. The women try to do it by shopping, the men by living a night life. Stranded on this side of the Atlantic, it is no longer Rue de la Paix that gets their money, but Fifth Avenue and the smart little shops of the side streets; and the Longacre section of New York has taken the place of the Place de l'Opéra and Montmartre as a nocturnal hunting ground for them. They may be seen there evening after evening in hordes.

These people are enormous, but somewhat exacting, spenders. If they have any motto at all, it is that they want what they consider the best, entirely regardless of cost. They buy the five-hundred-dollar gowns and order the eight-dollar champagne. An evening's pleasure for them almost certainly involves the expenditure of at least one hundred dollars, but, oddly enough, it is a mark of this class that they never carry money with them. They sign for everything and they are as a rule not heavy tippers. The reason for this is that they do not have to be. Hotel proprietors regard their patronage of any place as an advertisement for it; automatically head waiters guide them to the best tables and they are never kept waiting against the plush ropes of the crowded cabarets.

Indeed the entrance of one of this class and his friends to a dining room or dancing place partakes almost of the nature of a ceremony. The alert eye of some menial will identify the person forthwith. If every table in the room is occupied—and that frequently happens because whatever these folks do they do an hour or so later than the rest of the world—another table is promptly rolled in. A half dozen captains of waiters will attend them to their seats and the head waiter himself will perform the sacred rite of receiving the order. Throughout the meal his watchful eye is constantly upon them, and not uncommonly at the end he will press them solicitously with the query whether everything has been satisfactory. The same general rule holds good in the shops; a glamour attaches to the names of people of this class which makes them the petted of

the city. Never before have so many of them been in New York; there are ten there this winter to one there last, and their influence counts largely upon the crowds.

The sumptuous and princely fashion in which they do everything—shop, dine out, command champagne—gives to less sophisticated folk a new picture of what the gilded life may be. Unconsciously multitudes seek to imitate them in so far as they can—in dressing, ordering and general magnificence. The effect of this is to heighten the scale of expenditure and to give a new lavishness to spending. Much of this winter's extravagance can be traced back to this special class, not so much that it is extravagant itself—from the point of view of income that would be difficult—but because it has set an extravagance-breeding pace.

Somewhat akin to this group is another, which the war alone brought to New York—those prodigiously rich South Americans who from time immemorial have made an annual tour to Paris. The spending of these people seems boundless. Probably the fact is that during the two, three or four months of their visits they disburse the bulk of their annual outlays; but, whatever the case may be, they rival any other class in the city. They hire suites, in which often they give sumptuous private dinners; they buy jewelry and motors almost recklessly; their tipping often staggers waiters. When Paris was the Mecca of the wealthy South Americans there was not a big dressmaking establishment nor restaurant there which could afford not to cater during certain seasons to their trade, and they went there in incredible droves. Now this winter these same droves are in New York. Their numbers may be gauged by the fact that one of the largest hotels early in October sent to a South American university and secured a teacher whom it brought north to open a school of Spanish for its employees. That school is running now with a daily attendance of several hundred bell boys and waiters. Several other hotels have already dispatched travelers to Brazil, Chile and Argentina to recruit this lucrative patronage.

### *South Americans Gladden the White Way*

THE arrival not long ago of one of these South Americans in New York was signalized upon the afternoon when he got ashore by the purchase of two cars, both of the high-priced kind. He installed himself, his wife, several children, maids, attendants, and so forth, in a suite for which he paid a hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. The party remained for more than five weeks. Daily there were delivered to his rooms purchases the value of which, it might seem, would make a big slice of a war loan. The man himself, gorgeously arrayed, could be seen about the city in one of his motors, upon the front seat of which were his liveried chauffeur and footman. Another visitor from South America died recently in a hotel. It fell upon the manager to take charge of his effects, and it is said that the letter of credit which was found disclosed a total to make a Croesus gasp. The money may not have been intended entirely for pleasure and personal luxury; a goodly part of it certainly was though.

The munitions millionaires are, of course, in evidence this winter. This crowd strongly suggests in many ways that crop of overnight millionaires which sprang up with the 1900 boom—men wild with the wildness of sudden riches. They come hurtling into New York from many points in the country, not infrequently heading flying squadrons of friends, acquaintances, hangers-on. They hire suites and private rooms, call loudly for wine and dance until daylight.

Such a man made a descent upon New York the other day, bringing with him a number of guests. It is not possible to give the exact itinerary pursued, but it is said that every morning during their stay a champagne breakfast was served in a private dining room at dawn, not only for the original party but for numbers of others who had succeeded in attaching themselves to it during its surging progress through the night from cabaret to cabaret. Such stories have to be taken dubiously, but they are at least illustrative of one kind of spending which is going on in New York this winter.

Not all munitions men, though, are set into such a frenzy by their wealth, and there are many of them who probably would not come to New York at all if business did not bring them, but who, when they do come, entertain on a scale of quiet luxuriousness. If they were not visitors they doubtless would not use the restaurants, but being away from their homes they are forced to do so. In a single evening not long ago there were three such parties in one dining room. One man had five friends with him; his check was fifty-three dollars, and it is of interest to note he tipped his waiter precisely five dollars and thirty cents, the conventional but increasingly despised ten per cent. Another man had eight guests, and his dinner cost him approximately one hundred dollars. A third had four other men with him, and the outlay for their party was twenty dollars, and the party was "dry." But those three men in that one night left in that hotel, counting tips and all, about two hundred dollars, and all three of them were spenders newly created more or less directly by the war. A good deal of that kind of thing contributes to the widespread disbursing which is going on, and those same men and their wives and daughters, naturally enough, are also large buyers in the shops.

Reckoning, too, must be made of the one-time spender resurrected by prosperity. There are thousands of these, brokers and the like, who early in the fall began to emerge from their hiding places and salute once more the shops, restaurants and cabarets. When they have the money these are a free-handed crew; they wear jewelry, they buy innumerable gowns, they drink champagne, smoke fifty-cent cigars and tip prodigiously. Head waiters regard them as their mainstay and prop. This class, weary of years of cheeseparing, are striving to make up for lost time; they are delighted to be back. War or no war, they want their fun. One of them, the other day, gave a dinner to celebrate his return. He invited one hundred guests, and the party was held in a private room. The meal cost a flat fifty dollars a plate.

Other miscellaneous types give to the New York carnival its flamboyant aspects. There are, for example, the purchasing representatives of some of the foreign powers, who are disbursing with a free hand in pursuit of their missions. Again, these same agents are often lavishly entertained by men who want war contracts. The washing back and forth of that kind of commercial or semi-commercial hospitality is no mean factor. And then there are those lucky individuals who have taken huge profits from "war babies." Scores of dinners and late parties in celebration of a jump of fifty or a hundred points in a stock have helped to enliven the town.

There is a story current—take it for what it is worth—of one such party. It seems that a number of years ago a man who was possessed of a solid fortune in securities died leaving a will which carefully designated the distribution of his estate among his children. All the children were eminently satisfied, save one—a son whose marriage and general conduct of life had for some reason long been highly displeasing to his father. This son was practically cut off; at least, all that he got was the only "scrap" in his parent's collection of certificates—a block of a certain stock that during the past year became one of the most popular "war babies."

Time went on and matters did not go well with the young man. Upon occasions he was reduced to the expediency of borrowing from his more affluent brothers and sisters. Soon they began to share the same view that their father had held regarding him, and increasingly went to less pains to conceal their feelings. It came about after a while that there was little in the attitude of his nearest relatives to console either the son or his wife.

### *The Prodigal Son Kills the Fatted Calf*

LAST fall the young man sold his stock at a figure which, whatever it was, left him by considerable thousands of dollars the richest member of his family. He felt that the occasion called for celebration. Inviting his brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands and other connections, he gave a party; and to emphasize the fact that the day had passed when he and his wife could be "lorded over," he enlisted the aid of a head waiter in arranging the most expensive menu possible. Menu cards were printed and one was set before each plate. Eighteen persons in all sat down to the table, and when they picked up the cards they discovered carefully and conspicuously marked the price of each item. His party probably did not cost the host less than a thousand dollars.

Such, then, in general are the types to which the year has given birth as spenders and who are making New York's winter what it is. Not only do they fan the flame of spending but in scores of directions they put their impress upon the city's life. In one notable particular their influence is felt—in the hours which they are teaching New York to keep. With the influx of a large idle class and with the care-forgetting spirit of a boom in the air, it has become an all-night town. There are twenty-eight licenses to various places to remain open until six in the morning, and of these at least eight are held by elaborate, well-appointed cabarets, which not only regularly run until daybreak or after but are fairly regularly crowded even at the late hour of a winter sunrise. The proprietor of one of these establishments asserts that his receipts between the hours of three and five o'clock have frequently exceeded three hundred dollars.

Breakfast hour, too, has become almost a function in the city's life. For years one single establishment caught the entire trade of those who dissipated until dawn. Now there are any number of such places and all are generally well filled. It is a strange sight to see twenty or thirty couples in full evening attire, grouped at bottle-littered tables, alternately consuming eggs and coffee and rising to dance to the strains of a weary orchestra.

But not only has New York this winter extended to the limit its hours for pleasure-seeking, but its free-handed throngs have seized upon new types of pleasure.

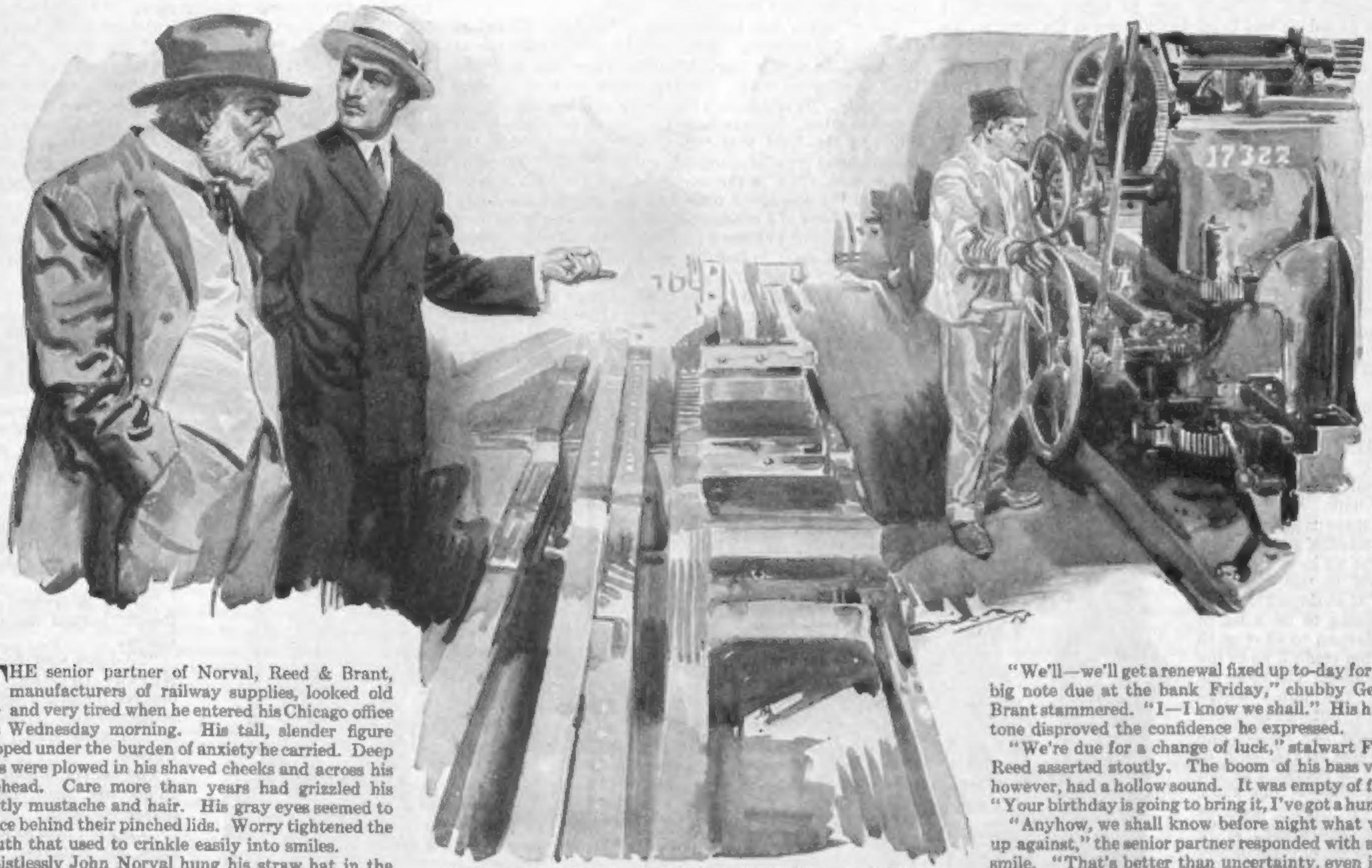
(Concluded on Page 33)

*A Virus of Abandon Has Got Into the Blood of Thousands and the Scatter of Coin Seems to be in the Air, Showering a Golden Flood Upon the Town*

# TALL HUSTLING

By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON



*Then, Despite His Will Apparently, Brower Began to Manifest Interest in What His Escort Said*

THE senior partner of Norval, Reed & Brant, manufacturers of railway supplies, looked old and very tired when he entered his Chicago office this Wednesday morning. His tall, slender figure stooped under the burden of anxiety he carried. Deep lines were plowed in his shaved cheeks and across his forehead. Care more than years had grizzled his bristly mustache and hair. His gray eyes seemed to wince behind their pinched lids. Worry tightened the mouth that used to crinkle easily into smiles.

Listlessly John Norval hung his straw hat in the mahogany wardrobe that filled a corner of his big sanctum. Then he jerked his bent shoulders square. His whole body stiffened. He marched grimly across the fine Bijar Kurd rug to the massive rolltop desk that had cost a thousand dollars. His soldier tread was firm and brisk. His long, thin fingers did not tremble when he took the ring of keys from his pocket and thrust one into the lock. Yet every quick movement suggested nerve tension close to the snapping point. The senior partner was not even outwardly the same man that until three months ago had been accustomed to stride springily into his office with his lips puckered in a whistle. He seemed to have aged a decade since spring.

This was merely the twenty-third of June to him, only a date. Norval had forgotten his birthday. But when he unlocked his desk he found tucked under the lid a personal card from each of his partners. On Reed's was penciled: "Here's hoping—and lots of it." Brant had scribbled: "Better luck this year than last." The wincing gray eyes misted as they read. What bully good fellows those two pards were!

In 1914 Norval's birthday had been celebrated royally. The junior members of the firm presented the senior partner with new furnishings for his private office. They had spent between them exactly forty-six hundred dollars: a hundred for each year of his age. It was an extravagance of course, even though all three felt rich then because Norval had just closed what promised to be a very profitable contract with the C. St. T. & W. Railroad. Through the film of moisture over his eyes now the senior partner saw again in memory the delighted faces of his associates when he opened his office door that morning twelve months ago. Norval had stood astonished on the threshold and stared bewilderedly into his luxurious sanctum. How tickled Reed and Brant were to see him completely surprised!

To-day they had given him their cards of good wishes—nothing more. The great C. St. T. & W. Railroad system, wrecked by its highwaymen directors, unexpectedly had been thrown into the hands of a receiver last March. The Chicago warehouse of Norval, Reed & Brant now was filled to the roof with the supplies they had manufactured under their contract. Their credit had been stretched to the utmost to meet incurred obligations for raw-material purchases. Their cash resources were drained to pay necessary operating expenses; the firm kept the factory running with only the skeleton of a normal working force. The senior partner knew Reed and Brant had no money left to buy birthday gifts.

Countless dollars, however, could not have told him the affection of his business associates so truly as did the simple messages of cheer they had written on their personal cards. Norval hoped they never had guessed that since the railroad crash he had writhed in his mahogany chair; that the expensive rug had burned his feet when he stepped on it; that he hated himself for still using the massive desk his partners had gone into debt to buy, and had finished paying for by pinching self-denial. They thought he did not know about that.

Norval kept his expensive office furnishings, not only because the pride of his associates in their personal sacrifices would have been wounded had he insisted on the return of their extravagant gifts, but for the additional reason that the rug and chairs and desk symbolized prosperity. They were stage properties which had enabled the members of the deeply involved firm to set a scene and to enact parts for three months. Without the aid of the impressive furniture the partners might have been forced into bankruptcy by importunate creditors. Nobody in the business world suspected how close Norval, Reed & Brant had stood to the brink of ruin since the C. St. T. & W. failure.

Norval sat at his desk this birthday morning only long enough to gulp the lump in his throat. Then he sprang from his chair and strode to the adjoining back office which his junior associates shared. It was plainly, even shabbily, furnished; just as his own sanctum had been before they made their generous present a year ago. When the senior partner flung open the connecting door the honest poverty of the bare little room struck him like a blow in the face. He hated a lie. The meretricious pretense of prosperity in his own big office never had seemed so utterly detestable to Norval as now.

Yet he had bluffed the world these recent months for the sake of Reed and Brant more than for his own. It had been his secret for years that he meant to retire at fifty and give his share of the business to his partners. His will provided a like legacy in case of his death. But if he were to die now his estate would be worthless. The lump Norval had swallowed at his desk filled his throat again. He dumbly held out a hand to each of the younger men. He could not speak.

"We'll—we'll get a renewal fixed up to-day for that big note due at the bank Friday," chubby George Brant stammered. "I—I know we shall." His husky tone disproved the confidence he expressed.

"We're due for a change of luck," stalwart Frank Reed asserted stoutly. The boom of his bass voice, however, had a hollow sound. It was empty of faith. "Your birthday is going to bring it, I've got a hunch."

"Anyhow, we shall know before night what we're up against," the senior partner responded with a wry smile. "That's better than uncertainty, even if old Browar should insist we must pay his fifty thousand Friday." Norval dropped the two hands he had been gripping, and reached into a coat pocket for his cigar case. "It's customary for a fellow to set up the smokes when he has a birthday. They had some he-size cigars at that Railway Association banquet last night. I got one each time the waiter passed the box. I kept 'em all, so I don't have to offer you stogies this morning."

The tobacco-hungry younger men pounced hilariously on the fat perfectos. Most of their glee was forced, but the strain did relax a little. Norval bit off the end of the third choice Havana and returned the empty case to his pocket. He puffed his cigar alight from the match Brant held for him.

"Pull up a chair and stay to your own party, Norval," Reed invited.

All three sat down at one end of his rickety oak table. For a minute or longer they kept reflective silence. Then Brant drawled: "Is this a wake, or what?"

"Probably it is," replied the senior partner. "There isn't more than one chance in a hundred Browar'll give us any cause to celebrate my anniversary hereafter as a new birthday for the firm. It's likely Dun and Bradstreet will mail our creditors red-sheet notices of the funeral of Norval, Reed & Brant day after to-morrow. But everybody'll have to admit the corpse died game."

"You certainly've held your nerve," Reed praised. "George and I have kept up a front just because you wouldn't let us funk."

Brant nodded frank agreement with this admission. "I shouldn't have starch enough left now to keep me from wilting a minute if the way you face the music didn't stiffen me," he confessed. "Yesterday down at the bank when you were talking Browar into coming out here to look the factory over this afternoon, I oozed courage at every pore whenever he glared at me. I was limp as a rag before you got him to agree."

"Do you think he noticed?" Norval barked in quick alarm.

The chubby junior partner grinned sheepishly. "No; I glued the smirk on my face, and my knees didn't wabble; though it was all I could do to keep from flopping down and praying to the old tyrant while you were talking turkey to him straight."

"I wanted to punch his jaw!" snarled Reed. "It's enough to turn a red-blooded man anarchist when he knows a granny bear like Browar can make or break him."

"The important thing just now is to keep that knowledge strictly to ourselves," Norval reminded. "I don't believe the old fellow really is pressing us because he suspects we're so close to busted. There is something else behind the grouch he's had this last week, and that's responsible for the nasty way he talked yesterday. I think he did his best to get us hot down at the bank, so one or another of us might fly off the handle. It struck me he was trying to provoke us into spitting out some secret he imagined we wanted to hide. I can't guess what he was insinuating, or why he didn't ask us straight questions. Usually he's blunt enough."

"He thought we'd get down on our knees and beg!" Reed growled.

"Well, we didn't," Norval resumed. "Browar couldn't size us up. He pretended, of course, he had determined to protest our fifty-thousand-dollar note if we don't pay it Friday. I don't believe that. If he had made up his mind not to renew he'd have refused flatly to inspect our plant to-day. He'd rather say 'no' than 'yes' any time; he's built that way. There isn't a more stubborn man in Chicago than Browar. Yet I argued him into coming out to look us over after he'd refused point-blank at first. How do you explain that?"

"We didn't really fool him, but we've got the old curmudgeon guessing," Brant surmised.

"And this afternoon we must convince him," Norval added. "It's our only hope. We're goners if he turns us down on that four months' extension. I believe we have a fighting chance to win him over yet. If we do pull through it's going to be a lot of satisfaction to all of us to feel the credit'll go to the three alike. You've let me plan the game we've played; but you have put up your last dollars like true-blue sports, both of you. Of course, I've bet every chip in my stack too. If Browar calls us we're dead broke. If he lays down to our bluff the pot will be split three ways even."

"It's some consolation," Brant commented, "that whether we live to smell the flowers or our friends just strew them on our graves, the bouquets will be equally divided among us."

After that the three partners smoked a minute or two before anyone spoke. When they began to talk again no reference was made to the imminent crisis in their finances. Each was conscious he had done all a man could do in their common struggle to save the business. Now they bore the tension of waiting for the climax with stoic grit.

What they said to one another indicated how slight were the hopes of success they had. They did not speak again of Browar's coming. There was little talk of the future. For the most part they exchanged low-voiced reminiscences of their eleven years' association. Two of the faces still were fresh with youth, but all three partners spoke like veterans who felt in their bones, though they would not admit in words, that their end was very near. Yet they acted far from lugubrious about it. None of them mourned or quaked. Quite simply they reminded one another how they had fought all their previous battles shoulder to shoulder. Each took a brave man's comfort in the fact that if they were to be defeated this time they might start again in business together and wage the whole war for success anew.

There did not seem much use in answering mail with regard to matters that probably would be turned over to a receiver in two days. Norval, however, knew his partners would take their cues from him. If they all were to go down with their ship according to the best traditions of the sea, they must stick to their several posts of duty until the last plunge. He abruptly dropped his half-smoked cigar in the ash tray.

"This mourning in advance isn't good for us," he declared with a grim smile. "I'm going back to work."

The two others got up with the senior partner. They frugally propped the stumps of their perfectos in opposite corners of the brass dish.

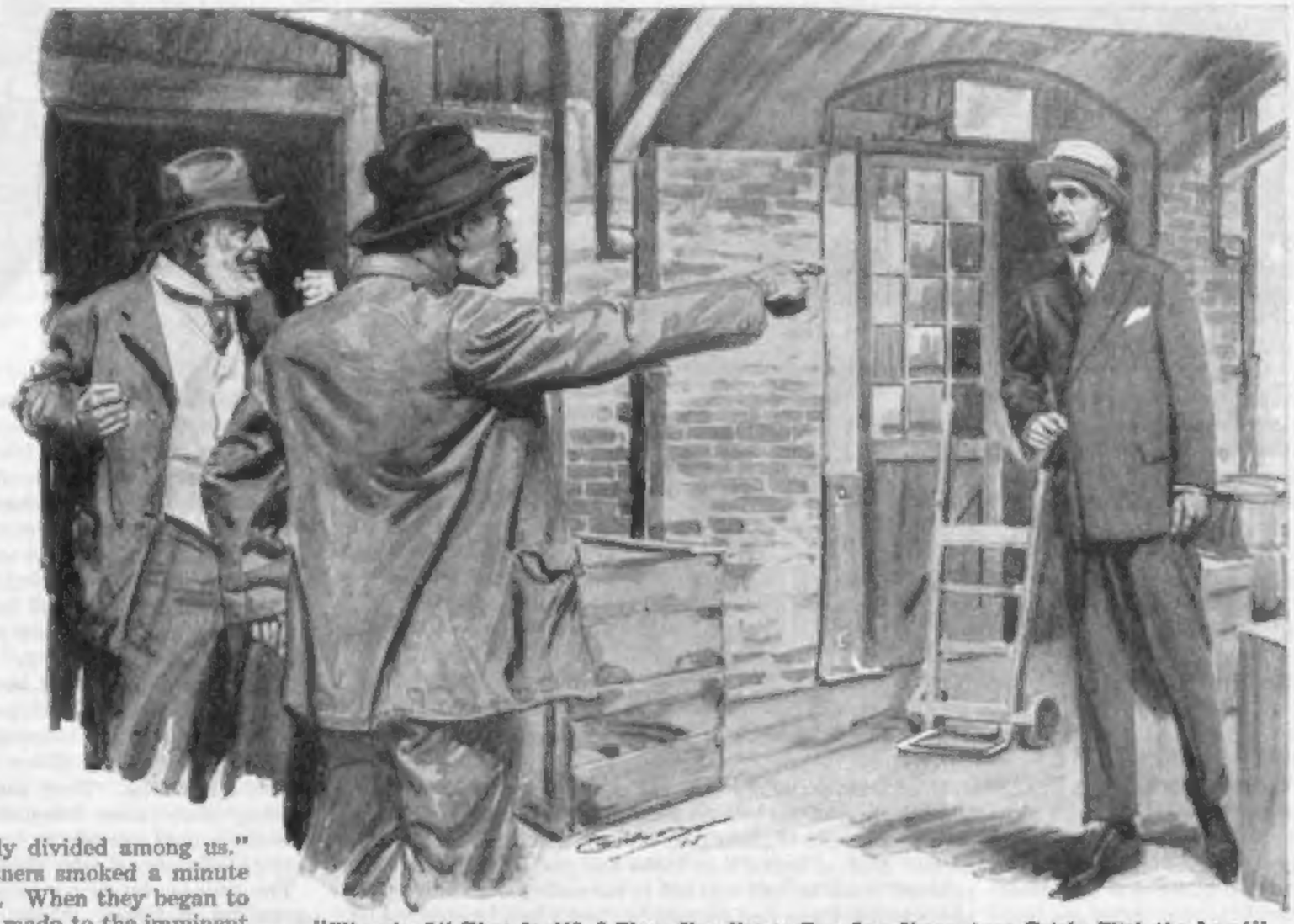
"I'll take a trip through the shop," Reed said gruffly. "I want to see how the boys are coming on with that Pennsylvania order."

"And I'll tackle some more of those slow accounts," Brant remarked. "They don't amount to much, and it's like pulling teeth to get the money out of them; but every little helps these days."

The partners separated quite as if their *ante-mortem* talk had been an ordinary business conference. Three pairs of shoulders squared when their owners stalked from the bare little rear office.

Never before had hours dragged for John Norval as they did this morning. It took all his grit to hold him at his desk. In similar dogged fashion Brant and Reed did their accustomed work. The three partners went to lunch separately. By one o'clock they were back to resume their hopeless grind. Browar had promised to be at the firm's office on the West Side "about four." Meanwhile the minute hand crawled sluggishly round and round the dial of the desk clock in the senior partner's room. Norval watched the passage of time with the mingled dread and desperate hope of a condemned man whose execution hour has been set but who has a slight chance left for a reprieve.

Until a quarter to four his iron will chained the senior partner in his chair. Then his self-restraint snapped. He sprang up and rushed to the front window of his office. The midsummer day was muggy, but the drops of sweat on his clammy face were cold. His thin frame shook as though he shivered with a chill. The hand Norval raised to shade his wincing eyes from the sun was tremulous. He peered out at the street.



*"Where's All That Stuff? I Warn You Not to Try Any Shenanigan Tricks With the Law!"*

A block toward the heart of the city a limousine squirmed out of a jam of wagons and trucks at the corner. It darted from the traffic crush like an enormous black beetle suddenly taking wing. Its varnish flashed as if the sunlight glinted off the shell of a giant pinching bug. The automobile swerved to the curb and stopped before the factory entrance. The senior partner jumped back from his window and ran to the little rear office.

"Browar's come!" he warned Reed and Brant. "Wait here until I call you in. We mustn't act excited."

Norval jerked himself into a pretense of calm. He closed the door of the adjoining room and walked stiffly to his desk. Every fiber in his body was taut when he sat down. He mopped his face dry with his handkerchief, then picked up a sheaf of letters to test the steadiness of his nerves. His hand quivered only a little, but he noticed that the skin looked blue and bloodless. He dropped the papers and vigorously rubbed his icy palms together. A handclasp with cold fingers might betray the mental strain he was determined his manner of sang-froid should deny. Even so slight an indication of tense nervousness would be apt to cause the shrewd president of the bank to suspect the artificiality of Norval's self-possession.

The hall door to the sanctum opened. "Mr. Browar!" bawled the office boy.

The senior partner swung about from his desk. He jumped to his feet and walked briskly forward. His left hand reached into his vest pocket for his watch as he extended the tingling right to the chunky, white-bearded man that trudged past the usher. The office boy stepped back into the hall and latched the door.

"This is fine of you, Mr. Browar!" Norval greeted. He gripped his caller's stubby hand. "We didn't expect you so soon. It's a long ways out here from downtown. You're mighty good to take the trouble to come."

"A banker does not think how much trouble it is to go and see a firm that owes him fifty thousand dollars," the square-faced old man brusquely rebuffed amenities. His frowning glance swept the big room. "You have a rich office here—better than I can afford down at the bank."

"Isn't it fine!" Norval parried the blunt criticism. "Some good chums of mine clubbed together and refurnished the place as a surprise to me on my last birthday." He stepped quickly to the door of the back office and opened it wide. "After my friends took pity on me I gave my old furniture to my partners." Norval called to the two men at the battered desks. "Mr. Reed and Mr. Brant! Mr. Browar is here. Come in where there's room to shake hands."

Chubby George Brant bounced from his chair as if a trigger spring beneath him had been released. He trotted through the doorway to the large room. Reed, however, got up deliberately.

"I'm glad t-to see you, Mr. Browar," the plump junior partner stuttered as he shook hands. He speciously explained the profuse perspiration he wiped from his red face with a soggy handkerchief. "My, isn't it hot to-day!"

The banker only grunted, as if he were chary of making an admission even about the weather.

"How are you, Mr. Browar!" boomed big Frank Reed in his gruffest voice. His stalwart figure towered above the stocky financier.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Reed!" barked the surly visitor.

"Sit down, everybody," Norval invited. He dragged forward a stuffed leather rocker. "Here's a comfortable chair, Mr. Browar."

The banker truculently shook his head, like a savage old boar.

"I am not here to waste time, Mr. Norval. You said you wanted to show me your factory, so I came out; although I don't see what difference you expect it will make in my opinion of your firm after I look over your plant. I told you at the bank yesterday that when a borrower makes a promise we expect it to be kept. I will not change my mind about renewing your note. Your checking balance lately has been too low to justify the big line of credit we gave you. It is not good banking to let you owe us fifty thousand dollars any longer when your account is scraping the bottom every day."

Browar had turned his back to the junior partners while he bluntly declared himself to the senior member of the firm. Therefore he did not observe the expression of despair on Brant's face; nor did he see Reed clench his fists. Norval withstood the old magnate's vicious attack with a smile, but his heart felt like a lump of lead.

"I seldom attempt to argue with another man about his own business, Mr. Browar," he commented dryly. "But I often wonder what bankers think we manufacturers borrow money for unless to settle our bills with it. You expect us to pay interest on about twenty-five per cent more cash than we need. Norval, Reed & Brant never have offered their notes to you for discount except in emergencies. Your books will show we usually have carried a good balance in our checking account without any indebtedness. We always have paid our occasional obligations promptly heretofore. We have not been a big customer of the Consolidated National Bank, but we have been a sound one.

"We told you frankly, Mr. Browar, that the failure of the C. St. T. & W. had cramped us. We require additional time to unload the great quantity of supplies we already had made up for them when the receiver was appointed. The material all is standard for any railroad, but you know that none of the companies are buying heavily these days. We have much more in our warehouse than we can afford to carry; yet the excess stock is not our fault."

"Anybody should have known the C. St. T. & W. would fail!" the banker contemptuously interrupted.

"Norval, Reed & Brant didn't," the senior partner retorted. "We spend our time in our factory, at our desks,

*He Wanted to Rest a Few Minutes Before Following His Crew*

or out after orders from our customers—not watching stock tickers. We don't read the Wall Street news very often in this office, Mr. Browar. My partners and I are plain business men, not speculators. We thought our contract was good as gold.

"However, that is only a detail now. We agreed to pay our note when due, just as you said a minute ago. Our obligation in that respect is not altered by the fact that the big account receivable we depended on is tied up for the present. We have no desire to argue with you. If you mean to hold us to our promise, we must make arrangements elsewhere for temporary accommodation. That is why we desire to know in advance about our note due day after to-morrow."

"You're just bluffing!" Browar sneered. "There isn't a bank in Chicago that will loan you fifty thousand dollars on your unsecured paper while you have no cash at all to keep up a balance. And the railroads, as everybody knows, are buying hardly any supplies; so there's no telling when you can get rid of your dead stock. You can't fool me, Norval, with your slick talk about making 'arrangements elsewhere for temporary accommodation.' Your firm must make an assignment Friday. I have had your credit looked up carefully. You are not paying even your ordinary little bills when due. You asked extensions on some of your big purchases of raw material. You have given notes for accounts payable you could not meet with checks. Norval, Reed & Brant are in bad shape. What is worst of all, I think you lose money here every day you run."

The senior partner took the repeated blows without staggering, but he did not pretend to smile now. His face was set in hard lines while he waited for the banker to finish his tirade.

"Mr. Browar, you don't really believe we are insolvent. You know better." Norval's level tone cut like tempered, sharp steel. "We have told you why our bank balance has been subnormal recently. When we ourselves gave you the names of our largest commercial creditors we informed you unhesitatingly that we had made some note settlements for merchandise bought. The only new point you bring up against us now is the accusation that we are operating at a loss. We can prove you are mistaken about that.

"One of our objects in asking you to inspect our plant was to convince you we are manufacturing goods at a profit, despite our present straitened circumstances." Here Norval raised his voice a little. "The other purpose of our request that you call on us, Mr. Browar, was to find out why, after eleven years of pleasant business relations, you all at once desire us to fail. A week ago we seemed to be friends."

When the senior partner made his unequivocal declaration of the real issue the junior members of the firm, who had kept in the background thus far during the sharp colloquy, stepped impulsively to his side. Their spontaneous act was dramatic. Norval was thrilled by the demonstration of his associates' stanch support in the stand he had been driven to take at this crisis. But he did not let his stern expression change. With unflinching eyes the trio confronted their banker. On none of the three faces was there the slightest indication that the powerful financier was feared.

The senior partner had played his last card desperately. He could not guess the reason for Browar's recent ill will toward the firm. If the irascible magnate's plain enmity were to be broken down its cause must be known. Every other means of getting a clew to the basis of the banker's sinister conduct had failed. Norval staked his only hope on the expectation that Browar, defied, might fly into a rage and give some inkling of the reason for his evident hatred.

It seemed at first as if the ruse of the senior partner would succeed. While Norval talked the stocky old man visibly had swelled. His wrath appeared to have bloated him. His heavy face mottled, then turned an angry purple. When the senior partner finished speaking an incoherent growl rumbled deep in the throat of the banker. But Browar clamped his thick lips shut. He gulped as though he swallowed his temper. An ugly smile writhed on his tightened mouth.

"Why should I want a firm to fail that owes my bank so much money?" he snarled. He glared at the three partners in turn, the senior last. "Our fifty thousand dollars we loaned you is what I am interested in. I did not come here to talk nonsense. If you have anything to show me I will inspect it now. Otherwise I am going back down town."

Norval looked steadily at the banker. The old man's blazing blue eyes shifted; they could not meet the unwavering gray ones. The senior partner realized that Browar had dodged, not denied, the accusation of enmity. The mystery of his malice was as far from explanation as before. It seemed futile in the circumstances to attempt a demonstration of the firm's resources. Yet Norval did not abandon his purpose, hopeless though it now appeared. He decided to play the part of self-confidence to the end.

"I am sorry you are unwilling to be as frank with us as we have been in talking to you, Mr. Browar," he said quietly. "We will say nothing more about a renewal. Being prudent business men, my partners and I have recognized for several days the improbability of our continuing as customers of your bank. We anticipated the stand you take, and have made our plans accordingly with regard to the note due Friday.

"Now if you will come with me I think I can prove to you that our factory operations are not being conducted at a loss. Though we shall close our account with your bank this week our firm desires to demonstrate to you that we are making money. You may have occasion hereafter to reply to inquiries regarding our business, Mr. Browar. We look to you to do us exact justice. We are determined that our credit standing shall not be unjustly assailed.

"I will do more than show you through the plant, I will open all our books to your personal inspection if you wish to look at them. We have nothing to conceal." Norval here turned to his partners. "Mr. Reed and Mr. Brant are very busy this afternoon. Please excuse them until we return to the office."

The junior partners took their cues on the instant. They bowed stiffly to the banker and marched to their room. Norval stepped to the hall door and opened it. He stood aside so that Browar might precede him. The old man hesitated briefly, then clenched his fists and tramped toward the entrance to the factory.

"Since I am here," he grunted as he approached the senior partner, "show me your plant and your books if you want to. I shall know better then what to tell the receiver about winding up the business Friday," he finished with a grim laugh.

Norval managed to smile too. "Your reasons don't matter to me so long as you look us over," he replied coolly. "We'll consider our little inspection trip to-day just a matter of precaution on both sides."

John Norval was the sort of man that never surrenders, even in the ultimate ditch. He masked his utter hopelessness while he conducted the firm's implacable chief creditor through the factory. Neither by word nor in manner did the senior partner betray his despair. As they passed from department to department he crisply described to the banker the different manufacturing processes. Norval was not diffuse; neither did he pare his words to curtness. He simply explained his own business in summarized form to a man that presumably did not understand its fundamentals.

At first Browar merely glared about him. Then, despite his will apparently, he began to manifest interest in what his escort said. His attention was gripped more and more strongly as he went from machine to machine in the half-deserted shops. The senior partner showed himself intimately in touch with every detail of the business. Browar no longer acted impatiently. He even lingered sometimes to watch a manufacturing operation. Norval's moribund hopes flickered back to life.

The senior partner never had been prouder of the factory force than he was this day when he inspected it in its last trench. The number of workmen necessarily had been reduced to the minimum because of the firm's financial straits. But the efficiency of the skeletonized shop organization was so marked that Norval knew Browar appreciated it. There was no litter round the machines. System was manifest everywhere. The few employees all were interestedly busy. The clean, light, manufacturing and assembling rooms were thrifty in atmosphere.

"You have things orderly and neat," Browar grunted, as if the compliment had been forced out of him.

The blood leaped in the arteries of the man that calmly responded: "We believe in the self-discipline of tidiness. Confusion and dirt make careless workmen. It is real economy to keep a factory clean."

The banker vouchsafed no further comment until they had traversed the manufacturing and assembling departments. The senior partner opened the door of the warehouse. Crates and boxes were piled to the ceiling.

"Here are stored all the goods we made for the C. St. T. & W. on our contract," Norval informed him. "We have eighty-five thousand dollars tied up in this building."

"Have you sold much of this stuff to other roads since the C. St. T. & W. failed?" the banker asked brusquely.

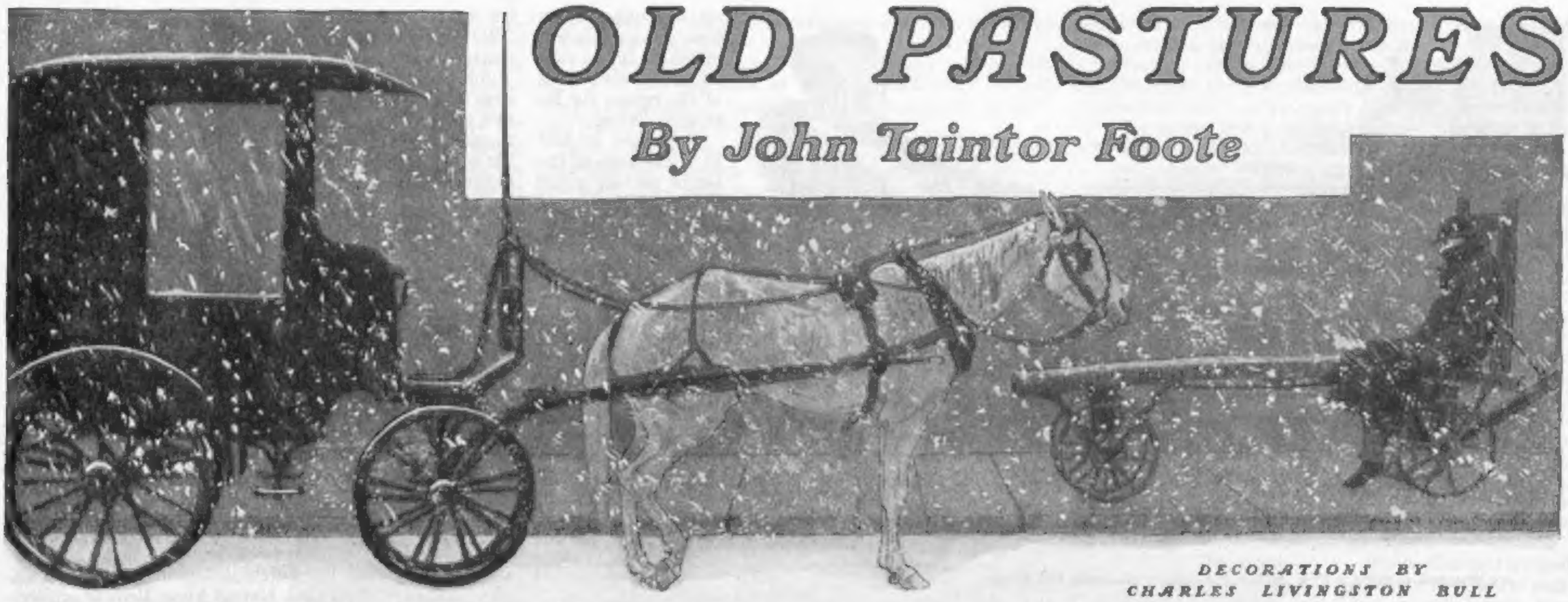
"About thirteen thousand dollars' worth."

*(Continued on Page 29)*

*"You're Slick, But I'll Get You Yet!"*

# OLD PASTURES

## By John Taintor Foote



DECORATIONS BY
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THERE are certain recollections of childhood which are vivid as the happenings of the hour. The events which are traced so indelibly on the earlier pages of our lives may or may not have been worthy of record; yet there they are, poignant, unblurred, defying Time to erase them.

For me the clearest of all such italics of the past is the day on which I first saw harness racing. It was at the Lexington Trots, where I sat in my uncle's box, speechless, wide-eyed, blissful, all one golden afternoon.

On that day the free-for-all pace was won, after a bitter five-heat battle, by a gray gelding with a smoky mottling on his neck and withers.

Jogging back to town, the talk was all of sires and dams and blood lines. I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, and when I had his attention at last I asked him how the winner of the free-for-all was bred.

"By Baron Wilkes, sonny," he told me. "First dam May Day by Pilot Jr."

That race was many years ago. Twenty years later I spent the sum of thirty dollars, not to mention the expressage, on eleven hundred pounds live weight from Xenia, Ohio, to Lexington.

And now I shall tell how—I don't know quite why—I did it; but first let me say that Colonel Jack Menifee bore the consequences of my indiscretion for four long years. He swore a little, but never complained.

Business had called me to Dayton. I found when I was ready to return East that my best train was the Pennsylvania express leaving Cincinnati at seven that night, passing through Xenia at nine-twenty and arriving in New York the following morning. To catch it I must take an accommodation to Xenia, where I should wait thirty minutes for the flyer. I disliked the change and wait, but it was that or nothing, so a jerky, kerosene-lighted day coach served to get me to Xenia, and after depositing me on the station platform creaked off into the night.

It was not cold for so late in the fall, but I felt a sudden moisture on my face, and looking toward an electric light I saw that it was beginning to snow—big, slow, feathery flakes.

I made for the station, pushed open the waiting-room door, and found the place hot to suffocation and filled with Italian section hands who were smoking what seemed to be ground-up rubber overshoes. I backed out, holding my breath, into the moist night air, which tasted of cinders, coal smoke and lubricating oil, when I finally took a gulp of it, but for which I was intensely grateful.

Next I looked about for a sheltered spot and a seat of some sort, for I had had a hard day. In prowling about I passed a lighted blackboard on which was chalked casually the following bit of information:

"9:20 East 40 min. late."

I read this once, I read it again, and then the grimy station seemed to take on a stolid but malignant personality. I felt that its purpose was to make such time as must be passed in or near it hideous with discomfort. That beast of a one-eyed New York express was also deep in a conspiracy against me. I found my voice and mentioned the city of Xenia and the Pennsylvania Railroad earnestly and aloud.

Somewhat relieved in spirit, I took up the burden of my bag, proceeded along the station front, and so came at last to an empty mail truck which would serve for a seat. The truck was sheltered by the overhanging roof of the station, there was little if any wind, and I was warm enough in my heavy coat. I turned up my coat collar, settled down on the truck, and experienced a small glow of satisfaction. After all this wasn't so bad, I thought. There were worse things than an hour's wait in the fresh air. I snuggled well into my coat and actually began to feel a sort of lazy contentment.

There was a cab standing close to the platform. It was directly under an arclight not more than ten feet from where I sat. I could even catch a faint odor of stables and wet horsehair that came from the vehicle and the horse to which it was attached.

He was a gaunt gray gelding turned to mouse color by the melting snow which drifted down upon his unprotected back. He stood there moveless, as silent as the cab he drew, as silent as the silent falling snow. He seemed to dream. . . . I noticed a peculiar smoky mottling on his ewe neck and bony withers.

"Where have I seen a horse marked like that before?" I wondered drowsily.

Just then the cab horse coughed a windy cough, his harness rattling as he did so. Next he unclosed his sunken near eye and rolled it at me in a friendly stare.

"Good evenin', suh," he said in a deep and gurgling voice.

I was curiously unsurprised. It seemed quite natural to be addressed by a cab horse. For some reason I did not feel that the experience was out of the ordinary. I nodded to him and returned his greeting.

"Good evening," I said, and added fatuously that it seemed to be snowing.

The cab horse shook himself until the moisture sprayed from his coat and harness, cocked a humorous ear in my direction and said with a rumbling chuckle: "I have observed it."

"Of course," I said hastily, and there followed a silence in which I felt vaguely uncomfortable in my heavy coat and wondered why he had no blanket.

He seemed to read my thoughts.

"There was a time, suh," he said, "and then I was in the full vigor of horsehood, when an hour spent without coverin' under meltin' snow would have been not only a hardship but a peril. In these later yeahs I have become accustomed to a somewhat different station in life, and I am now better able both mentally and physically to endure bodily discomfort.

"I shall reach my quatahs at, let us say, two o'clock. I shall seek my repose on a bed of sawdust with my coat as full of moisture as you see it now. There may be a suggestion of stiffness to-morrow, but nothin' that will prohibit me from undertakin' my usual duties. And yet, suh, fifteen yeahs ago, although wearin' a night blanket and sleepin' in an abundance of rye straw, had I not been scientifically cooled out I could not have paced a thirty clip without great effort the followin' mawnin'."

I looked at him with growing interest.

"Cooled out!" I exclaimed. "Thirty clip! Were you equal to a thirty clip?"

Once more I heard the deep rumble of his chuckle. It ended in a fit of coughing which shook him from nostrils to tail root.

"You will pardon me," he said with difficulty; "I mentioned a thirty clip disparagingly. It was a jog, suh, only a jog—in those days. Are you by way of being a hawseman, suh?"

"Somewhat," I admitted.

"Then it is possible," he said with some eagerness, "that you have visited my native state."

"Kentucky, isn't it?" I inquired.

A limpid glow shone for a moment in his eyes. "I was foaled six miles from Lexington, suh," he told me softly, "along the Gawgetown Pike."

"I know that country well," I said.

"You have been there recently?" he asked.

I nodded. "The Trots, this year," I said.

"The Trots!" he exclaimed. Then in a sort of hushed ecstasy he breathed again: "The Trots!"

"You've seen the Trots?" I asked.

He stared away through the snowflakes into the night. Apparently he had not heard the question. At last he shook himself as though to be rid of his thoughts, champed reflectively on his rusty bit and favored me with a slow and dreamy look.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen the Trots." Suddenly his head went up, his nostrils dilated, his eyes blazed. "I raced in the free-for-all pace on that good track," he told me, "in"—here he named the year—"with twenty thousand of my people watchin'. My knees were big as baskets when I finished, I had cut my quatah to the bone, but I had kept a promise, suh, and seen a dream come true."

"A promise?" I said curiously.

"A promise," he repeated. "It was a pussonal mattah, suh; I doubt if you would find it interestin'."

"Oh, but I should," I assured him. "I have an hour."

The cab horse looked at me doubtfully for a moment. "Very well," he said. "If I seem garrulous you must blame yourself, suh. I have reached the time in life when I may be suspected of that weakness." He paused, tossed his head stiffly to relieve his neck of check cramp and shifted his weight to his off rear leg. "On the day I was foaled," he began, "my dam had five smooth-goin' trottahs in the list. Then I came into the world with a strong suggestion of curb and my off fore toe settin' in quite noticeably.

"There were fohty good foals in pastuh that yeah, and a bad-legged one was pahticularly noticeable among them. My mother was a proud mayeh, and the condolences of the other matrons were distasteful to her. For this reason she took to grazin' by herself and I seldom joined in games and capahs with the other foals. When she had finished grazin' my mother's favorite spot was beneath a sassafras tree close to the white boa'd fence along the Gawgetown Pike. Foh hours we would stand there together watchin' the pike. Along that pike, suh, we could see Kentucky's best—both horse and man—go by.

"I can close my eyes and see it now. I can rest my chin on the top boa'd of the fence and see my people—my people, suh—drivin' in to Lexington or back. You have seen it lately—the Gawgetown Pike?"

"Three weeks ago," I said.

"Three weeks ago," he repeated. "Tell me, suh, is it just the same? Do the mules poke along, their ears a-flappin', with cohn and hemp and tobacco? Do they lead the runners past, mincin' and fiddlin' under their blankets? Do the lovers drive by talkin' low and sweet when the pike's all white in the moonlight? Is it like that—still? But I must get on, suh, I must get on. You have an hour, you said.

"On the east side of our pastuh was a stone bahn with a paddock leadin' down to the pike. The main drive separated the pastuh from this paddock, but I had noticed an old brown stallion in the paddock who sometimes wandered down and looked out over the pike. He had never noticed my mother or me, never looked in our direction, but she seemed nervous and ill at ease when he was near.

"One day some gentlemen came drivin' by. When they saw the old brown stallion standin' there each man took off

his hat. I was astonished by this and asked my mother what it meant. 'Why do men bow to that old hawse like that?' I asked.

"My mother looked across the drive and lowered her voice. 'Because,' she said, 'he is very old and very famous.'

"'What makes him famous, mammy?' I asked.

"'Hush,' said my mother, 'you wouldn't understand.'

"From then on I had a coltish curiosity about the old brown stallion. I hoped some day he'd tell me how to grow famous and have men bow to me. But weeks went by and he never seemed to see me.

"Then one day some hawses were led down the drive under blankets. As they went through the gates my mother nickered to one of them and he replied.

"'Good luck, son,' my mother called after him. 'Remembah, whatever happens, stay on the trot.'

"'Yes, ma-am,' he called back to her. 'I've only made two breaks this yeah.'

"My mother watched those hawses, suh, until she could no longer see them.

"'That was yoh half brother,' she said to me. 'He is goin' away to the races.'

"'When shall I go to the races, mammy?' I asked.

"My mother glanced at my crooked legs and sighed.

"'Yo' duties will lie elsewhere, my child,' she said.

"At this I lost my tempah and began to kick the fence. My small hoofs set up such a clattah on the broad boa'ds that the old stallion, who was standin' just across the drive, raised his head and looked over at me.

"'Hoity-toity!' he said.

"I was too enraged to notice him just then. 'I will go to the races!' I squealed, a-bangin' away at the fence.

"'And why shouldn't he go, madam?' said the old stallion to my mother.

"'Because, suh,' faltered my mother, 'he has bad legs, both in front and behind.'

"The old stallion looked at me foh a moment while I continued to pelt away at the fence.

"'Stop those didos and listen to me, young man,' he said, and my depo'tment improved instantah.

"'Do you want to race some day?' he asked me.

"'Yes, suh, if you please, suh,' I answered.

"'Well, keep a-tryin',' he said. 'Keep a-tryin'. It's moh his heart than his legs that makes a race hawse. Just keep a-tryin'. Never discourage the young,' he said to my mother. 'Take him away now, madam—he is disturbin' my thoughts.'

"'Who is that old fossil?' I asked my mother, when she had led me farther down the fence.

"My mother stared in horror at me for a moment, suh, and then laid back her ears.

"'That is yoh grandsire, you impertinent whippah-snappah,' she said, 'and his name is Gawge Wilkes.'

"When I folded my crooked legs under me that night I remembered what my grandsire had said. Befoh I went to sleep I repeated it aloud. 'Keep a-tryin'! Keep a-tryin'!' I said. I fell asleep mumblin' those words and I awoke next mawnin' determined to bear them in mind. From that day to this, suh, they have been my creed. Although at times I have doubted their potency, I have never quite despaired. It cost you a dollah to attend the Trots, did it not, suh?" He paused inquiringly.

"No," I said sadly. "It was more than that."

The cab horse chuckled. "The fohtunes of war, suh," he said. "But you need not have wagered unless you saw fit to do so. You could have seen the Trots foh a dollah each day."

I nodded.

"It cost me," said the cab horse, "five yeahs of toil, five yeahs of struggle. It was not expected that I would ever race. It was hoped that I could take a standard record, that was all. But every day of those five yeahs I kep' a-tryin'; and now with the fuller knowledge that has come to me I know that the hawse who keeps a-tryin' is a hard hawse to beat.

"My trainin' began on the farm track when I was a three-year-old. My gait was nothin' in pahticulah, but because my mother was a dam of trottahs they trained me at the trot. I wore every boot in the catalogue and hit them all at some place in the mile. Never a stride did I take that was not labored, never a mile did I go that did not seem like three. But always, suh, always, I tried. Foh every foot of every mile I tried, with the sweat runnin' over my hoofs. And what was hardest to bear was, the easy way good-gaited colts slipped past me.

"There was one black pacer, risin' four, whose wuck-out days matched mine. He was sired by that great hawse Director, and frequently alluded to the fact; but if you asked him who his grandam was he changed the subject. He had a reachin', sneakin', oily gait and a heart as black as his hide. Whenever he caught me strugglin' home I got a scornful word flung back from the wind of his passin'. I grew to hate him foh the trash he was, and in my dreams I beat him; but mawnin' found me eatin' dust and tryin'—only tryin'.

"One day, when I had lost all hope and was the joke of the fahm, the silent man come up from Tennessee and every colt on the place was stepped an eighth with him a-watchin'. I had never heard of him at that time, suh, but from the way the niggahs looked at him and rolled their eyes I felt ashamed, when my turn came, to hip and hop and jiggle past him.

"When it was over I tried to shy through the gate and so get quickly to my stall, but our head trainer, who had driven me, pulled me round and drove me back to where the silent man was standin'.

"'Pop,' said our trainer, 'we'd like to give this colt a mark. What's wrong with him?'

"The silent man was flickin' at the track with a whip. He never looked up, just watched the marks the whiplash was makin' in the dust.

"'He wants to pace,' he said, and those words made a racehawse. Those words and the creed, suh; those words and the creed.

"'Pace!' said our trainer. 'His dam's old May Day. He's got no license to pace.'

"The silent man kep' on a-flickin' at the track.

"'Well, suit yohself, dawg gone it,' he said. 'He'll pace, James—or fall down.'

"Next day they knocked my toe weights off and put moh weight behind, and three weeks later, suh, I paced a mile in twenty-eight and was mentioned in a complimentary manner by the Lexington Leader. I was still rough gaited even on the pace, and at top speed I hit my knees; but now by tryin', always tryin', a little power was added to my stroke each day, a little hope grew slowly in my breast.

"And then one mawnin' the black colt by Director caught me at the eighth pole and turned out to go by. I have fought out heats by inches in my day, suh, but never did I do moh than from that eighth pole home. The black colt was only a length in front when we passed under the wire.

"He laughed a sneerin', irritatin' sawt of laugh he had while we were joggin' back. 'You'll step on the back of yoh neck some day,' he said, 'and break it.'

"I had hit my knees so hard that they were puffed already and both my quatah boots were cut to ribbons.

"'I'll step on yoh yellow heart some day,' I said, 'and break it.' I spoke in the heat of youthful passion—an ill-considered boast. He had a dazzlin' flight of speed, and who was I to promise him a beatin'?

"He was shipped away shawtly after that and word came back that he was doin' well, but something told me he was weak inside. A racin' grandam comes in handy at the pinch, suh—yes, and fo' moh like her.

"I stayed behind and wucked the summer through. Foh days I hung at twenty-seven, then cut a second off and needed just one second moh to be a standard pacer. Lawd help us, how I tried, suh! A week, two weeks went by. Then one fine day the fahm track dried out good and fast and I came home in twenty-three, with the trainer grinnin' and my swipe a-cuttin' capahs at the wire.

"They sent me to a breeders' meeting then at Lexington. There weren't two hundred people in the stands that day, and on the track was Rag and Tag and Bobtail, cripples, failures, not fit to race, with bands a-playin' and thousands lookin' on —— But it was Lexington.

"I made a clumsy effort against time—a mile in twenty—and my mother had another in the list.

"That night I stood and dreamed, a-lookin' out the window of my stall at the big still track and the moon and the grandstand and the stables. A gamecock crowed. A houn' dawg bayed. And then the stand filled up with misty shapes. I thought I saw my people, suh, by thousands. They'd come along the pikes as still as shadows.

"Then, suh, I saw a field of hawses scorin' foh the word. They got away, a black hawse with a sneakin', oily stride a length in front, and round the track they swept without a sound.

"The black hawse led clear down the stretch and then a gray hawse caught him and beat him by a head. The gray hawse, suh, was me.

"I stood and sweat and trembled foh an hour a-lookin' out that window. When mawnin' came they drove me home and turned me out again. A gray colt, suh, with crooked legs and visions in his head.

"Next spring my gait became a trifle smoother. By June I pounded out a mile in fohteen flat, and though my eyes were poppin' from my head, suh, when I finished, it got me to the races.

"When that yeah closed I'd come to my full speed; not the extreme flight that smoother-goin' hawses own foh some place in the mile, but what I had I gave from wire to wire, and I have beaten, in my time, some high-class pacers, suh.

"So foh five yeahs, on fifty different tracks, I bore the creed in mind. And then one autumn day, as I have told you, suh, I jogged out when they called the free-foh-all at Lexington.

"That day, that day, suh! How it all comes back, the band a-playin' and a blue Kentucky sky a-smilin' down on me and mine—that's how it seemed to me—on me and mine; foh one in every five in that big stand had driven in along the Gawgetown Pike.

"I had scored past the grandstand and was turnin' to jog back when one of the starters in the free-foh-all came scorin' down close to the pole. He was a black hawse, low-headed, with a reachin', oily stride—and I fohgot the music and the crowds.

"He recognized me when we were turnin' foh the word and spoke to me right friendly.

"'Glad to see you, mighty glad,' he said. 'Ain't you flyin' high these days?' He laughed his same old irritatin' laugh, and I remembered how I used to hate him when he'd catch me flounderin' in the fahm track stretch.

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# WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

## Nations in Liquidation

THE war has become a war of exhaustion. One hears a great deal of the idea that financial collapse may bring it to an end. A number of people seem to be convinced that a war cannot be waged without money; that soldiers must be paid, munitions must be bought; that for this money is necessary and the consent of bank depositors, so that if all the wealth of the world were nominally possessed by some one man in a little office somewhere, he could stop the war by saying simply: "I will lend you no more money."

Now, as a matter of fact, money is a power only in so far as people believe in it and governments sustain it. If a state is sufficiently strong and well organized its control over the money power is unlimited. If it can rule its people and if it has the necessary resources of men and material within its borders, it can go on in a state of war so long as these things last, with almost any flimsy sort of substitute for money that it chooses to print. It can enroll and use the men and seize and work the material. It can take over the land and cultivate it and distribute its products. The little man in the office is a power only because the state chooses to recognize his claim. So long as he is convenient he seems to be a power. So soon as the state is intelligent enough and strong enough it can do without him. It can take what it wants and tell him to go hang himself. That is the melancholy ultimate of the usurer. That is the quintessence of finance.

The owner and the creditor have never had any other power to give or withhold credit than the credit that was given to them. They exist by sufferance or superstition, and not of necessity.

It is the habit of overlooking this little flaw in the imperatives of ownership that enables people to say that this war cannot go on beyond such and such a date—the end of 1916 is much in favor just now—because we cannot pay for it. It would be about as reasonable to expect a battle to end because the landlord had ordered the soldiers off his estate. So long as there are men to fight and stuff to fight with the war can go on. There is bankruptcy, but the bankruptcy of states is not like the bankruptcy of individuals. There is no such thing as an undischarged bankrupt who is forbidden to carry on, among states. A state may keep on going bankrupt indefinitely and still carry on. It will be the next step in our prophetic exercise to examine the differences between state bankruptcy and a subject's bankruptcy. The belligerent powers are all approaching a phase when they will no longer be paying anything like twenty shillings in the pound. In a very definite sense they are not paying twenty shillings in the pound now. That is not going to stop the war, but it involves a string of consequences and possibilities of the utmost importance to our problem of what is coming when the war is over.

### *Bankruptcy That is Almost Painless*

NOW, the exhaustion that will bring this war to its end at last is a process of destruction of men and material. The process of bankruptcy that is also going on is nothing of the sort. Bankruptcy destroys no concrete thing; it merely writes off a debt; it destroys a financial but not an economic reality. It is, in itself, a mental, not a physical, fact. A owes B a debt; he goes bankrupt and pays a dividend, a fraction of his debt, and gets his discharge. B's feelings, as we novelists used to say, are "better imagined than described"; he does his best to satisfy himself that A can pay no more, and then A and B both go about their business again. In England, if A is a man sufficiently poor not to be formidable and has gone bankrupt on a small scale, he gets squeezed ferociously to extract the last farthing from him; he may find himself in jail and his home utterly smashed up. If he is a richer man and has failed on the larger scale, our law is more sympathetic and he gets off much more easily. Often his creditors find it advisable to arrange with him so that he will still carry on with his bankrupt concern. They find it better to let him carry on than to smash him up. There are countless men in the world living very comfortably indeed, and running businesses for their creditors that were once their own property. There are still more who have written off princely debts and do not seem to be a "ha'porth the worse." And their creditors have found a balm in time and philosophy. Bankruptcy is painful and destructive only to small people and helpless people; but then for them everything is painful and destructive. It can be a very light matter to big people; it may be almost painless to a state.

Now if England went bankrupt in the completest way to-morrow and repudiated all its debts both as a nation and as a community of individuals; if it declared, if I may use a self-contradictory phrase, a permanent moratorium, there would be not an acre of plowed land in the country, not a yard of cloth or a loaf of bread, the less for that. There would be nothing material destroyed. There would be no immediate convulsion. Use and wont would carry most people on some days before they even began to doubt whether So-and-So could pay his way, and whether there would be wages at the end of the week. But a number of people who lived upon rent or investments or pensions would presently be very busy thinking how they were going to get food when the butcher and baker insisted upon cash. It would be only with comparative slowness that the bulk of men would realize that a fabric of confidence and confident assumptions had vanished, that checks and bank notes and token money and every sort of bond and script were worthless, that employers had nothing to pay with, shopkeepers no means of procuring stock, that metallic money was disappearing and that a paralysis had come upon the community. Such an establishment as a workhouse or an old-fashioned monastery, living upon the produce of its own farming and supplying all its own labor, would be least embarrassed amidst the general perplexity. For it would not be upon a credit basis but a socialistic basis, a basis of direct reality, and its need for payments would be incidental. And land-owning peasants growing their own food would carry on, and small cultivating occupiers, who could easily fall back on barter for anything needed. But the mass of the population in such a country as England would soon be standing about in hopeless perplexity and on the verge of frantic panic—although there was just as much food to be eaten, just as many houses to live in, and just as much work needing to be done. Suddenly the pots would be empty and famine would be in the land. The general community would be like an automobile when the magneto fails: everything would be there and in order, except for the spark of credit which keeps the engine working.

That is how quite a lot of people seem to imagine national bankruptcy as a catastrophic jolt. It is a quite impossible nightmare of cessation. The reality is the completest contrast. All the belligerent countries of the world are at the present moment quietly, steadily and progressively going bankrupt, and the mass of people are not even aware of this process of insolvency.

An individual when he goes bankrupt is measured by the monetary standard of the country he is in; he pays five or ten or fifteen or so many shillings in the pound. A community in debt does something which is in effect the same but in appearance rather different. It still pays a pound, but the purchasing power of the pound has diminished. The pound commands less labor or less stuff than it did when the debt was incurred. This is what is happening all over the world to-day; there is a rise in prices. This is automatic national bankruptcy, unplanned though perhaps not unforeseen. It is not a deliberate state act, but a consequence of the interruption of communications, the diversion of productive energy, the increased demand for many necessities by the government and the general waste under war conditions.

At the beginning of this war England had a certain national debt; it has paid off none of that original debt; it has added to it tremendously. So far as money and bankers' records go, it still owes and intends to pay that original debt; but if you translate the language of pounds, shillings and pence into realities you will find that in loaves or iron or copper or hours of toil, it owes now, so far as that original debt goes, far less than it did at the outset.

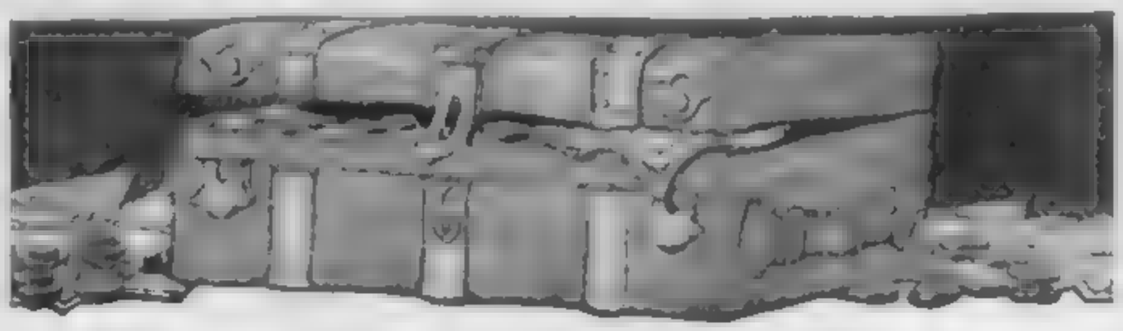
### *When Wages Race With Prices*

AS THE war goes on and the rise in prices continues, the subsequent borrowings and contracts are undergoing a similar bankrupt reduction. The attempt of the landlord of small weekly and annual properties to adjust himself to the new conditions by raising rents is being checked by legislation in Great Britain, and has been completely checked in France. The attempts of Labor to readjust wages have been partially successful in spite of the eloquent protests of those great exponents of plain living, economy, abstinence and honest, modest toil, Messrs. Asquith, McKenna and Runciman. It is doubtful if the rise in wages is keeping pace with the rise in prices. So far as it fails to do so the load is on the usual pack animal, the poor man. The rest of the loss falls chiefly upon the creditor class, the people with fixed incomes and fixed salaries, the landlords who have let at long leases, the people with pensions, endowed institutions, the church, the insurance companies, and the like. They are all being scaled down. They are all more able to stand scaling down than the proletarians.

Assuming that it is possible to bring up wages to the level of the higher prices, and that the rise in rents can be checked by legislation or captured by taxation, the rise in prices is on the whole a thing to the advantage of the propertyless man as against accumulated property. It writes off the past and clears the way for a fresh start in the future. An age of cheapness is an old usurer's age. England before the war was a paradise of ancient usuries. Everywhere were great houses and inclosed parks; the multitude of gentlemen's servants and golf clubs and such-like excrescences of the comfort of prosperous people was perpetually increasing; it did not "pay" to build laborers' cottages, and the more expensive sort of automobile had driven the bicycle as a pleasure vehicle off the roads. Western Europe was running to fat and not to muscle, as America is to-day.

But if that old usurer's age is over, the young usurer's age may be coming. To meet such enormous demands as this war is making there are three chief courses open to the modern state: The first is to take, to get men by conscription, and material by requisition. The British Government takes more modestly than any other in the world; its tradition from Magna Charta onward, the legal training of most of its members, all make for a reverence for private ownership and private claims, as opposed to the state and common weal, unequaled in the world's history. The next is to tax and pay for what it wants, which is a fractional and more evenly distributed method of taking. Both of these methods raise prices, the second most so, and so facilitate the automatic release of the future from the hoarding of the past. So far all the belligerent governments have taxed on the timid side.

Finally, there is the loan. This mortgages the future to the present necessity,



and it has so far been the predominant source of war credits. It is the method that produces least immediate friction in the state; it employs all the savings of surplus income that the unrest of civil enterprise leaves idle; it has an effect of creating property by a process that destroys the substance of the community. In Germany an enormous bulk of property has been mortgaged to supply the subscriptions to the war loans, and those holdings have again been hypothecated to subscribe to subsequent loans. The Pledged Allies, with longer stockings, have not yet got to this pitch of overlapping. But everywhere in Europe what is happening is a great transformation of the property owner into a *rentier*, and the passing of realty into the hands of the state. At the end of the war Great Britain will probably find herself with a national debt so great that she will be committed to the payment of an annual interest greater in figures than the entire national expenditure before the war. As an optimistic lady put it the other day: "All the people who aren't killed will be living quite comfortably on War Loan for the rest of their lives."

But part at least of the bulk of this wealth will be imaginary rather than real, because of the rise in prices, in wages, in rent and in taxation. Most of us who are buying the British and French war loans have no illusions on that score; we know we are buying an income of diminishing purchasing power. But it would be a poor creature who was not prepared to consider his investments as being also to an undefined extent national subscription, in these days when there is scarcely a possible young man in one's circle who has not quite freely and cheerfully staked his life.

A rise in prices is not, however, the only process that will check the appearance of a new rich usurer class after the war. There is something else ahead that has happened already in Germany, that is quietly coming among the Allies, and that is the cessation of gold payments. In Great Britain, of course, the pound note is still convertible into a golden sovereign; but Great Britain will not get through the war on those terms. There comes a point in the stress upon a government when it must depart from the austerer line of financial rectitude—and tamper in some way with currency. Sooner or later, and probably in all cases before 1917, all the belligerents will be forced to adopt inconvertible paper money for their internal uses.

There will be British assignats or greenbacks. It will seem to many financial sentimentalists almost as though Great Britain were hauling down a flag when the sovereign, which has already disappeared into bank and treasury coffers, is locked up there. But Great Britain has other sentiments to consider than the finer feelings of bankers and the delicacies of usury. The pound British will come out of this war like a company out of a well-shelled trench—attenuated.

### *Why Historical Parallels Teach Nothing*

DEPRECIATION of the currency means, of course, a continuing rise in prices, a continuing writing off of debt. If Labor has any real grasp of its true interests it will not resent this. It will merely insist steadfastly—quite regardless of that eloquent trio of underpaid and parsimonious lawyers, Messrs. Asquith, McKenna and Runciman—on a proper adjustment of its wages to the new standard. On that point, however, it will be better to write later.

Let us see how far we have got in this guessing. We have considered reasons that seem to point to the destruction of a great amount of old property and old debt and the creation of a great volume of new debt before the end of the war, and we have adopted the ideas that currency will probably have depreciated more and more and prices risen right up to the very end. There will be by that time a general habit of saving throughout the community, a habit more firmly established perhaps in the propertied than in the wage-earning class. People will be growing accustomed to a dear and insecure world. They will have become cautious, desirous of saving and security. Directly the phase of enormous war loans ends, the new class of *rentiers* holding the various great new national loans will find themselves drawing this collectively vast income and anxious to invest it. They will for a time be receiving the bulk of the unearned income of the world. Here, in the high prices representing demand and the need for some reinvestment of interest representing supply, we have two of the chief factors that are supposed to be necessary to a phase of business enterprise. Will the economic history of the next few decades be the story of a restoration of the capitalistic system upon a new basis? Shall we all become investors, speculators or workers, toiling our way to a new period of security, cheapness and low interest, a restoration of the park, the inclosure, the gold standard and the big automobile—with only this difference, that the minimum wage will be somewhere about two pounds and that a five-pound note will purchase about as much as a couple of guineas would do in 1913?

That is practically parallel with what happened in the opening half of the nineteenth century after the Napoleonic wars, and it is not an agreeable outlook for those who love the common man or the nobility of life. But if there is any one principle sounder than another of all those that guide the amateur in prophecy, it is that history never repeats itself. The human material in which those monetary changes and those developments of credit will occur will be entirely different from the social medium of a hundred years ago.

The nature of the state has altered profoundly in the last century. The later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth century constituted a period of extreme individualism. What were called "economic forces" had unrestricted play. In the minds of such people as Harriet Martineau and Herbert Spencer they superseded God. People were no longer reproached for "flying in the face of Providence," but for "flying in the face of Political Economy." In that state of freedom you got whatever you could in any way you could, you were not your neighbor's keeper, and except that it interfered with the enterprise of pickpockets, burglars and forgers, and kept the dice loaded in favor of landlords and lawyers, the state stood aside from the great drama of human getting. For industrialism and speculation the state's guiding maxim was *laissez faire*. The state is now far less aloof and far more constructive. It is far more aware of itself and a common interest. Germany has led the way from a system of individuals and voluntary associations in competition toward a new order of things, a completer synthesis. This most modern state is far less a swarming conflict of businesses than a great national business. It will emerge from this war much more so than it went in, and the thing is and will remain so plain and obvious that only the greediest and dullest people among the Pledged Allies will venture to disregard it. The allied nations, too, will have to rescue their economic future from individual grab and grip and chance.

The second consideration that forbids us to anticipate any parallelism of the history of 1916–1945 with 1815–1845 is the greater lucidity of the general mind, the fact that all Western Europe, down to the agricultural laborers, can read and write, and does read newspapers and "get ideas." The explanation of economic and social processes that were mysterious to the elect a hundred years ago are now the commonplaces of the taproom. What happened then darkly and often unconsciously must happen in 1916–1926 openly and controllably. The current bankruptcy and liquidation, and the coming reconstruction of the economic system of Europe, will go on in a quite unprecedented amount of light.

We shall see and know what is happening much more clearly than anything of the kind has ever been seen before.

It is not only that people will have behind them, as a light upon what is happening, the experiences and discussions of a hundred years, but that the international situation will be far plainer than it has ever been. This war has made Germany the central fact in all national affairs about the earth. It is not going to destroy Germany and it seems improbable that either defeat or victory or any mixture of these will alter the cardinal fact of Germany's organized aggressiveness. The war will not end the conflict of anti-Germany and Germany. This will be so plain that the great bulk of people everywhere not only will see their changing economic relationships far more distinctly than such things have been seen hitherto, but will see them as they have never been seen before, definitely oriented to the threat of German world-predominance. The landlord who squeezes, the workman who strikes and shirks, the lawyer who fogs and obstructs, will know, and will know that most people know, that what he does is done not under an empty, regardless heaven, but in the face of an enemy and in disregard of a continuous urgent general necessity for unity.

### *Moral Levels High and Low*

SO FAR we have followed this speculation upon fairly firm ground, but now our inquiry must plunge into a jungle of far more difficult and uncertain possibilities. Our next stage brings us to the question of how people and peoples and classes of people are going to react to the new conditions of need and knowledge this war will have brought about, and to the new demands that will be made upon them. This is really a question of how far they will prove able to get out of the habits and traditions of their former social state, how far they will be able to take generous views and make sacrifices and unselfish efforts, and how far they will go in self-seeking or class selfishness, regardless of the common welfare. This is a question we have to ask separately of each great nation, and of the Central Powers as a whole and of the Allies as a whole, before we can begin to estimate with any precision the posture of the peoples of the world in, say, 1946.

Now let me here make a sort of parenthesis on human nature. It will be rather platitudinous, but it is a necessary reminder and preparation for what follows.

So far as I have been able to observe, nobody lives steadily at one moral level. If we are wise we shall treat no man and no class as either steadfastly malignant or steadfastly disinterested. There are phases in my life when I could die quite cheerfully for an idea, there are phases when I would not stir six yards to save a human life. Most people fluctuate between such extremes. Most people are self-seeking, but most people will desist from a self-seeking cause if they see plainly and clearly that it is not in the general interest, and much more readily if they also perceive that other people are of the same mind and know that they know their course is unsound.

The fundamental error of orthodox political economy and of Marxian socialism is to assume the inveterate selfishness of everyone. But most people are a little more disposed to believe what it is to their

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# ROSY-LIGHT-OF-DAWN

## By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE stock tender at the Box Elder stage station, having halfway washed the few dishes that the simplicity of the noonday meal had required, hung up his pan, threw the imperfectly wrung-out rag at a nail in the wall and made haste to rejoin his guests. It was his proud boast that he never let his dishes go and, news hungry as he was in his sagebrush solitude, he stuck to his principle, although the post trader and the Bar T boy had been smoking in the shade of the barn for a good five minutes and had doubtless talked of many interesting things during that time. The Bar T boy was still talking when the stock tender came up.

"Here, let me in on this, Bud," the stock tender requested earnestly. "Who was it? What had she done?"

It was a moving story of man's inhumanity to woman. The Bar T boy's chivalrous nature was shocked by the circumstances, which he related with a smolder of indignation in his eyes. It seemed that a low-flung granger by the name of Smithers had so far forgotten all decency as to pinion his poor wife's wrists in his own viselike grip, thrust her into a chicken house and padlock the door on her.

"And all she'd done was take after him with a butcher knife, the small-souled son of a gun," the Bar T boy explained wrathfully. "He could have outrun her like a mice, with them long legs of his, or he could have clum one of them cottonwoods and stayed there till she got over her mad. But, no! Nothing would do him but wrastle her as if she'd been a man. Say, Reddy, you tell me what show a woman has got with a coyote like that. I've a notion to ride over and beat him up a mess, just to learn him."

"You keep out of it, Bud," the stock tender advised. "She'll learn him!"

The post trader took his pipe from his mouth and nodded assent. "I ain't defending this Smithers party," said he with twinkling eyes. "But all the same it looks like this lady of his is too brash and enthusiastic. She hadn't ought to have tipped her hand. Her play was to sort of gentle him like Charlie Planché's squaw done Charlie. Ever hear about that?"

The post trader chuckled with due modesty when he was encouraged to proceed, and forthwith told the story of Planché's gentling.

"Watch," Says She, and "Crack" Went the Gun and Down Tumbled Mister Hawk

She wasn't no blanket squaw, Charlie's wife, you understand. She was one of old Fortune Galmiche's girls—Galmiche at the Reservation—and she'd had her education at St. Mary's; spoke English as correct as you and me. Pretty as a picture too. Her Injun name was Iysoahinapewin, which means the rosy-light-of-dawn, so you can figure she wasn't so homely. Another thing, old Fortune Galmiche gave out that fifty head of ponies went with every girl of his who married a white man. Right here I want you to understand that I wasn't no disappointed rival. I've et my share of dog and buffalo berry and I've got good friends in the Sioux Nation, but as pretty as Iysoah was, and for all the ponies and the Government allotment of land and the rations that went with it, I had my opinion of squaw men. When Charlie told me that he was a-going *wickiya* I told him what my views was. But he only laughed.

"It's a matter of taste," says he. "I've seen white girls that wasn't much lighter than what Iysoah is, and, what's more, I'm sick of punching cows all summer for one fine large Ogalalla headache in the fall and a slim chance to feed stock for my board in the winter. I'm going to settle down with my Injun princess. She's good enough for me."

"A heap plenty," says I. "If you look at it that way I'm bound to agree with you," I says.

"Another thing," says Charlie. "You take an Injun woman and she ain't got no fool notions about being too good to work."

"That's right," I told him. "All you've got to do is rustle the meat. She'll scrape the hides and tan 'em, and sew your scalps on your shirt, and bead your moccasins, and set up the tepee. You've sure got a snap."

He looked at me kind of ugly; but I got a bid to the wedding and I went. I want to tell you that Fortune Galmiche did that wedding up brown, and when I seen Iysoah, the little brown runt that I remembered running round Fortune's dooryard with no more on than a liberal-minded man would call decent, I didn't blame Charlie a little bit. All fixed up in white she was, with a wreath of waxy star-of-Bethlehem that the Sisters had made for her in her hair, veil and little white-kid, high-heeled shoes, and all the trimmings. I tell you, sir, gentlemen, she was a princess, sure enough. Charlie didn't have a bad appearance himself, and the way she looked at him, thinks I, "That's the way I want my woman to look at me, if I ever get one."

Well, they went over on Ash Creek, where there was good range for the ponies, and old Fortune had built them an elegant little frame house. I happened along by about two or three months after the wedding and everything seemed to be running slick as grease. I'd had my doubts, because I'd seen young squaws from Agency schools start out in corsets and white muslin and, before a year was out, be padding round in moccasins and wearing their hair with a streak of red paint down the part. I didn't know but what I'd find a tepee or two set up in the yard and a tribe of Iysoah's relations on her mother's side squatting round, pegging out hides and jerking deer meat; but the first thing that I noticed was a picket fence round the house and behind it a row of Russian sunflowers and a mess of other posies. Charlie had got the house painted and there was white curtains in the windows. The flossiest kind of a layout; and, as I tied my horse to the corner post, I heard Iysoah singing Jerusalem the Golden as happy as you please in the kitchen. I stood right there in my tracks and listened. No *waukapomini* about that. Prettiest voice you ever heard too—smooth as velvet and as clear as a meadow lark's whistle. I'd always liked to hear Iysoah talk, but I'd never heard her sing.

"Jerusalem crickets!" says I to myself. "That ain't no squaw."

Why, it might have been back in Ohio, where I come from. But just as I was thinking them thoughts, she struck up:

*"Mita, Wakantanka,*
*Nikiyedan ——"*

"I take it all back," says I to myself. "You can't get the Injun out of 'em."

It was Nearer, My God; but it was Injun. So I hollered and opened the gate—and then, blamed if I didn't have to change my ideas again. She come out, and—well, I pulled my hat off as if it had been Mrs. Doc Stewart or any other lady. Nothing fine about her—just a blue-calico wrapper and her hair in a plait down her back, but the wrapper was tied in at the waist with a red ribbon and it suited her right down to her trim little ankles. Altogether, what with the way she smiled and stuck out her small brown paw at me, I was sure took aback.

"Come right in, Mr. Bruner," says she. "Very glad to see you. Charlie went over to the Rosebud this morning to look at some cows he's thinking of buying, but I expect him any minute now."

She takes me into a little setting room with Brussels carpet on the floor, and a drop lamp with glass jiggers onto it, and a bookcase plumb full of books, and a parlor organ in one corner; and she sets me down in a plush-arm rocker. I'm a liar if I didn't begin to sweat and wonder what would I do with my hands. But that wore off, and inside of ten minutes we was gassing away and laughing like old friends. After a while I got up and took a squint at the bookcase.

"Charlie's getting to be sort of choice in his reading," I says, picking up one of the books. It was in some foreign language.

"Oh, them's my books," she says. "Charlie ain't much on reading. That's Molyare. I'm French, you know, on my father's side."

Just then there was a racket outside amongst the chickens, and she jumped up.

"There's that miserable hawk again," she says. "I'll fix him."

She opened a drawer and took out a thirty-eight and run out with it. I followed her and, sure enough, there was a chicken hawk circling over the yard.

"Watch," says she, and "crack" went the gun and down tumbled Mister Hawk without any head on him. Just offhand shooting. Didn't take no aim or nothing.

"H-m!" thinks I. "Part French, are you? I'd be right sorry for anyone that comes along here that was part hawk."

Hows'ever, we went back to the setting room and, after a while, Charlie came in, and it was pretty to see her run to him. Charlie took it tolerable good-natured too. Looking well, Charlie was, and if it hadn't been for that wicked eye of his and one or two things I knew about him, I'd have said they was well matched. He would have Iysoah set down and play me a piece on the organ, and while she was doing it I could see him watching her with a grin on his face. I liked that in him, too, although I can't say Iysoah was much on that there instrument. Kind of stuttered on it. Still, counting out the times she slipped up, you could make out a tune.

After that, Iysoah went into the kitchen and fixed us up a meal. I won't say I never et better cooking, because that would be a lie; but it wasn't so a hungry man couldn't get away with it, and it was clean. And I took notice that Charlie never made no kick. Another thing I noticed was the soft, cooing voice that woman had when she spoke to him, and she couldn't go nowheres near him without touching him—a little stroke on his shirt sleeve, or a pat on his shoulder or his hand. It certainly was pretty.

I had to pull my freight after dinner and Charlie came down to the trail with me.

"Well, how does my white brother like my wigwam?" says he as I swang up onto my horse. "I ain't took to the breechclout yet, do you reckon?"

"Heap good," says I. "You're sure lucky, if you don't get the idee that you deserve it. If you treat Mrs. Planché right, I wouldn't wonder if you didn't amount to something in course of time."

I wasn't trying to give him guff either. I honestly thought that the boy might amount to something. I'd always kind of liked him, mean as he was. Ever know a mean man you kind of liked? He was a good cowhand, although he had never held down a job for any length of time, and he was smart enough, when he wasn't too smart for his own good. There couldn't be no doubt but what he thought a heap of that little wife of his, and I figured that one thing might straighten him up. On the other hand, it was early in the game yet, and, after all, Iysoah was an Injun. One time I'd think of her in her setting room,

pretty and high-toned and refined as anybody, and then I'd think of that hawk flopping down out of the blue sky, and remember the cur'ous sort of smile that she gave when it hit the ground. I'd think of her father, the little old Frenchman, Fortune Galmiche, polite as a basket of chips, and all the time chattering and laughing and waving his hands, as free-handed as he was light-hearted, as gritty as God ever makes a man and as straight as a string.

And then I'd think of Mrs. Galmiche—full-blood Teton squaw, with a face that looked as if it had been chipped out of red porphyry, high cheek bones and hook nose; never talking; sitting by the fireplace in Fortune's house; smoking her killikinick in her long Injun pipe, or else astraddle of her pony riding to the Agency store. I'd seen her once at a beef issue when they turned the critters loose for the bucks to shoot down—sometimes with arrows—and the squaws cut 'em up.

Then I'd think of Charlie again, clean and clear eyed, grinning at me while Iysoah played the organ—and I'd think of him kicking his horse in the belly and jerking its bit till the blood run because it didn't stand round to suit him, and I'd think of some other things that I knew and had heard about him.

Finally I quit thinking about them. That winter I didn't have time, being too busy helping to keep a couple of thousand head of cattle from drifting down into the Panhandle, but at the calf round-up on Hat Creek I run across Petie Jones from White River, and I asked him pointedly about Charlie and Mrs. Charlie.

"He's one son of a gun, that Charlie Planché," says Petie.

"In a general way, most of us are," says I. "What seems to be the particular trouble with him?"

"Oh, there's talk," says he.

"Once more, for the cigars," says I.

"Well," says Petie, "I don't know as there's anything for the grand jury—as yet; but his little bunch of cows has sure made a record increase this spring. One or two of 'em dropped yearlings, seems like, and there's a big percentage of twins and triplets. There's talk to that effect."

"There always is," I says, which was true.

Anybody who starts a little bunch alongside of the big herds is liable to be unjustly suspicioned. There's even been talk about me. Hows'ever, I dropped that and asked if there was anything else.

"Well," says Petie, "you was asking about his woman. I stopped overnight at his place a couple of weeks ago and I wasn't stuck on the way he talked to her. Of course she's got Injun blood in her, but that ain't no excuse. I don't go round to a man's house and eat his grub and then come away and back-cap him, but you asked me and, besides, everybody knows that Charlie Planché is one son of a gun. Well, there wasn't nothing, only Charlie had his ears back and his eyes rolling and she was a-walking wide of him. That's the way I figured it. If she'd give him any reason it might be different, but I never see a gentler-spoken woman or one that tried harder to please a man. Never an ugly word out of her. 'Yes, Charlie dear,' and 'No, Charlie dear,' and 'I'm very sorry, Charlie dear.' That was the way of it—and him making his cracks about squaws, right afore her and me! What was you saying about that Box E cow?"

That was all I could get out of him; but it was enough. I could put two and two together and make a big black four come that one morning, about three weeks later, I was riding along Ash Creek within six mile of Planché's place. I'm a man that don't like to have my feelings harrowed unnecessary as a general thing, and I hadn't even made inquiry after Charlie and Iysoah, but right there I took the notion strong that I'd ride that six mile.

I wasn't none too hopeful that I'd find so much as the house. A lone chimney maybe, left standing on the little flat, and jack rabbits and rattlesnakes sporting about in the weeds and trash where there was once a happy home. I'd look on the scene of desolation a spell, heave a few pensive sighs and mosey along. Or maybe I'd find another family there, no telling. There was a chance of Charlie being there yet, and I could just see him, growed fat and flabby, with bloodshot eyes and a two weeks' crop of whiskers on his dirty face, and tobacco and grease down the front of his shirt, like any other squaw man. One or two of the windows in the house would be broke and rags stuffed in from last winter; there would be a slop of dishwater in the dooryard, and bones that the chickens had picked, and flies in swarms. Somehow I couldn't settle in my mind what Iysoah would look like, but in a general way she'd fit in.

I struck the trail that led to the ford, and there my first theory was knocked endways. It was a well-traveled trail and there was fresh wagon tracks all along it. I splashed through the ford, loped along through the cottonwood bottom and up the rise, and it didn't take more than one look to tell me that I'd hit it the second guess. The house was there, but strangers was living in it—strangers who had plowed and fenced in as much as thirty acres, strangers who had in a fine ripening stand of wheat and a likely patch of sod corn, to say nothing of the beginnings of an apple orchard and a green garden. There was a corral, too, and three good-sized stacks of hay; there was a barn, and a little windmill was spinning away with a chug-chug of pumping water. I couldn't begin to tell you all there was, but what there wasn't was signs or tokens of Charlie Planché being anywhere round. The only exception was Charlie himself, and I didn't believe in him.

Him and a tow-headed man who looked like a Swede was tinkering with a mower, and as I rode up Charlie dropped his monkey wrench and came up to help me open the gate. He moved lively. He wasn't fat and he wasn't flabby, and the only dirt on him was a smear of machine grease across his forehead, where he'd wiped the sweat away with his bare arm. He'd shaved that morning; there was a little cut on his chin where the razor had slipped. He was as brown as a late July Dakota sun could burn him—face, neck and bare arms. He had on a clean blue shirt and clean overalls stuck into these lace-up-the-front boots. He was as decent looking a man as you'd want to look at—man, you understand.

"Dog my cats, if it ain't old Sam Bruner," says he, and you'd have thought he was glad to see me by the way he acted. He grabbed old Baldy's bridle away from me and called to the Swede to take him and give him a feed of grain. "Come on up to the house," says he. "Iysoah will be tickled to death."

(Continued on Page 45)

out of it easy enough. Inside of another year Charlie would sell out and hit the breeze for parts as unknown as possible, providing old Fortune didn't get a line on him with his buffalo gun; and poor little Iysoah—she'd take it hard. I didn't have no idee that she'd make a holler. She wasn't that kind; but it was a cinch that there would be something to holler about. A mean man don't improve with time much oftener than a rotten egg, and if he abuses his wife before strangers it ain't likely he'll be a considerate and loving husband when there's thirty-odd miles between them and any third person whatsoever. It didn't take much knowledge of human nature to figure that out. Love's young dream was sure over for little Rosy-Light-of-Dawn.

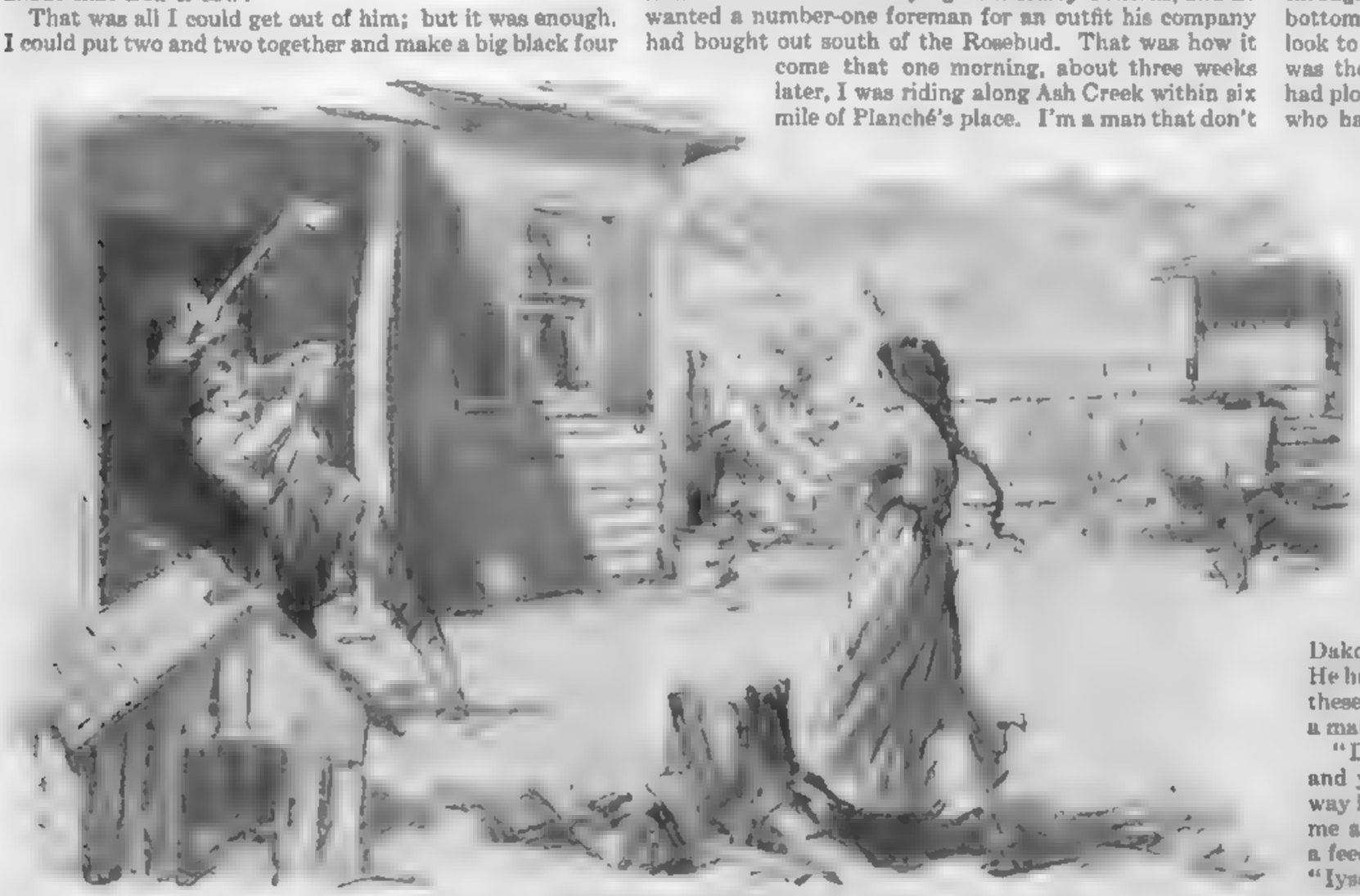
I got some more supplementary evidence, as Judge Benedict calls it, along in the fall. I'd drifted down south myself and it was in Abilene that I met up with Lute Boggs. Lute worked for the Bar T one time, Bud. Maybe you've heard of him. Well, Lute had been up in the White River country, and he'd stopped off at Charlie's place and found Charlie had been throwed by his horse and was in bed with a broken arm and collar bone.

"Pity it wasn't his blamed neck," says Boggs. "Still, he was busted up a considerable and that little woman was nursing him like a mother. I'd have been willing to have gone him a bust better to have had the nursing she gave him. She couldn't do enough for him, and, say, when she talked to him it sounded like one of them mourning doves back in the woods, and when he talked to her—well, I put in. I couldn't help it. Making allowances for his bones bothering him, it wasn't no way to speak to no woman, squaw or no squaw. And what do you reckon she said? 'I think it will be better for you not to interfere, Mr. Boggs,' says she, looking at me ca'm and steady. 'Mr. Planché and I understand each other and he didn't mean that.'

"'Didn't I?' says Charlie, sneering. "He was going to say some more, but I judged it wasn't none of my business, so I lit out. But he's a daisy, Charlie is! Lucky for him she is a squaw; a white woman would get right up on her ear and make trouble."

I allowed he was right, but it did seem a shame. I was young enough then so's I worried a heap more over other people's troubles than what I do now, and I reckon if I had been within a day's ride of friend Charlie, I'd have prodded in and shattered his anatomy some more. Hows'ever, I was in Texas and in Texas I stayed for close on two years, working for Jim Hammersley and saving my money. Then I got kind of homesick for the old ranges and I bought me a bunch of horses and drove them up north. Along in July I'd sold the last ten head to the Anglo-American, and there at the T A N ranch I met up with a nice old geezer from Boston who was staying with Harry Oelrichs, and he wanted a number-one foreman for an outfit his company had bought out south of the Rosebud. That was how it

"If You Treat Mrs. Planché Right, I Wouldn't Wonder if You Didn't Amount to Something in Course of Time"



"She Just Naturally Can't Handle an Ax"

# THE MAN HUNTERS

## The Detective Department of Paris

### By Melville Davisson Post

WHEN an authority on criminal psychology at Göttingen printed his learned thesis on the fourth dimension, the Prefect of Police of Paris sent him word that, though the existence of the fourth dimension might be involved in doubt, if the professor would come to France he would take great pleasure in showing him a thing that had only two dimensions. The criminologist replied that the invitation of the Prefect was courteous, but his suggestion unthinkable. One could postulate a fourth dimension, but by no possible effort was the human consciousness able to imagine a thing of two dimensions alone. Length, breadth and thickness were essential to all mental concepts of the material world

The Prefect renewed his invitation and the criminologist traveled to Paris. Whereupon, on a bright sunny morning, he was taken up the Champs Elysées and shown the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe! It lay in the brilliant sun, clearly defined in its length and breadth, but not even a psychologist from Göttingen could discover that it possessed any thickness.

This instance illumines the facile working of the Latin mind.

The Germans say that the Detective Bureau of Paris follows the eccentric method. Scotland Yard calls it a system of inspiration. It ought, in fact, to be called the diplomatic system. We shall see that the Service de la Sûreté does not follow the one method of Scotland Yard, to find a distinguishing clew and center its whole intelligence on that one line in a mystery inquiry; nor yet the scientific method of Berlin; nor the psychological method of Vienna.

*Arresting an Anarchist for Shooting From Top of Bus*

#### *Police Diplomacy*

PARIS is the only romantic city remaining in the world. It is a rendezvous of all the soldiers of fortune, the adventurers, and flying squadrons of picturesque undesirables. With some knowledge of the French temperament one can understand why the department of criminal investigation in Paris could be expected to use a certain diplomacy in its romantic man-hunting.

When Scotland Yard undertook to arrest the mysterious Lett bank crackers in a direct raid, by forcing in the door, they were met with a hail of bullets and more than one constable was mortally injured. But when a detective agent of the *Centre* in Paris wished to secure the desperate criminal Boucher, alias Poignon, who had taken refuge in a lawless quarter of Montmartre, he called upon him alone and unarmed, and asked him to have a glass of wine. As they sat over the bottle the agent said:

"My dear Boucher, I have just lodged in the guard-house a person whom I suspect of being the notorious coiner, Durlose; but I am not certain. I said to myself: '*Parbleu*, if there is a man in France who will know everybody in the underworld, it is Boucher. I shall ask him to look at this suspect and tell me if I am right.'"

Now it is a strange fact, asserted by every French authority, that all crooks consider themselves highly complimented if they are consulted by the police. Nearly every one of them will go to any length to assist the police against another if it happens that the criminal sought is not a direct ally. "Those who fear the police most," Vidocq used to say, "are always the ones most ready to serve it." Boucher went willingly. The agent led him into a cell of the prison, stepped quickly outside, locked the door, and thanked him for his courtesy.

Like Scotland Yard, in London, the Detective Bureau of Paris is a division of the city police. It is not under the control of the people of Paris. It is an organization directly under the authority of the national government. The Prefect is appointed by the President of the Republic. The detective force is not centralized, as in the Germanic cities, nor is it entirely divided as in London. There is a combination of these two methods of organization.

For police purposes Paris is divided into ten districts, each in charge of a *commissaire*. The detectives in each of these districts are under the control of the *commissaire;* so that, instead of having some five or six hundred detectives operating from a center, as the system used to be, some fifty detectives in each of the ten districts are now available. In addition to this decentralized plan there is a staff of detectives attached to the main headquarters, consisting of some two hundred and fifty men who are assigned to important and complicated criminal mysteries, cases of international concern, and involved affairs likely to cover a broad field of investigation. This central force is divided into bureaus, with special detectives skilled along certain lines of criminal investigation. M. Bertillon was at the head of one of these bureaus up to the time of his death.

It was Bertillon who first foresaw that the identification by photograph was doubtful and unsatisfactory. These photographs accumulated. The authorities of Budapest, alone, maintain a cabinet containing photographs of over a million criminals. Disguise could be too cleverly effected to render this system certain. Besides, an Austrian authority had discovered by a series of experiments that all persons do not look at photographs in the same way. Some persons take the details of the background as the essential distinguishing features of the picture, while others see the thing to be photographed independent of the background. For this reason the police can never be certain that even well-intentioned persons will be able to identify an individual.

Bertillon endeavored to find some better method of identification, and finally worked out the anthropometric system, which was based upon the accurate measurements of certain bony structures which were supposed not to change from maturity to the end of life. He became famous for this system and it was in general use in Paris. But the measurements were difficult to take and could not be relied on unless they were the work of experts, and finally the famous theft of the Mona Lisa brought it into lasting disrepute.

Scotland Yard and the detective centers of the Germanic Empires declare that if the Mona Lisa had been stolen within their jurisdictions they could have identified the criminal within half an hour after the picture had been removed from the frame. This boast was wholly justified. The thief left finger-print impressions on the frame. These finger-print impressions were developed by the Parisian police according to the usual method. But unfortunately the Bureau in Paris was depending on the Bertillon method and not on the system of classification of finger prints invented by Sir Edward Henry.

#### *The Bagdad of Romance*

THEY were unable to identify the finger prints on the frame. The notorious Perugia, who accomplished this famous robbery, was not a new man. He had been in custody in Paris and his finger prints had been taken. If there had been in use at that time a proper system of classification the finger prints on the frame would have been identified as those of Perugia, and almost immediately the man would have been in the custody of the police.

Paris is the Bagdad of wonderful criminal adventures equaling the apocryphal adventures of any Arabian story. The truth accurately set down by the reliable head of the detective department seems to the Anglo-Saxon colored and romantic.

The Lapin Blanc, a tavern in the Rue Aux Fèves, was one of these mysterious centers of the intriguing underworld of Europe. It was a long, low room with black, smoky rafters. In it were six tables fastened to the whitewashed wall so they could not be thrown over or moved from their places. These tables were before a long counter covered with zinc. On this counter were innumerable cups or jugs chained fast. The benches before the tables were chained to the wall.

In order to obtain a certain international clew the Chief of Police of Paris went one night in disguise to this place. When he entered he saw a man standing at the counter

*French Detectives Going Over the Ground of a Crime*

*Lepine in Conference With Army Officers*

wearing an otter-skin cap, the visor of which concealed his face. About at the tables were Apaches playing cards. They were all armed, with their weapons ready in the event that any player should undertake to win by a trick. When the Chief entered, Nina Florette, an actress of the subterranean cabarets seated at a table instantly knew him in spite of his disguise and shouted his name. The whole nest of cutthroats rose. But the man in the otter-skin cap turned about and addressed the Prefect:

"Monsieur," he said, "you are at liberty to go if you please; you shall not be disturbed."

And the astonished Chief tells us that this mysterious person in the otter-skin cap was a lineal descendant of the old royal family of France, who, in spite of every republican effort, still remained king in a certain circle of Paris.

One of the most annoying classes of persons with which the Parisian police have to deal are the receivers of stolen goods. There used to be in Paris a certain famous dealer in antiques. For a long time the detective department had had him under their eye. They were practically certain that he was what is commonly called a "fence." But, in spite of all their diligent efforts, they were never able to connect him with any criminal transaction or to discover any stolen property in his shop. The man was able and clever. Nevertheless, moved by this inspiration, which Scotland Yard credits to the Service de la Sûreté, they undertook to make a test case according to the diplomatic method.

One morning, as this dealer was walking toward his shop he was stopped by an agent of the police, who addressed him in a name not his own. He replied that the agent was mistaken; he was a certain person having a shop at a certain number and well known in Paris. But the police agent was insistent. He said that this shopkeeper was the man he wanted under the name he gave. The shopkeeper protested, and finally the agent said: "We will enter this fiacre and drive to the police headquarters. There this question of identification can be settled."

The shopkeeper was quite willing and the two men went to the central detective bureau. Here the shopkeeper was examined, not in the hope of finding stolen articles on his person but for another reason. Among the articles taken from the man's person was a handkerchief embroidered with his name.

The police agent took the handkerchief, disguised himself as a messenger, entered a cab, drove in great haste to the antique dealer's shop and demanded to speak with his wife. There were several persons present in the shop. The pretended messenger signified that the matter on which he came was important and urgent, and he must speak with her in confidence. And he produced the dealer's handkerchief in evidence of this assurance. The anxiety of the woman was evident. She led the messenger into the back of the shop and begged him to tell the errand on which he came.

"Madam," said the agent in a whisper, "your husband has just been arrested, and from some words which he happened to overhear he suspects that he has been betrayed; he, therefore, wishes you at once to take out of the shop everything that would be dangerous to his safety if found here by the police. But you must hurry. The police will be here in a short time. You have not a moment to lose. Can I help you?"

The woman was alarmed, but she acted quickly. She asked the messenger to call two closed cabs. When they were before the door she opened a secret closet the entrance to which was cleverly concealed by a large press so skillfully set in that no one would ever suspect that it stood other than against the solid wall of the shop. From this she took clocks, candelabras, Etruscan vases, cloths, cashmeres, linens, muslins, bronzes—the elegant and priceless loot of the finest houses in Paris. These were bundled up and put into the two cabs. The woman got into one and the obliging messenger into the other. As they set out from the shop the messenger pulled up the curtain of the window in his cab—a prearranged signal—and they were immediately taken into custody by the police.

By a like system of clever intrigue the police brought to ruin the famous dealer in stolen goods at the Rue de la Sonnière.

The apartments of a general in the Hôtel de Valois, in the Rue de Richelieu, had been entered and looted. The general had dined, not wisely but too well, on a certain summer evening. He had been able to get up to his apartments. There he had opened all the windows and gone to bed in his evening clothes, with no further concern. These were generous considerations for the second-story men in Paris. They entered through the open windows and carried out practically everything in the apartments except the general. The French police said that the thing was so complete that it reminded them of a Provençal notary making an inventory after death! They thought the booty had been disposed of through the fence at the Rue de la Sonnière. They did not arrest the fence and search his shop as Scotland Yard would have done. But they approached him by the method diplomatic.

A stool pigeon from the family of common crooks sauntered into the shop, conversed on various topics, and finally touched on the robbery.

"*Tiens*," said the fence; "nothing of importance ever happens nowadays."

"I do not know about that," said the spy. "The man who pulled off the affair at the Hôtel de Valois had a pretty good streak of luck; there was twenty-five thousand francs in bank notes in the pocket of the general's full-dress uniform."

Immediately the face of the dealer in stolen goods changed.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said. "Is it possible!"

"What's the matter," said the spy—"did you buy it?"

"Yes," said the man; "but I sold it again."

"Do you know who has it now?"

"Yes," said the dealer; "a man in the Rue Faydeau. He intends to melt up the gold lace."

The spy cried out in astonishment:

"Burn up twenty-five thousand francs! Jump into a cab; perhaps you can get it before it is put into the melting pot."

The dealer in stolen goods immediately summoned a cab, hurried to the shop of the man in the Rue Faydeau, repurchased the uniform, returned with it, and just as he was about to cut in to find the fabulous roll of bank notes the police appeared and seized him.

One is constantly impressed with the ingenuity shown by the Parisian authorities. They seem always to have at hand some diplomatic way in which an affair can be handled. One does not find the direct, crude methods of the Scotland Yard constable.

There was a member of the detective force in Paris who was suspected of being in league with a gang of second-story burglars. A house on the Boulevard St. Martin was entered and looted. It was a wet night and the police found footprints under a window. One of the detective agents was of the opinion that these were the footprints of the suspected Hotot.

The problem was how to verify this impression without putting the man on his guard.

It was very early in the morning. The special agent in charge of the affair went into a café, purchased a roast fowl, a pot of coffee, some rolls, and the like, and took them up to the suspected man's house. He waked him and told him he had come to take breakfast with him. He entered, with the breakfast and an assistant. The suspected man was in bed. The agent asked him to remain in bed and join in the breakfast. And while they were thus engaged the agent's assistant secured the suspected man's shoes, took them out, fitted them into the impressions, and brought them back. In no other country would the authorities have resorted to such a stratagem.

(Continued on Page 43)

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

*The Famous Bertillon Room in Paris Police Headquarters*

# THE BREAKER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

VII

EARLY the next morning Widder explored his crowded dark room and unearthed the camera that he had once used for commercial photography. After looking it over with a wistful eye, he stoically wrapped it up. With it he went straight to a Seventh Avenue pawnshop. He did so with regret perhaps, but quite without embarrassment, for he had already at various times effected divers transactions in that shop. There a benevolent-eyed man, with a spectacularly bald head, both received him with courtesy and rewarded him with a quick appraisal of his goods. Their conference, amazingly contrary to all tradition of stage and story, was brief and businesslike. Yet Widder, with an additional six dollars in his pocket, knew that the hardest part of his task was still before him.

But he did not hesitate. He took a cross-town car at Thirty-fourth Street, got off at Third Avenue, and walked southward. His heart beat a little faster as he approached the corner of the meat market, but he saw to his relief that the shop was almost empty of customers. That meant there was still a fighting chance of the thing's being done quietly. Of all things, he dreaded a scene. Yet he realized that his mission was an extraordinary one. It might lead to a fusillade of questioning and accusation, or to a tongue lashing, or to an officer's being called, or, worse than all, to his premises' being searched and the telltale suitcase's being unearthed. But he had his duty to do. And although his heart pumped still faster and his color was not of the best, his courage did not crumble as he approached that possible Flavian amphitheater of torture. He stepped in over the floor freshly strewn with sawdust and swept the full length of the marble-topped counter with his eye, in grimly timorous quest of the blond man who had sold him the veal cutlet.

His man, he saw, was nowhere in sight—and the thought flashed through Widder's hectic mind that this burly blond butcher might already be languishing behind prison bars for the passing of that same counterfeit twenty-dollar bill which he, Widder, had forced into an overtempted workman's hands. And at that thought Widder had to tighten the belt of his courage to keep from hasty retreat.

He turned and crossed the sawdust, like a Christian martyr crossing the Colosseum sand. He thrust his head into a lion's cell, in the shape of a small glass-fronted office, wherein a white-aproned man with a pair of spectacles low on his nose was thumbing through what looked like a ledger. Widder had to cough for the second time before the scrutineering eyes looked up over the glass rims.

"I want to give you twenty dollars," announced Widder, extracting an alleviating thrill from the announcement.

"What for?" asked the man without emotion.

Widder, who had visibly squared his shoulders as he counted out the twenty dollars, stood slightly dashed at the lack of response in his audience, even while relieved at the discovery that his offense had obviously not disrupted the company's business. He had pictured some official of that company's placing a hand on his shoulder and telling him, with misty eyes, that he was one man in a million, and, perhaps, forcing on the protesting Widder a compensatory hind quarter of Canada spring lamb.

"The fact of the matter is," Widder began as he shuffled from foot to foot before the office wicket—"the fact is, I had the—er—the misfortune to pass a bad twenty-dollar bill over your counter."

"When?"

"A couple of days ago."

"How'd you know it was bad?" demanded the apathetic man in the office.

"Because I got others like it without knowing it," explained Widder. And he knew that his words were literally true.

The man with the glasses grunted. Then he swung about, reached into an open safe, drew out a drawer, and from under a couple of worn bank books took out a yellow-back with a slip of white paper pinned to it. He unpinned the paper, looked at the bill, and turned back to Widder.

"I Guess I Gotta Right to Go Into My Own Room, Haven't I?"

The latter's somewhat unsteady fingers were pushing twenty one-dollar bills in through the wicket.

"D'you want this bum bill back?"

"Fair exchange is no robbery!" ventured Widder with a forced though valiant smile at his own facetiousness.

"Well, she won't pass a second time," announced the man behind the wicket as he pushed out the bill.

Widder took it up. Clear across the yellowback, cut out by the steel stencil of the bank refusing it harborage, was the telltale word "COUNTERFEIT."

Widder stared at it so closely and so long that by the time he had solemnly and sadly pocketed it the man with the eyeglasses was once more thumbing apathetically through his ledger. So nothing remained for the valiant righter of past wrongs to do but wheel pensively about and walk dispiritedly out of the shop.

In the clear light of the open street, however, he finally forgot his mortification over the discovery that an act such as his could be accepted as a commonplace one. It was at least not commonplace to him. He was once more square with the world. He could look any man straight in the eye from that moment. And any woman, he promptly added, whether it happened to be a hazel eye or an eye of any other color. He had redeemed himself. And if his pocket was light as he made his way down to the jobber's for a fresh supply of tap filters, so also was his heart. He intended to sell filters that day because he had to sell them. He had to sell them, even though he talked himself hoarse and wore off a quarter of an inch of shoe leather. For this putting yourself right with the world could sometimes be a pretty expensive job.

At nightfall Widder turned homeward, tired but triumphant. An east wind had brought rain, yet Widder was oblivious of it. He even failed to notice that his feet were wet. For he had sold seven filters, had joked with a squirrel-eyed old Irishwoman who wanted no such contraptions about her house, and had been given a cigar by an amiably discursive Austrian who had himself patented a key ring and a folding toothbrush for travelers.

Widder went home feeling that the day had been a long one and that his rest was earned. He treated himself to the luxury of an open fire, took off his wet clothes, and dined in a quilted dressing gown that had seen better days and in a pair of German felt slippers that curled up at the toes. And having dined he lighted the gas in his dark room, heated his iron, and carefully pressed and creased his still steaming apparel. For he had the morrow to think of, and it behooved a man of business to keep up appearances. Then he quite as methodically unlocked his carpenter's chest, unearthed the Calabrian's suitcase, and restored to its fellows the counterfeit yellowback that he had that morning recovered from the Third Avenue meat market. If he sighed as he relocked the case it was altogether a sigh of satisfaction. The triumph of an Antigone who had finally buried her dead was no keener than Widder's as he packed away that illicit wealth, and packed it away as intact as it first came into his hands. It no longer had a claim on him. He owed it nothing.

He basked in the warming consciousness of this readjustment of moral issues quite as luxuriously as in the heat from his open fireplace, while he continued to sit there listening to the rain drumming on the roof. Then, finding himself drowsing off, he wound his huge nickel watch, let down his folding bed, banked his fire and turned in. There he dreamed of gayly traveling from capital to capital through Europe, with a bag of counterfeit on one arm and a hazel-eyed girl on the other. It was a very pleasant dream. He had just left Paris on a coach and four for Monte Carlo, where crowned heads had already heard of his prodigalities, when he was awakened by a quiet yet unmistakable knock on his door.

As he sat up on his folding bed, feeling tentatively about its edges to make sure it was not indeed a Continental coach rocking southward toward the Côte-d'Azur, the knock was repeated.

Widder, as he padded about for his trousers and dressing gown, felt distressingly suspicious that it was Mrs. Feeney, a retributive Mrs. Feeney with some fresh clew of his iniquities. So he lighted his gas and approached the door reluctantly. When he opened it he opened it only an inch or two.

He could see nothing in the gloom of the hallway. But out of that gloom a voice spoke:

"May I come in?"

It was more of a command than a request, for all its quietness of tone. But what suddenly sent electric needles playing up and down Widder's spine was the discovery that the speaker was Alice Tredwell herself.

"Who is it?" was his supererogatory demand.

"Hush!" whispered the girl instead of answering his question. But she stepped in through the opened door without further waste of words. She turned and noticed his hesitation as he stood with his hand on the knob, pondering whether or not that door should be closed again. Her face was serious, but rich in color, as though ruddied by rapid passage through windy air. There was, too, an unnatural brightness about her eyes as she motioned for him to swing the door shut.

Then she stepped back and slipped the bolt with her own hand.

Widder stood staring at her. She was in rubbers and a dripping raincoat. Her face was still wet and her hat sodden above the brown hair which escaped from one side of it. He noticed that she carried no umbrella. Yet about her, for all her dampness, was a note of determined serenity. And Widder, disturbed as he was by that untimely intrusion and awake as he was to its perils, no longer regretted the collapse of the Paris coach and the Côte-d'Azur.

"What—what's wrong?" he stammered as she stood so calmly facing him.

"Has anything disturbed you?"

"Disturbed me?" he echoed.

"Have you been interfered with in any way?"

"Do you mean about the suitcase?"

"Yes."

Widder shook his head in negation. He could see her breast heave with a sigh of relief.

"I've been worrying about you," she said with a quick yet troubled glance about the room.

"About me?"

"Yes; I was afraid something might happen. I couldn't even sleep."

"What time is it?" asked Widder with almost a tacit note of reproof in his question.

"It's long past midnight," she said without emotion.

"Then how did you get in?"

The girl smiled for the first time.

"I found in the excitement that I'd carried Mrs. Feeney's house key away with me. So that part of it was easy enough!"

Involuntarily Widder shuddered at the thought of what might have occurred had she been intercepted or shadowed by the apparitional Mrs. Feeney herself.

"I've brought you the other six dollars. And I want you to let me take that suitcase!" the girl startled him by saying.

"Why?" asked Widder as he mechanically reached for the money she was holding out to him.

"Because it will never be safe to leave it here. It is here, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Are you positive?"

"Yes, I'm positive," declared Widder. "I just locked it up before I went to bed. I was putting back that twenty-dollar bill, the bill I took out a few days ago. I gave that butcher twenty dollars this morning, twenty good dollars, and got the bad bill back. You see, I thought it would be better to have them all together again."

He had expected some word of commendation from her on this, but she said nothing. Her thoughts, in fact, seemed to be occupied with other things.

"We must get it away from here," she asserted.

"Do you mean to-night?"

"Yes."

"But why?" he persisted.

"Because there's danger," was her reply. "I know there's danger!"

"But it would be just as dangerous for you," he tried to argue.

"I think not."

"But what will you do with it?"

"Anything rather than leave it here."

"But you can't lug a bag like this through the streets," he protested.

She turned and studied him with abstracted eyes.

"Then you'll have to come with me," she announced.

"But where?" he inquired, for the first time nursing a momentary suspicion of her, yet the next instant standing ashamed of it.

"I thought the best way to get rid of it would be to take it to some check room, say to the check room at the Grand Central Terminal."

It was his turn to stare at her.

"You mean to check it and leave it there?"

She nodded. Here was a solution of the difficulty, he saw, which had quite escaped his attention. But there were subsidiary difficulties that promised to intervene.

"But the fact of the matter is I'm—I'm not exactly dressed for the street!"

Her face remained quite serious, though for a moment he thought he detected laughter in her eyes.

"I'll wait outside," she announced, moving toward the door.

"It seems too bad," he began, following her.

"I'll wait," she repeated, and there was a note of finality in the words that seemed to leave the issue a closed one.

Widder fought his way into his clothes as a village fireman might. He hated to think of her standing there, timorous and uncomfortable in the inhospitable darkness of a hallway. And she was doing it, he felt, though he could not quite understand why, for his good.

He hurried to the door and opened it the moment he was ready. He held it wide, with apologetic incoherencies on his lips. But these extenuating murmurs did not come to utterance. For instead of finding her there he found himself confronted by a quite empty hall.

He gaped, with sinking heart, down its vague length. She was not there. She had disappeared. And the mystery of it almost took his breath away.

Then his breath was altogether taken away. For as he stared out into the silent passage, wondering what his next move ought to be, he saw the door of the hall room facing him silently and cautiously drawn back. The next moment he beheld Alice Tredwell herself as silently and cautiously edge backward out of this room, drawing the door to as she came. The rubbers on her feet, Widder noticed, made her movements inaudible. And much as the thought disturbed him, he was compelled to admit that there was stealthiness in her manner of retreat, furtiveness in her very attitude.

She did not openly start, but she looked up quickly when she saw that he was in the door observing her. And her face had lost a little of its color.

"That room's been rented," Widder warned her in a whisper as she stepped back to his door.

"I didn't know," she said with a slight shrug. "I tried to find the key for my typewriter case. I left it on a little hook under the gas jet. But somebody must have taken it."

So the moment's mystery went up like a soap bubble. And after midnight, Widder remembered, people were apt to exaggerate trifles. But he relocked his door before delving through the orderly accumulations of his dark room in search of an umbrella, a sadly worn pair of rubbers, and a grease-stained suitcase filled with counterfeit and the implements of counterfeiting.

The girl stood patiently awaiting his return.

"Is that the suitcase?" she whispered as he dropped into a chair and struggled into his rubbers.

"Yes," he whispered back.

Their moderate tones gave a note of secrecy to the situation. Still again it made him feel like a conspirator. He and the Goddess of Adventure, he felt, were getting to be almost intimates.

"Shall we go together?" asked the girl, staring with what seemed open approval at his rubber-muffled feet.

"Yes," answered Widder as he took up the suitcase. She had already taken possession of the umbrella. He stood with his hand on the gas jet, waiting to turn it out.

"All right," she whispered from the open door. A minute later he was at her side and they were groping their way along the stairhead. She caught his hand and held him back for a moment while she leaned over the banister and stared below.

"The coast is clear," she whispered.

Then they stole quietly and cautiously down through the many-odored house. When they reached the street without interruption Widder felt all the exultation of a blockade runner who has successfully broken through the enemy's lines. He looked back with a solemnly triumphant wince at the shabby-fronted habitation that no longer seemed like home to him. The light was too vague to reveal, to even sharper eyes than his, the cautious movement of one of the basement window blinds, or the triumphantly interrogative face that peered out from its uplifted corner. Nor did he chance to hear the prolonged groan of victory that marked Mrs. Feeney's final confirmation of her darkest fears.

### VIII

WIDDER, as he walked home through the rain, found many things to think over. He wondered why Alice Tredwell had been so anxious to see the counterfeiter's suitcase off his hands. He fell to pondering how she could have hit on so simple a plan of passing it off on others, how a girl unused to the ways of a great city could resort to a movement so easy and yet so efficient. Her unsuspected reserves of audacity amazed him. He marveled at her courage in coming to him at such a time, and yet at the only time when she could have come with safety. On the way to the Grand Central check room, he remembered, she had casually inquired if the case were locked and if he carried the key. She had not asked for this key.

She had suggested, on the other hand, that she would like to keep the claim check, and Widder had seen no objection to this. For that implied, he finally concluded, that she still nursed some latent doubt as to his strength of resistance against temptation. She seemed foolishly intent on protecting him from his own possible weakness. She had achieved an air of calmness through it all, but under that mask of apathy, he knew, she had been the more excited of the two. All the way to Forty-second Street she had kept looking back, as though to make sure they were not being followed. She had even dipped into a Subway station, leading him down one flight of stairs and up another as craftily as a hounded refugee might dip into a stream to break his trail. He had followed her, inwardly puzzled, but without protest.

And quite beyond these minor bewilderments there was something mysterious, something inscrutable, about the entire midnight excursion. Yet the most mysterious element in the whole adventure, Widder realized, was the fact that he had actually wrung a wayward sort of joy out of it. Out of their whispered colloquies, their silent blockade running, their reckless facing of the rain-swept streets of night, he had drained a tingling delight that made him stop and wonder if his whole character had suddenly and miraculously changed. He even asked himself if, after all, that grease-stained suitcase could have been a sort of Æsop's Fable, or a Magic Rug, lost in the hurrying tides of the centuries.

Widder found even a small thrill of excitement, after turning into Twenty-fourth Street and facing the wet blasts of the east wind, in maneuvering a silent entrance to Mrs. Feeney's slumberous and heavy-aired hallway. It was not often, he remembered, that he had stolen into that catacomb of serried sleepers at three o'clock in the morning. Then he furled his dripping umbrella, like a general sheathing his sword, quietly swung shut the street door and began his familiar climb of over-familiar stairs.

It was on the topmost step of the topmost flight that he came to a sudden pause. His ascent, because of the rubbers on his feet, had been practically noiseless. But across the silence of that upper hall there came to his ear a series of faint metallic rasps and clicks which brought him up short. For these arresting sounds came from the direction of his own door. And thick as was the gloom of those upper regions, Widder realized that some one was working at his door lock.

He promptly and instinctively converted the wet umbrella in his hand into a weapon of offense. This he did by reversing it and grasping it firmly by the ferrule. Then he felt in his pocket for a match, took a noiseless step or two toward the hall gas jet, turned it stealthily on and with a quick stroke of his match end along the wall paper lighted the escaping gas. At the same time he advanced on the intruder. But he drew up at what appeared to be a discreet distance, for Widder was not by nature a belligerent.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, staring into the foolish white face of the startled man who had whipped so suddenly about at the sound of Widder's match.

Yet, after that initial start, the intruder actually turned his back on Widder and again faced the door.

"I guess I gotta right to go into my own room, haven't I?" he demanded over his shoulder.

He spoke a bit thickly, Widder saw, and his head was wobbling significantly from side to side.

"But this isn't your room!" protested Widder.

The man turned and faced him.

"Why isn't it?" he somewhat vacuously inquired.

He was a man with extremely lean face and prominent jawbones, with a pasty skin and an eye which, even in soberness, could not have been over-steady. And Widder promptly decided that he liked neither the man nor that foreign-looking face with so strange a pallor imposed on the original swarthiness of his skin.

"Because it happens to be mine," Widder told the intruder as he stepped closer to the door.

The man laughed a little.

"Then I guess I'm twisted, all right, all right!" He blinked down the hall past the intently watching Widder. "I got to the wrong end o' this palace car, that's what I sure did!"

"You did!" declared Widder.

"That's why my key wouldn't work. It isn't my door." He pointed past Widder's shoulder toward the hall-room door at the head of the stairs. "That's my door!"

He laughed again as he moved unsteadily down the hall. But still Widder stood watching him. He watched him as he fumbled in his pocket for his key again, as he fumbled with the lock and finally got the door open. Widder still stood listening as the stranger moved about the unlighted hall room, out of sight. He stood there, waiting to hear the gas lighted. But instead of hearing that, he saw the door swing back an inch or two and the interrogative white face peer out, for one short moment, from the narrow crack. Then the door itself was silently swung shut.

Widder unlocked his door and went into his room. Somewhere along the horizon of consciousness was a cloud that he could not define. He was disturbed without being able to say just what disturbed him. Any man, he argued, might come home slightly muddled and make a mistake in a door. Such things were done often enough. But ——

Widder suddenly crossed the room and reopened his door. He carefully examined the face of his lock, and the woodwork in which it was embedded. It was a tumbler-pin, non-take-apart, cylinder lock, and a good one. It could neither be picked nor manipulated with skeleton keys. Yet Widder was machinist enough to know that its upper run might be partly cut away with a fine hack saw and the springs and plunger pins and the cylinder plug itself removed. By using the same springs and pins a key could be fitted and the lock reassembled and resealed. It meant time and labor, but an expert bent on conquering the lock could thus conquer it, carrying about his key until he saw a favorable time to make use of it.

Widder felt reasonably sure that this had not been done. But as he stood staring at the hall-room door he made a trivial yet disquieting discovery. The lock to the hall room was an ordinary mortised one, calling for an ordinary bit-and-bow key, a key entirely dissimilar to anything that could be fitted to his own lock. And any man sober enough to climb four flights of stairs would find that out, could not fail to find that out, in ten seconds' time.

Widder, with a very solemn face furrowed by a very solemn frown, closed and locked and bolted his door. He did not altogether like the look of things. So instead of going to bed he made himself a pot of coffee, dried and pressed his clothes for the second time, and dozed in his old armchair, with his slippered feet on the coal box, until he heard the postman's whistle in the morning.

That postman, he found, brought him a letter from the Tweedie Paint and Chemical Company which made him forget his broken sleep of the night before. It made him forget tap filters and inebriate hall roomers and girlish figures in dripping raincoats. For this letter from Ezra Tweedie intimated that if Augustus Widder would be so good as to call at the company's Brooklyn office, in pursuance of his recent suggestion, the said company officials might not be averse to taking up the matter of the Widder Patent Fireproof Paint.

So transforming was this apparently trivial message, indeed, that when Mrs. Feeney emerged from a lower side door, as softly as a black snake from a cave, she confronted a brisk-stepping and resolute-browed Widder, who for once betrayed no promise of slowing up at the bulk thus suddenly interposed between him and the street.

"Mister Widder, I wantta have a surious talk with yuh!" solemnly announced this eruptive yet adamantine figure.

"Well, I've no time for serious talks this morning, Mrs. Feeney," even more decisively announced her top-floor roomer, brushing so promptly past his interceptor that a cherished lavender woolen shawl was half whisked from her shoulders. But Widder did not stop.

Mrs. Feeney, breathing audibly, slowly pulled the lavender shawl, and with it an invisible mantle of dignity, closer about her outraged body. The line of her mouth hardened as the abstractedly hurrying Widder let the street door slam behind him.

"And that feeb goes too!" she laconically yet grimly announced.

### IX

THAT Widder should go to Alice Tredwell with his news seemed in no way remarkable to him. And in going he made it a point to carry no outward signs of his inward transformation. Yet the knowledge of transformation was

*High Above Came the Sound of a Pistol Shot, Followed by a Quick Shout or Two*

there, undeniable as a hair shirt, prickling him with the pleasurable discomfort of its all-encompassing intimacy. Augustus Widder was still Augustus Widder. But his world had turned over in an hour. And so important was this sudden *bouleversement* that he desired time to digest his shock, even while itching to unburden himself of the news. So if he refused to hurry his steps his resolution was like that of the flagellant who endures extended misery in the hope of excessive compensation. For the nursing of a secret could be as disconcerting to Widder as scourge or hair shirt to monastic back. He was not made for such things. Life had startled him with too few of her calisthenics.

But his world had taken its sudden somersault, and the news of it was there under his fifth rib, like acute indigestion. To one person, and one person alone, he felt the need of transmitting that joyous ache. And so staggering, so vital it was that for its transmission to Alice Tredwell he demanded certain austerities of preparation. It involved something too profound for casual utterance. It seemed to call for fluttering pennons and band music going by.

For one reckless moment indeed Widder thought of taking a taxi; but that, he knew, would mean partial betrayal. It would foreshadow the splendid shock of the final announcement. It would be an intimation of something exceptional. And he wanted nothing to unedge that ultimate moment of dramatic surprise. He wanted to catch the full light of wonder from those wide-opened hazel eyes.

So Widder struck north to Twenty-seventh Street on foot, unconscious of the sharpness in the evening breeze, oblivious of the dregs of weariness that a broken night had left in his bones.

He was about to turn in at Alice Tredwell's house, secretly dreading the impending encounter with the stentorian servant, when that door opened and Alice Tredwell herself appeared on its threshold.

She paled perceptibly at the sight of him. But she did not speak until he had mounted the steps and stood close beside her.

"Something has happened!" she half declared and half inquired.

"It has," announced Widder. She studied his face intently with her habitually interrogative stare. A glance much less intent would have revealed the fact that Widder was steaming under banked fires, but banked fires that crowned his silence with the billowing smoke plumes of excitement.

"What is it?" she asked. Her face had become suddenly tragic, its look of anxiety merging into one of relinquishment.

Widder did not answer her question.

"Can't we have dinner together?" he asked.

The mere utterance of that inquiry betrayed him as an altered Widder, as less forlornly pusillanimous, less meekly apologetic, less self-obliterating. He said it as though it were a matter of course. And the girl, with her preoccupied eyes still on his face, seemed to accept it as a matter of course, for she followed him to the street and turned westward close at his side.

"What have you found out?" she demanded.

"We can go to that German place, where they have music," he temporized, joying in his grim evasion of the great point. "We can talk in comfort there."

"Has anything happened?" she still implored.

And it struck him, suddenly, that she was only a girl, something delicate and fragile, to be held away from life's rougher blows, to be helped across the stonier channels of pain. But he had his secret to nurse.

"Something is going to happen," he luxuriously equivocated.

"It's about the suitcase?" she ventured.

It surprised him to see fear on her face. As for the suitcase, he had forgotten about it completely. He had never acquired the trick of viewing life as a two-ring circus. Even one arena of adventure was too engrossing for his sedentary mind. But he suddenly recalled the incident of the stranger at his door.

"You remember that hall bedroom you used to have?"

She nodded.

"Well, it's been taken—taken by a man I don't like the looks of."

"Yes?" she prompted.

"Last night, or, rather, this morning when I went back, I found him trying to get into my room. I caught him right at my door."

"Yes!" She had unconsciously slackened her pace.

"It's been worrying me," explained Widder, though for several hours he had quite forgotten that fact.

"What did you do?"

Widder was conscious of anticlimax.

"What was there to do? He pretended to think it was his own door—said he'd got mixed up in the dark."

"And that was all?" she asked, taking a deep breath.

"Yes, that's all. But I don't like that man's face!"

She was able to laugh.

"That room seems to be the haven of undesirables."

Widder's prompt impulse was to say that he wished she was back in that room. But the austere preoccupation of her face garroted the thought before it could be uttered. And little more passed between them until they were seated in the German restaurant, listening to the solemnly blithe Teutonic waltzes ground out by the mechanical orchestra. But a more dominating harmony was singing through Widder's veins. And it could no more be silenced than could his Harz Mountain canary of a bright Sunday morning.

To wait longer was impossible.

"By the way," he finally observed, "I heard from that paint man, Tweedie."

She looked up quickly.

"Was it good news?"

"The Coast is Clear," She Whispered

"He asked me to go to Brooklyn and talk things over."

"Yes!" She had a way of making this mere affirmative a demand for particularity.

"We talked things over," Widder offhandedly acknowledged. "He told me his chemists had practically found out the constituent elements of my fireproofing mixture. Or, if they hadn't got my mixture, he said, they'd hit on something almost as good."

"But isn't yours patented?" inquired the girl.

"Of course," retorted Widder. "And he said he knew that. He'd respect that patent, he declared, and wanted to do the right thing. He said he'd give my claims a fair test. Then he asked me if I'd be willing to come to the factory as an expert worker for six months."

Widder paused, apparently to let this sink in.

"He asked me what would seem a fair salary. So I said sixty dollars a week."

"Sixty dollars?" echoed the girl.

Widder nodded.

"We compromised on fifty," he casually acknowledged.

"You—you mean it's settled?" asked the wide-eyed young woman across the table from him.

And again he nodded.

"The agreement is that if I can make my fireproofing mixture eleven cents a gallon cheaper than the company's they'll buy out the rights for twelve thousand dollars down, or be willing to pay me a fair royalty."

Her appraising eyes were fixed on his tremulous face flushed with its look of excited triumph.

"But can you do it?" she demanded.

"Yes, I can do it," declared Widder. "And I've a marine paint for ships' bottoms, a barnacle-proof paint, that I guess I can work out when I'm over there with them!"

The girl sat silent for a long time. "Then this—this changes everything," she finally ventured.

"Are you sorry?" asked the astounded Widder.

"No, I'm glad—very glad," she told him, but he saw no sign of the triumph that he had looked for in her honest hazel eyes.

"It was really your letter that did the trick," he said, not so much to bridge the silence itself as that wider gulf which seemed to be shouldering abysmally between them.

"So I'm the one that's a failure," she meditated aloud. She laughed a little, but there was a touch of bitterness in that laughter. Two red spots showed on her face, close beside the scarcely discernible cheek-bone hollows.

"But you've got your position," protested Widder, feeling that if they could no longer be linked together by failure they must in some way still be united by success.

"I'm not going to take that position," she said, meeting his gaze, but with an effort.

"You're not going to take it?" repeated the amazed Widder.

She shook her head in negation.

"Why?" he demanded.

"I can't explain the reason to-night."

Widder looked worried.

"But what will you do?" he asked.

"I scarcely know," she told him.

He accused himself, as he stole a glance at her unhappy face, of being a party to her failure. He was undoubtedly the cause of it all. He had brought that medical dictionary into the game and compelled her to sail under false colors. He had bolstered up her hopes and made this final failure of hers all the harder to bear. It astonished him to find that his own success could suddenly mean so little to him. And he wondered if, after all, it could even be called success.

"But something must be done," he protested.

"Oh, I'll get along all right," she said.

But Widder could see that she spoke without spirit.

"Would you rather I drop this?" he suddenly asked.

"Why should you?"

"If it's going to make any difference," he stammered, "I'd—I'd rather go back to the old way."

She raised her head at this and looked steadily into his face. Her own face was very pale. But she did not speak.

"You know," Widder blundered on, "it was really you who elbowed me out of that rut of mine. I'd have gone on and on without ever thinking of changing. And when I got in a tight place—and it is a tight place when you actually get to breaking counterfeit money—it was you that turned me straight again."

"But I was the cause of that too!" she protested.

"Well, I'm not sorry, when I remember it helped you," he said with sudden boldness.

"But I'm afraid it didn't help me."

"Then I've never really repaid you," declared Widder. "All I've done is mix things up for you!"

"You're the one friend, the one honest and disinterested friend, I've known since I came to this city."

Those words were like wine to Widder's thirsty soul. But they were not enough.

"And that's the one thing I want to be," he had the courage to articulate.

"But that's the one thing, I'm afraid, we can't be," was her quiet reply.

"Why not?" he demanded, trying to fight back the rising tide of his misery.

"I can't tell you—now!"

"But when will you tell me?"

It seemed to take all her courage to meet his stare.

"When I tell you, it means that you will despise me," she finally said.

Widder, with his brow wrinkled, stared wonderingly into her white face. Then he felt his heart go down, like a paper balloon with its fuse burned out.

"You—you don't mean that you're married?" he asked with a forlorn gulp of anguish.

Her thin face colored, like a thin glass filled with Burgundy. She was even able to laugh a little at the open misery in his stricken eyes.

"No, I'm not married," she said, looking away from him. Neither of them spoke for a minute or two, for the rotund German waiter was taking away their soup plates and putting a pickled Bismarck herring in front of them.

"And you'd rather not tell me anything?" Widder asked when the waiter had gone.

"Can't we let things go for to-night?" she asked.

"I'd rather let things go forever if it's going to make a difference," Widder said with his eyes on his Bismarck herring. For that, he knew, was a recklessly daring speech, and on occasions of such recklessness he seemed unable to meet her quietly appraising eyes.

X

WIDDER was awakened that night by the sound of nibbling mice. He could hear them distinctly, at work on the wooden boards somewhere about his room. He lay there in the dark, drowsily striving to locate the sound. Then he suddenly sat up in bed, wide awake, for he

(Continued on Page 37)

# A WESTERN WARWICK

VII

## By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

JAMES JASON ROGERS was the most impressively obvious man I ever met in the course of a long association with practitioners of the palpable. There was nothing deep, subtle, brilliant or unusual about him. When you opened his front door you were in his back yard. He was about as impulsive as the Washington Monument, as versatile as the town clock, as capricious as the Statue of Liberty. He always proceeded in the regular order. He had a patent on the patent. He could say the evident thing in so momentous a manner that every pronouncement carried extraordinary weight. He had cultivated to so consummate a perfection the fine art of telling the people what they already knew that every time he made a speech—which was often—he achieved a further reputation for wisdom, sagacity and sapience. He was no pioneer of thought to blaze his way through forests of ignorance. James Jason always proceeded along the main-traveled roads of information, counsel and investigation. He stood foursquare on the Constitution, with the old flag wrapped round him, and he never appeared in public without a plug hat.

He was never too busy to see an old comrade and never too occupied to make a new one. He ran true to political form, supported the organization, voted always for his party, was a student of economic conditions, could make a tariff speech that sounded as wise as an essay by John Stuart Mill, and had no political comeback of any kind. He asserted his independence when it wouldn't have a reflex on the voting, performed his duties conscientiously, supported his candidates loyally, and wore a Prince Albert coat buttoned tightly across his chest.

He belonged to the G. A. R., the Order of the Cincinnati, the Masons, the Elks and the Young Men's Christian Association. He was for everything the W. C. T. U. was for, deprecated the Mormon Church, and had been heard to remark that the Bible and Shakspere were all the literature he needed. He toiled unceasingly, ate sparingly, drank occasionally, smoked pale domestic cigars and wore a black string tie. His shoes were always shined, his linen immaculate, his chin and cheeks clean-shaven. He wore a drooping mustache and was bald for about two inches from the top of his forehead. His hair was grayish, his eye was brown, his smile was cordial, his figure correct and well proportioned. He was never harsh, never undignified, never in a hurry, never dusty nor disheveled. His voice was melodious and his control of it flawless. He moved about easily, was everybody's friend, answered every letter and listened attentively while his colleagues were speaking.

Rogers entered politics as soon as he returned from the Civil War, where he had a good record. He was a second lieutenant when he went in and a brevet brigadier general when he came out. That made him "General" forever afterward. In the affair at Lookout Mountain he won special mention in the orders for leading his brigade in a calm, unhurried, urbane manner against twice as many of the enemy, and driving them back with considerable loss. He studied law and was elected county attorney. From that he progressed to the state Assembly, to the state Senate, to the office of state's attorney, to Congress, and there he had burgeoned into the model statesman he was. He specialized on one or two important matters of legislation, always concluded his memorial orations in the House with that stanza from Tennyson that tells of the opportunities of rising to better things on stepping stones of our dead selves, throwing in in the middle those lines which warn us that "we shall ne'er look on his like again," or words to that effect; and the way he tore it off on the Fourth of July, and the way he cemented the North and South on Decoration Day, were classic.

*He Had Cultivated to Perfection the Fine Art of Telling People What They Already Knew*

He had both ability and adaptability. He had considerable courage, and though he always sought the path of least resistance, he never ran away from a fight or failed sturdily to defend his own opinions. His unalterable conviction was that everything promulgated by his party was for that reason the highest and best doctrine obtainable for his country. He might contend in a caucus for his own ideas, but once the caucus decided, the law of that decision was immutable for him. He lived on his salary, was domestic as a guinea pig, and went to church each Sunday morning. In his parlance anything that was outside the regular order was socialistic, and anything socialistic was anarchistic. He favored the utmost rights for labor, but he also saw to it that capital had a chance. He did what he was told and never told what he did. To me he was a good deal of a bore, but that didn't prevent his being a fine prospective candidate. On the contrary, I guess it helped.

I didn't know him very well. I had met him at party affairs and often when he was on conference committees with me. His urbanity often exasperated me. He was irritatingly suave. At one national convention he had been voted for for vice president, but not nominated. He was a sought-for speaker in national campaigns and had traveled all over the country. And regular—why, he was so regular it made your head ache. He would no more think of bolting a party nomination or disputing a party tenet than he would think of doing a flip-flap in the middle of a tariff speech.

"I suppose," I said to Pliny next morning, "that Rogers will show up here in a plug hat and a Prince Albert coat."

"Prob'ly."

He did. He came in about ten o'clock, with his high hat and his tightly buttoned coat and a flower in his buttonhole. He had been driven seven miles from the railroad, over a road so full of lumps and stumps it looked like the worst trail to the Dismal Swamp, and he arrived as neat and dustless as a bunch of wax camellias under a glass case on a whatnot.

"Good morning, senator," he chanted musically, holding out his plump hand. "I trust you are in your usual excellent health. And how is my old and valued friend, Mr. Peters?"

We both told him we were first-rate. He took off his hat, placed it carefully on the table, sat down in a chair, first spreading the tails of his coat and then hitching his trousers up over his knees. He gazed approvingly at the pine trees, made a short inventory of the cabin and regarded me mildly. I had on an old flannel shirt, highly irreverent trousers and discolored tan shoes, and I felt deplorably indecent. Pliny furtively took a cigar and removed himself to the lean-to, where he whittled his stick and extended that outstanding ear past the door-jamb. A small brass band could use that ear of Pliny's for a sounding board.

"You are very comfortable here, I should say," he declaimed, which was his way of starting an exciting conversation.

"How charming these trees are. In the last analysis, nothing is so beautiful as Nature. Art is art, but Nature, in her infinitude of wonderful and exquisite forms, certainly has charms to soothe us all."

"Help!" I said to myself. "Help!" and I looked round for Pliny, but all I could see of him was the outer edge of that ear.

"I find it very enjoyable here," I essayed.

"Ah, yes"

He breathed that at me like the last cadence of a grand amen.

"Good heavens!" I thought. "This is worse than I imagined." Then I had a sudden, mischievous notion to try him out.

"Will you have a drink?" I asked.

"I shouldn't mind."

I got the bottle and some glasses, and he poured himself a slug of rye that would have drowned Uncle Lemuel Sterry.

"How!" he said, raising the glass and letting the liquor slip down his throat. I silently handed him the cigars. He took a long, black one, bit off the end, lighted a match, and puffed it on its way to good combustion.

"Excuse me," I said, for I saw Pliny wigwagging at me from the lean-to. Pliny put his arm round my neck, drew my ear down to his lips and whispered:

"Don't get him wrong. He's a good fellow. Regular human being. Don't get him wrong. Put it up to him."

And he pushed me back toward the porch. I decided to eliminate preliminaries.

"Mr. Rogers," I said, pulling my chair along toward him, "how would you like to be President of the United States?"

"Very much," he replied, as calmly as if I had asked him how he would like a piece of pie.

"Exactly how much?"

The Honorable James Jason Rogers looked me squarely in the eye. He took a long draw at his cigar and let the smoke come trickling out of his nose.

"Enough," he said, "to meet with any requirement that might be necessary."

"Any requirement?"

I put a lot of emphasis on that "any."

"Any legitimate requirement"; and he did some accentuation too, only he emphasized the second word instead of the first.

"Oh, of course, Mr. Rogers," I hurried to say, "there never could be a thought of any illegitimate requirement. You understand that surely. What I meant by my question was to ascertain if you, in such a campaign as we might have to make, would be dependable to the last ounce for compliance with such agreements as would necessarily have to be made—deals, you know, and such things. You understand politics and what is required."

I confess he had me tiptoeing. He smiled benignly at me. He was the most benignant man I ever knew, fairly apostolic.

"I understand the necessities of politics, senator," he said. "I have no delusions.

*He Could Say the Evident in So Momentous a Manner That Every Pronouncement Carried Weight*

*He Was Never Too Busy to See an Old Comrade and Never Too Occupied to Make a New One*

"By Ginger, Bill, I'm With You. Who's Your Man?"

I regret that at times we are forced to do things and take steps and utilize circumstances and adopt expedients that may not seem altogether just and in accord with the Golden Rule; but"—and he baptized me with another smile—"as I am fully aware that exigencies often arise that make such procedure imperative, I console myself with the reflection that they generally redound to the greatest good to the greatest number, and am content."

Well, a child wouldn't need a more direct intimation than that. He had climbed aboard me and was piloting me into his harbor. So I proceeded to get down to fundamentals with him forthwith.

The upshot of our talk, which lasted for a good many hours and in which Pliny joined, was that Rogers and I reached an agreement. I found he had the serene conviction that he would be President one day. He felt that, somewhere in a portion of the universe—just over his plug hat, maybe—a star of destiny was shining for him. However, he was quite willing that I should cooperate with the star in bringing about this desired and gratifying climax to his career as a statesman; and in return for my efforts, and those of the men who should be associated with me, he urbanely pledged himself to perform according to schedule on all party matters, and to consider me as his guide, philosopher and friend. More to the excellent point, he also promised I should have full swing, that he would redeem any pledges I felt obliged to make in the way of promises of jobs and legislation, provided, of course, no scandal was attached. He wanted to be President, and he didn't shy at any hurdle I put up. Still I felt, after talking with him, that everything I presented to him must be regular and organization, or he would balk. James Jason Rogers was nobody's fool and nobody's crook. He would play politics, and he was broad in his views as to what playing politics required; but he never forgot his own interests or the preservation of the proprieties.

"Will he stick?" I asked Pliny, after Rogers and I had shaken hands on our agreements next morning and Rogers had gone to get the train.

"Like glue," Pliny answered; "only you mustn't be raw. Regular order always—regular order."

Pliny and I talked for two days, outlining our plans. We left together. I lost him at the first junction and did not see him again until just before Congress opened. Then he came in with a handful of newspaper clippings. He had been busy. Oddly enough, a good many of the newspaper boys had sent out a Sunday special article to the illuminating effect—to me, at any rate—that James Jason Rogers and William H. Paxton were bosom friends and had been for years. It seems we had been comrades "on the tented field" in our youth, had been associated in our early political days, were closely identified with one another in Congress, both loyal party men—in short, that we had been Damon-and-Pythiasing round all our lives practically.

"I didn't know this, Pliny," I commented, after I had read some of the clippings.

"Well, you know it now. And, senator ——"

"What?"

"Don't forget it."

### VIII

WE HAD a meeting in Washington on the night of the first of December in my committee room on the Senate side. Masters and Pawkins and Gainer and Hutt and Freeman were there—all of those who had met with me in New York, including Uncle Lemuel Sterry and Henry Clay Custis. One phase developed early in the meeting. They all had the best interests and the rehabilitation of the party at heart, and were ardently desirous of returning to power; but though they were undeniably and stanchly in the cause, there was a keen, not to say concerted, desire to ascertain just what there was in it for themselves. For aggregated, unappeasable selfishness no class of men approaches professional politicians. They want not only the best of it, but all of it.

They were coy.

"What's the good word?" they said to me. "What's the plan? How did you make out?"

I put them on the grill, one by one. After I had finished with them it was developed that the protected manufacturers and their associates—the usual producers—were well aware of the danger they were in, but felt more inclined to put up their money to stop or lessen the hurt that might come to them from the opposition than to invest in a future. They did not want to lose anything. That was the sum of it. The mere thought of being clubbed away from the trough gave them not only pause, but pain. They thought something might be done—they didn't know just what, but something—that would compel or cajole the opposition to ease up on them. Perhaps the situation wasn't so bad as it seemed. As for the next presidential election, that was four years away, and many things might happen in four years. Perhaps the opposition would fail so lamentably in their conduct of governmental affairs that no large fund would be necessary. Anyhow, why not wait and see?

There I had it. We had been fostering and fattening these tariff barons for years and years, and now when we were in extreme need they grudged their tithe. Furthermore, I could see that my colleagues had been talking and thinking during the time I had been fishing. They were all loyally banded together in the common cause, of course, but where did I come in as the leader of the movement? They didn't say that. They were polite and pleasant and smooth and unctuous; but I got it, none the less.

I looked them over—ten or a dozen leaders of a party, men who had been in public life for years and who had profited thereby. There was about as much party fealty among them as there is patriotism in a Chinese village. They were not for the party. They considered the party was for them. Now I am not spreading any unguent on myself. I was for Paxton just as much as Pawkins was for Pawkins. My only virtue in the circumstances was that I had more vision than they had. Those estimable gentlemen, statesmen and patriots were concerned with the immediate dollar, and so were their producing clients. They couldn't see ahead, or didn't try to.

I erupted. For an hour the thought had been pounding in my brain that the only thing for me to do was to use a club. I rose and hammered on the table.

"Men," I said, "the trouble with this entire outfit is that it has been in the parlor so long that it has forgotten what the workshop looks like. Now there are a few things I want to say to you, and I'll begin by telling you, for your own information and for the information of your pets and protégés, the tariff barons, that any ideas you may have that the opposition will not be so drastic in the revision of the tariff, and in other disconcerting directions, as may have been indicated in the advance notices, are as erroneous as a table of statistics showing what the protective tariff has done for the workingman. I have taken pains to inform myself on that point. They are going through and we can't stop them. Nobody can stop them. It isn't in the cards. They intend to trim that tariff until there won't be an ad-valorem advantage in it to any person whatsoever, and particularly not to any person of similar type to your hesitating friends. Don't make any mistake about that.

"Secondly, I know, if you do not, that the time to begin to play this game that will get us back into power if we play it right is now, this minute, and not next week or next year. And I want to say to you that I am going to begin playing it now. If you want to sit in I shall be glad to have you for the sake of old times; but whether you do sit in or not, I am dealing. I, for one, do not intend to limit my activities to opposing our friends on the other side of the chamber with speeches and lamentations and prophecies of evil. I am going to work.

"Thirdly, this game requires money. You can't talk this situation away and you can't vote it away, for the other side has the votes. Now I shall get that money and I shall spend it. I have enough of my own to start with. I can find more. If you and your clients want to buy chips now is the time to take a few stacks. If you don't buy now the stacks will be much dearer later on."

Marco Polo Pawkins arose.

"It seems to me," he said in his oiliest manner, "that our good friend and colleague, whom we esteem so highly and whose immense capabilities we admire, is a little too impetuous in this matter. Personally I fail to comprehend why he is in so much haste. We have as yet only a most indefinite knowledge of what legislation is likely to be proposed, and until we acquire definite information it appeals to me, as an individual deeply concerned in the restoration to power of our beloved party, that no harm can come in sitting quietly by and observing the trend of events rather than by rushing precipitately in and trying to force a conclusion."

He said a lot more along the same lines, and so did some of the others. When it was all over, Masters, Freeman and Uncle Lemuel Sterry—to my surprise—had lined up with me, and Gainer had given a halfway assent. H. W. Hutt was ardently for delay. So was Bancroft. He thought a compromise might be effected. The others favored a period of observation.

"It may be," said H. W. Hutt, "that they will not attack the tariff until the regular session begins, a year from now."

"It may be," I replied; "but they are holding secret sessions at this very minute and are going over the schedules."

Pliny had told me that, and when Jenkins heard it he joined. Thus I had a rather useful organization for a start.

Next morning Uncle Lemuel brought Peletiah Mortor over to see me. Peletiah was of the House, and a power therein. He was our party's most conspicuous representative of the plain people. He wore homespun clothes and cowhide boots and silk underwear. He didn't shave his neck and he spoke in the vernacular of the Corn Belt. He maintained somewhere within a tremolo that was the finest and most touching thing of its oratorical kind I had ever heard. He could saturate his voice with tears, until you felt that he didn't sleep because of the woes of the farmer

He Whirled Round in His Chair, Leaned Forward and Growled: "How-Do, Senator. What Is It?"

and the workingman; and he used to slide into the back door of Mortimer's restaurant almost every night and eat terrapin and canvasback duck. He felt for the people, wept for them, labored for their uplift and got their votes. He wouldn't have an automobile because it savored of the arrogance of wealth; and he constantly boasted he had served for forty years in Congress and was poorer than he was when he began. Also, he had six bank accounts in New York and owned a street-car line in a big Southern city.

Peletiah was no slouch of a politician. He listened to my plan, chewed up several cigars, spat much, and said when I had finished:

"By ginger, Bill, I'm with you. Who's your man?"

"Jim Rogers."

Peletiah half closed his eyes and said nothing for a time.

"Wal," he finally announced, "I don't see's you kin do any better, and you might do a durned sight worse. I know him. He's country bred and city broke. He'll perform. Nothin' to be said about it yet, I suppose."

"Not yet. I've got to get some money first."

"Wal, count on me fur anythin' I kin do."

I was glad to have Mortor.

He was a distinct asset, for he not only would do what he said he would do, but he had influence enough in the House to get me a lot of support over there.

"I was readin' a piece in the paper the other day that you'n' Jim's bin friends since boyhood. Might have knowed somethin' was up. You are about as close a friend of Jim's as you are of the Czar of Rooshy."

"Pel," I said, "we have been lifelong friends since a week ago Tuesday."

"That's a considerable period in this game," he flung back at me as he stumped out.

*IX*

"BILL," said Uncle Lemuel Sterry next morning, "I dropped off in New York on my way over here."

*"Good Morning, Senator," He Chanted Musically. "I Trust You are in Your Usual Excellent Health"*

Sterry had appeared suddenly at my elbow. I was not certain whether he had slid down the chimney or had wafted in through the ventilator.

"That's interesting."

"I dropped off in New York and I had a talk with some of the men we know over there. They told me a few things about what they have in mind."

"Sit down, Lemuel," I urged. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

"Well, it's this way. They see the advantage that has accrued to a lot of their plans under our beneficent system of protection, and they are getting ready to spread out—or were getting ready to until this election hit them."

"Spread out? How?"

"Why, every way. It's a simple proposition of combination. If, for example, one steel mill can make a lot of money, even with fierce competition and rebating, and all that, they figure that a lot of steel mills and associated industries can make a heap more money if they combine many of them into one corporation—make a trust of it."

"Nothing novel about that."

"I know it, but here's the point! They are not only going to combine many steel mills and many other things, but they are going to combine them in such a way that the combiners will be big winners before the start. Suppose they gather in half a billion dollars' worth of mills, say. Then all they have to do is to capitalize the outfit at a billion or two billions, unload the stock on the public, and they've got all the money there is right off the bat, to say nothing of the advantages they'll have in the way of suppressing competition and all that.

"We know about trusts and combinations, but, Bill, we are mere infants when it comes to knowing about them the way those chaps do. We think in millions. They think in billions. They have got in mind some combinations that will stagger the financial world by their size and break the investing world by the amount of water in them. They will double the capital they invest before they begin operations by the selling of stock based on inflated valuations, and then they can go along, with competition stifled, and milk the public as they choose. They are fixing to put all sorts of things together—railroads, factories, mills, about everything—and before they get through they will have sold by the drop to the investing public as much water as there is in the Atlantic Ocean."

"Lemuel," I said, "a faint glimmer of what you are driving at comes over me."

"I thought maybe you'd understand. Well, they can't do that unless we let them do it."

"That's true."

"There are laws enough now to stop it, or we could make a few more if necessary."

"We could."

"If we hadn't lost probably they would have gone ahead."

"I have no doubt of it."

"And probably we should have allowed them to go ahead."

"Probably."

"They can't do it now with the opposition in power, nor for four years."

"They cannot."

"If we get back they can do it."

"Yes."

"If we let them."

"Yes."

"Then the situation seems to be in our control."

"Provided we get back."

"Certainly; but their greatest interest is to have us back."

"It is."

"Well, don't you think this is remarkable weather for this time of the year?" And he vanished.

Uncle Lemuel had put his finger on the exact spot toward which my thoughts and plans were directed. It was plain enough that the ordinary producers could not be induced to produce other than in the ordinary way, so I must extend my drifts and levels into extraordinary producers—potentially so, at any rate. There was but one thing to do, and that was to go to see Robert A. Broad, the biggest financial power in New York and one of the greatest in the world.

I knew Broad well. I had done things for him and he had done things for me. He was a massed and massive citizen. He maintained a sort of an ogre reputation about himself. It was common opinion that he ate them alive. He was a rough, hard, masterful man, worth millions, head of a vast organization ramifying all over the world, who dealt in money because he could get most power with money and who loved power above all else. He was titanic in thought and volcanic in execution, and he liked to think he scared stiff everybody who came in contact with him. That satisfied his sense of power just as juggling with millions did.

"Styles," I ordered my clerk, "call Mr. Robert A. Broad on the long distance and tell him I want to speak with him."

"Mr. Broad is on the wire, sir," the clerk reported.

"Hello. . . . That you, Mr. Broad? . . . This is Paxton—Senator Paxton. . . . Very well, thank you. Shall you be there to-morrow? . . . At what time? . . . Ten o'clock in the morning. I can have fifteen minutes? . . . All right, I'll be there. . . . Good-by."

I went over to New York that afternoon and was at Broad's office at ten o'clock next morning. A clerk showed me in through two rooms and thence to a third, inside room, where the great man was. Broad didn't get up as I entered. Instead he whirled round in his chair, put a hand on either knee, leaned forward a bit and growled:

"How-do, senator. What is it?"

If Broad had been a young man in those days he could have qualified as a White Hope. He was two inches more than six feet, broad in the shoulders, thick in the chest, and thick everywhere else except mentally. His paunch was thick, his thighs were thick, and so were his feet, his fingers and his voice. He was big and beefy and fierce. His eyes were cold and hard and set far apart; his forehead wide rather than high; his hair bushy and coarse and white. He wore a closely trimmed beard that ambushed his thick lips, and as the beard, originally black, had remained black while his hair whitened, the contrast between the lower half of his face and the top of his head was startling. He was a terrifying person as he sat with his great hands on his great knees and glared at me.

"What is it? What is it? What is it?" he growled.

I took a chair, although he didn't ask me to, and said: "You're looking very well."

"Glad to hear it. What is it?"

"Money."

"I know that. Couldn't be anything else when any of you fellows come over here. How much? What for?"

"You said I could have fifteen minutes."

"So I did. So I did. Don't waste them. Go ahead. What is it?"

All the time he looked as if he intended to spring out of his chair and bite me.

"I want a million dollars."

"Million dollars? What for?"

"Politics."

"What kind of politics?"

"Presidential politics."

"Go ahead. Talk quickly. I'm busy."

"We've lost the presidency. The opposition is coming in. They intend to do a lot of things that will be uncomfortable for you and your friends, but they won't do the most uncomfortable thing, for they won't know explicitly what that most uncomfortable thing is. Now we've got to get back in power. You want us back in power."

"Hold on! Hold on! What do we want you back in power for? Nothing but an expense to us. What for?"

"You want us back in power because there isn't a living chance, and you know it, for you to carry out the big trustmaking plans you have unless we are in power and do not enforce the present laws against you or make new ones to harass you."

"What do you mean? Who told you about any plans?"

"Never mind who told me. You have trusts, combinations, that mean millions, maybe billions, to you for underwriting, for overcapitalization, for watered stock and cheap bonds sold dear. Same with the railroads. You can make these combinations if the Administration at Washington is amiable and amenable. You can't make them to save your life if the Administration isn't. Do you follow me?"

"Go ahead. State your case."

"That's about all there is to it. If I have the money I can elect the right man as president four years from now. If we elect our president we'll get the House, too, and the Senate. In that case I am here to pledge you that, if you put up the money to enable us to win, we will do nothing to block your plans. If you don't—but you will."

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 29, 1916


## An Elastic World

THE figures are largely guesswork; but probably the number of men actually under arms in Europe last year averaged from twelve to fifteen millions—say, rather more than half the total number of males in the United States, aged eighteen years and upward, who are gainfully employed. These men produced very little. If about half the male workers of every sort in the United States knocked off work for a year we should expect an enormous decrease in national production. But it seems likely that Europe last year produced about as much as ever before.

In agriculture the outturn appears to have been up to the average. In manufactures, though there was a great falling-off in some lines, particularly for the export trade, there was a tremendous increase in other lines that directly supplied the war. The munitions output involved building up a vast new industry in a single year, with millions of hands idle. Probably the population of Europe was fairly well fed and clothed last year. After meeting that basic requirement there was an immense surplus for war supplies and other objects.

It is a very elastic world. There is really no end to its stretching capacity. With right organization and incentive there is really no end to its producing capacity. A military school talks about the necessity of fighting for new, distant markets. But there are always a dozen new markets, richer than any in Africa or China, right round the corner and just waiting for the idea—an automobile idea, a talking-machine idea, a moving-picture idea—that will bring them into being.

Of late, world production has increased in a year as much as formerly it did in fifty or a hundred. Education and organization explain it. There is no end to that road.

## Savings and Success

DEPOSITS in the savings banks of New York increased last year. At the same time savings deposits in the post office multiplied by three. In the fiscal year the increase of postal-savings deposits the country over exceeded fifty per cent, the number of depositors rising above half a million and the amount on deposit to sixty-five million dollars.

Of course this was no injury to other savings banks, but, on a broad view, a benefit to them. Mainly the postal banks have appealed to depositors who would have responded less readily or not at all to the appeal of other banks. And there should be an appeal to reach everybody in the nation who can save. The elaboration of the system in France, for example, is amazing. A man is offered almost as many different ways of saving his money as there are ways of spending it, and the saving offer is made about as persistently as the spending offer.

The United States is thriftier than it is commonly given credit for being, because statistics most frequently quoted do not give all savings deposits, and because a vast deal of saving goes on outside of savings institutions. Yet it does not live up to its opportunities by a long way. One of the country's ablest business men said not long ago that anyone could tell whether he was going to succeed or fail by his ability to save. If he could not save he could not succeed. At any rate, inability to save, for a man with an income above the bread line and no unusual ill luck, implies a lack of self-control that is not conducive to success.

Like nearly everything else, it is a matter of habit; and, with a little determination to begin with, the right habit is as easily formed as the wrong one. Try it this new year.

## An Optical Illusion

A VERY thoughtful friend, with somewhat impaired digestion—which may account for his thoughtfulness—observed the other day that a great change had occurred in the United States during his lifetime. When he was young, he said, people gathered in churches on New Year's Eve. With the solemn cheer of hymns and prayer they watched the old year's death and the birth of the new. Now people gather in the most expensive restaurants and mark their sense of the passing of time by consuming great quantities of food and wine, for which they have no particular need, meantime dancing round the laden tables to the ribald strains of an orchestra, the more enthusiastic always spilling champagne by the quart into the fountain or the palm tubs.

Our friend was suffering from a common optical illusion—mistaking that part of the United States which he happened to see for the whole thing. Probably if he had gone back to the home village he would have seen an observance of New Year's Eve in pretty much the old sober spirit. Noticing certain city phenomena, some people are saying that American women have become mere extravagant parasites, although something like twenty millions of them work and save equally with industrious males.

Reports from New York, Chicago, and elsewhere indicate that something like a million inhabitants did celebrate New Year's Eve in the gay manner mentioned by our friend. The emphasis or the common point of view has rather shifted along with the cityward shift of population. Formerly what people did in the country attracted most attention. Now city doings get most notice. This is a change, of course; but not the revolution that some observers take it for.

## A Pill for Politicians

PROBABLY nobody takes the absurd pretensions of politics seriously. There is never a national election or a major bill before Congress but gentlemen on both sides shout that the well-being of the nation hangs upon the issue—whereas in a good many cases it makes no difference at all who is elected or whether the bill is passed or defeated.

As an agreeable antidote to politics' pretensions, try Buckle, whose History of Civilization outlines about the most ambitious attempt to appraise human doings yet undertaken. Political doings he appraises near zero. In his opinion Adam Smith, by writing the Wealth of Nations, made a greater contribution to the happiness of mankind "than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic record."

Again: "But it is absurd, it would be a mockery of all sound reasoning, to ascribe to legislation any share in the progress of civilization; or to expect any benefit from future legislators except that sort of benefit which consists in undoing the work of their predecessors."

## State Income Tax

NEW YORK seems minded to adopt an income tax. Until Wisconsin's recent undertaking in that line every state income tax in this country had been a rank failure, and the opinion was pretty commonly held that a state could not successfully levy such a tax. Unless our memory is much at fault, Professor Seligman, who has studied the subject very extensively and who now seems favorable to the New York proposal, was of that opinion.

A state cannot tax incomes at the source comprehensively, because the source of the income is often outside the state. In the past this has involved wholesale evasions and an extensively evaded income tax is about the most obnoxious and intolerable device in the whole field of taxation.

An argument for income taxation is that it promotes government economy, because an extravagant government cannot be popular with voters who are paying directly out of their own pockets for its support. That argument fails in respect of the Federal income tax; in fact, it is perverted. With over fifteen million Federal voters, less than four hundred thousand make an income-tax return, and the great bulk of the tax is paid by a few thousand persons in half a dozen states. This situation is an incentive to extravagance rather than to economy.

## Poetry That Lives

TWO middle-aged persons were looking over the literary stuff in their minds the other evening. They found that which they possessed most securely had been read years before. They could repeat with approximate accuracy passages of Shakspere, Milton, Shelley or Tennyson which perhaps they had not looked at in twenty years. Of poetry read later hardly a line remained.

The reason, of course, was that when they were young and took it seriously they memorized what seemed most striking in the verse they read. In later lazy years they dropped the habit. For a person of normal retentive powers the habit of memorizing poetry is easily formed. Unfortunately it is as easily lost. It is doubtful if verse is much worth reading unless the most striking thing about it is worth memorizing. Otherwise it is no distinct feature of the mind, but only a vague object in the general fog. There is not much use in looking at a picture or a statue unless afterward one can recall at least what is most striking about it.

Probably young Webster, with only a few books, learning the Psalms and other parts of the Bible by heart, was really doing better for his mind than if he had been browsing through a library that left few clear thoughts and images. We say, memorize your poetry when you are young. Probably you will be too lazy to do it afterward.

## The Railroad Outlook

FEWER miles of railroad were built in the United States last year than in any other year for a generation, and more miles of railroad were in bankruptcy than ever before. That illustrates the case of the railroads.

A hypercritical or hostile attitude on the part of governmental bodies may fairly be charged with no inconsiderable part of the responsibility for virtual stoppage of railroad extension. But bad management is chargeable with nearly all the receiverships. The trouble is that one set of observers wants to charge the whole thing on government regulation and another set wants to charge the whole thing on bad management.

Railroads have been injuriously bumped and jostled by public commissions. Wherever they have been knocked down and mangled, it was by their own directors. Better-minded commissions will by no means meet the whole need of the railroad system. It needs decidedly better-minded managements than several whose errors and crimes have been exposed the last two years.

We are of the cheering opinion that both commissions and managements are better for what has happened. If they were not it would be a rather desperate case. For some time to come, at least, there will probably be no such light-handed and light-fingered dealing with the responsibilities of railroad management as occurred in the most notorious cases of the recent past. Probably there will be a broader view and a deeper sense of responsibility on the regulatory side too.

## Solving Things

IF YOU should happen to look back a year you would recall, with surprise, that the country then had a great and urgent problem on its hands. It was the worst period of industrial depression we had known for a long while. The number of unemployed men was estimated all the way from two millions up. An investigation in New York City indicated upward of two hundred thousand there. It was generally felt that something of a permanent nature must be done to solve this exigent problem of unemployment. Many meetings were held, committees appointed, plans proposed. You will find a great deal about it in the newspapers of a year ago.

Of course there is no problem now. Labor is quite fully employed. Shortage of hands is complained of here and there.

Mostly our problems solve themselves, in so far as they get solved at all. Possibly two or three years hence somebody, in looking over the newspaper files to find the price of eggs this winter, will notice some big headlines and exclaim:

"By Jove, I'd forgotten all about that agitation for preparedness against war!"

## Taxes

FROM various untoward circumstances—such as a heavy frost in the late spring that killed the fruit, continuous rain in harvest, blight that afflicted the potatoes, and soft corn which made it expedient to market immature swine when the price was low—the farm made a net deficit for the year of four hundred-and-odd dollars. The farmer got not only no return on his investment but no pay for his own and his wife's labor.

His taxes for the year amounted to one hundred and sixty dollars. This is the Federal income tax that a married man pays on a net income of twenty thousand dollars. If his income is derived from a professional calling, such as law, medicine, engineering, which requires very little fixed and visible plant, that income tax in many states will be the only tax he pays; and if he is unscrupulous he can possibly get out of paying a good part of that by making a false return.

You can hardly put your finger on this tax business anywhere without touching something wrong.

# Selling Through a Cast-Iron Man

## By JOHN MAPPELBECK

NOWADAYS the world of business is constantly finding a job for a new type of retail salesman. He must have two main qualifications to fill it: First, willingness to work long hours, twenty-four hours a day, in fact, and stay right on the job Sundays and holidays. He ought to have a strong constitution, because the work will not permit absence on account of sickness.

Second, the wages are moderate, very moderate. To be frank, they are quite low. For in some cases he will be expected to take his pay out of the profit on one twenty-five-cent sale weekly. Besides selling goods he will have duties as a collector, bookkeeper, inspector and credit man.

Some job!

Some salesman!

Of course no human being can put in the hours for the wages. It is a job for an iron man. And so a cast-iron salesman is invariably found filling those places.

This cast-iron salesman is often referred to superficially as a "slot machine." The term has become one of reproach for human beings, expressing lack of individuality, unthinking action, and so on. Most people assume that the cast-iron salesman is a mere automaton, and treat him accordingly. But in that respect most people are mistaken. If you deal with him as an employer, and set him to selling your goods or service, and go no more deeply into his nature than to regard him as automatic, he will disappoint your hopes and lose your money. If you approach him as a customer, and try to obtain goods from him on the assumption that he is without brains, it is just within the possibilities that he may land you in jail.

You see, our modern scheme of distributing goods and service is complicated, costly, and none too complete. It leaves all sorts of odd corners neglected. After you have placed your merchandise over the country in branch depots, and appointed sales representatives, and stocked up the jobbers and retail merchants, there will still be spots where you might sell more goods if you could hire some of these cast-iron salesmen to attend to the business.

Just picture a retail drug store in every room of a hotel, carrying a stock of a single article in a line of six or eight toilet requisites, and averaging one twenty-five-cent sale a week. That is the smallest successful drug-store in creation, and only a cast-iron clerk could keep it open, ready to make a sale any hour, day or night.

Think of the petty traffic in trinkets and service at railroad stations, ferry houses, street-car transfer points, factories and the like. While people wait in such places they will spend a penny for gum or chocolate, ascertain their weight, listen to music, have their fortunes told, occupy themselves by stamping their names on metal baggage markers.

Nobody but a cast-iron man could take care of this peculiar trade.

### *Big Penny Profits*

HE CAN get a handsome profit out of it, however, when intelligently supervised, and is doing it, and continually reaching out for new territory. The penny gum machine on your station platform may be backed by a ten-million-dollar corporation. Some years ago when tariff tinkerers at Washington reached the chocolate schedule and proposed to raise it, there was an excited protest from a New York congressman who stated that slot-machine trade in penny chocolate would be hampered. In one section of New York City alone, he said, that trade amounted to more than a quarter of a million dollars yearly.

Just now the cast-iron gum salesman is having a great growth of his business in factories. It has been found that the chewing of gum is beneficial to the health in some occupations, and in other trades that it prevents talking and so increases output. Commissions on sales are often paid in to employers' benefit funds.

It is not possible to maintain a parcel checkroom in the average country railroad station, because the place is deserted much of the time. But the cast-iron salesman can take care of the parcel-checking business. A battery of steel lockers is provided, each large enough to hold a suit case or other luggage. A passenger opens the door, puts his stuff inside, drops a dime in a slot and locks the door. Then the key can be taken out and carried away. It is his "check." No standing in line, no mixing of people's belongings, no chance of pilfering, no trouble to the station agent.

A corner cigar store near the water front is not reaching all the trade in its territory, for down on the docks there are teamsters and freight handlers who cannot spare the time to buy tobacco. A few slot machines properly placed in the freight houses add to the tobacconist's turnover.

A new office building goes up. There will be a couple of dozen persons in the lobby every day who want to telephone. A telephone booth will be a convenience to the owner of the building and a revenue-maker for the telephone company. But a difficulty arises: Who will tend that booth and collect a nickel from each patron on a turnover of fifty cents to a dollar daily? There is only one attendant who can hold down the job and make a profit. Hire a cast-iron man!

The public is a big baby on some sides of its nature. It demands service at cost, such as postage stamps in the hotel or drug store at post-office prices, and expects things for nothing, such as matches, paper drinking cups, paper towels, soap. The penny slot machine not only enables the public to serve itself in these little matters but makes it pay its own way, furnishing towels and cups for a copper.

An electric-light company discovered that fifty cents a night was charged by one of the hotels in its town for the use of an electric fan in a guest's room. The fan used not more than five cents' worth of current, yet the hotel management maintained that accounting and attendance made this high charge necessary. Naturally such cost limited the use of fans. It was a clear case of a job for the cast-iron man—electric fans in every room giving several hours' coolness for a dime dropped in a slot.

The cast-iron salesman is being utilized to register letters and take savings deposits in Germany. He sells railroad tickets at lonely stations, sells gasoline in busy garages, furnishes a nickel's worth of compressed air for automobile tires. The Germans have even set him at work as an efficiency man, for by a system of coin-operated meters on machines using gas for heating, welding and the like, he keeps track of detailed costs on each activity without the bother of fine figuring

These are the cast-iron man's typical jobs. Every day they grow in number and originality. You find a place where he can render his particular kind of service, give him a stock of goods and a money till, bolt him securely in his neglected corner, and go away, leaving him alone, to transact business with the public to the best of his ability. What happens to him after that is highly interesting.

### *Good Supervision Necessary*

YOUR back is hardly turned before the public takes notice and begins to do things to him. It glances over his goods, studies his methods of trading, looks for his shortcomings, offers him bad money, defective money, washers and slugs. If it can get his goods or service away without any equivalent the public feels that it has scored a point in some exciting game. If good money is dropped in and he fails to deliver the goods a complaint follows, even if the transaction involves only a penny.

He is just a dummy, an automaton. People bring human intelligence to bear on him from every angle. Sometimes he is fooled, and again he fools those who try to take advantage of him. His days are always full of happenings.

About the first principle of selling through slot machines is that they must be backed up with good supervision. The cast-iron salesman gets out of order like any other mechanism, and needs maintenance. In selling slot machines to people who want to put them out as revenue producers, there has been too much dwelling on the possibilities for making money automatically, and not enough has been said about the losses and difficulties. You can take a very moderate turnover, even in pennies, and by figuring a large number of machines, working twenty-four hours a day and every day in the year, and leaving out repairs, theft and other items, quickly run slot-machine profits into impressive totals. But this is mere multiplication, and the slot machine does not live up to the paper totals. Just about the time it ought to be earning ninety cents clear on every dollar, with no trouble to its owner other than the necessity of going round to collect the coins, something is sure to happen. The mechanism gets out of order, or the machine is robbed, and there are repairs or losses to be charged up.

One of the largest penny gum machine corporations in the East has found that maintenance is the key to profits. Along subway and railroad lines, where great numbers of machines are kept, a force of inspectors is constantly at work, filling machines, taking away

(Concluded on Page 26)

*Lady Eglantine*

# Why ALADDIN Home

## A Dollar A Knot

*Because:* They buy their lumber on an even footing with the lumber dealer.

*Because:* They evade the usual 18% lumber waste.

*Because:* Their carpenters save one day in every three building the home.

*Because:* ALADDIN helps them avoid the usual expensive mistakes.

*First:* You have the advantage of buying your lumber direct from the manufacturer. Thus you buy direct from the same source as the lumber dealer himself.

*Second:* The Aladdin Readi-Cut system designs houses to use mill-run lengths of lumber—just as it comes from the forest—and your carpenter does not need to waste any material by cutting during the erection of your house. Thus you save the usual 18% waste.

*Third:* By avoiding the necessity for measuring, sawing and fitting by your carpenter, your labor bill will be reduced practically one-third.

*Fourth:* Aladdin's co-operation, instructions and advice during the erection of your home will fortify you against expensive mistakes so common to most inexperienced home builders.

Facts are established by actual experience, and not by theory.

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### What ALADDIN Has Done For Others He Will Do For You

The prospective home builder cannot possibly find a more interesting book, a more instructive one nor a more *profitable* one to read than the beautiful Aladdin catalog. It pictures one hundred modern homes, contains the floor plan of each and states the price of each. It gives you an exact knowledge of the remarkable Aladdin Readi-Cut system of construction, its ten years of successful progress, and establishes firmly in your mind the BIG FACT: YOU can build a fine modern home with Aladdin's help *and save money*. Read again the four reasons.

### ALADDIN Materials C-a-n-n-o-t be Excelled

Every stick of lumber, every timber and every board in Aladdin houses is of the highest quality and grade that can be found in the forest. You will please accept that statement literally—to mean just what it says. It's an exact, provable fact.

Aladdin houses have set a new standard of quality for moderate priced American homes. Knotless lumber, free from ALL defects, is furnished for all Aladdin dwellings in the siding, shingles, porch work, outside finishing lumber, floors, window casings and inside woodwork. The highest priced standard paints, oils, stains and varnishes are supplied, the best quality plaster—everything is of unquestioned values. (Hundreds of customers have written us: "We can't buy as good material at *any price* in our town.")



$78

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ungalow has large living room, size 24 x 14 feet, dining room, kitchen, wo bedrooms, bath and closets.

Aladdin builds each home perfectly. And Aladdin plans, easily worth from $100 to $175, go free with the house—then you are assured that your house will be completed as it is pictured. And you know that you will make a substantial saving on the cost of building it. Yet this design is but one of the great number shown in the Aladdin home book. It pictures and describes many different models from the smallest home of three rooms at $138 to those representing $8000 and $10,000 homes. Be sure to secure your copy of this book—clip the coupon and send it today. You will be delighted with it.

*"ALADDIN" is a distinct personality whose integrity is vouched for by thousands of American families, whose character is founded on ten years of successful service to home builders, and whose skill and ability are compounded of the best brains obtainable, covering design, construction, materials, heating, lighting, plumbing, "home efficiency," decoration, landscape gardening and every factor necessary to the modern home.*

## ALADDIN Houses Are Not Portable

not sectional, not knocked-down. They are identically the same, when erected, as any first-class house. They cannot be taken apart, taken down, nor removed. They are permanent, strong, warm and substantial in every part. The Aladdin catalog gives you a complete understanding of their many advantages.

### 300 ALADDIN Houses To One Institution

Over three hundred Aladdin dwellings, averaging $2500 completed cost each, were furnished to one concern during 1915. These were shipped to its several manufacturing plants situated from Canada to Louisiana. This is certainly a remarkable tribute to the worth, economy and satisfaction of the Aladdin Readi-Cut system of home construction.

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Each day in the year we receive letters from many Aladdin owners in every part of the United States, saying: "Just finished my home. Find I saved $200." "You have saved us enough to install a furnace and complete plumbing system." "We saved $500." "SAVED" is the answer in one word. From the builder of the small three-room home to the owners of homes averaging $5000 to $8000, it is the same story, "Aladdin saved us money." In most every community or county will be found an Aladdin home whose owner will *tell you*, first-hand and in his own words, his experience while building his Aladdin, the actual amount of *money he saved* and the *better quality* of material he received for his home.

Could you ask more convincing proof than that which is vouched for by these thousands of Aladdin owners located over the entire United States?

### Originators of Readi-Cut System—Largest Manufacturers

The Aladdin system is by no means new or of recent origin. Ten years ago W. J. Sovereign, President of the North American Construction Company, conceived the idea of the Readi-Cut home and its wonderful saving possibilities for the home builder. Each year since its conception the number of homes built on the Aladdin system has doubled and trebled, until today nearly every community in the United States claims one or more Aladdins. Could you ask more convincing proof of the success of this method of construction, of the savings it offers?

### What You Get With Each ALADDIN Home

Aladdin Houses are *complete*. You get material absolutely guaranteed to be sufficient for the completion of your house, as follows: Sills, cut to fit; Joists, cut to fit; Studding, cut to fit; Building Paper, Sub-floor, cut to fit; Rafters, cut to fit; Roof Sheathing, cut to fit; Sheathing for Side Walls, cut to fit; Siding, cut to fit; Outside Finish, Porch Columns, Baluster, Rail, Flooring and Framework; Lath and Plaster or Plaster Board; Inside Finish, Doors, Casings, Base Board, Windows, Sash, Glass, Nails of all sizes, Locks, Hinges, Tin Flashing, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Stains, Putty and Shellac, with complete drawings, illustrations and instructions for erection—*The Complete House*.

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# SELLING THROUGH A CAST-IRON MAN

(Concluded from Page 23)

coin, making adjustments and repairs. It has been found that cleanliness is as much a factor in slot-machine trade in penny gum as in a retail store. If the machine is bright, with its metal work and mirror polished, people deal with it more freely. They feel maintenance behind it, and are confident that it is in order and will work. Where machines are permitted to get dirty and rusty, on the other hand, they hesitate about dropping in even a cent—the machine may be broken, the gum exhausted, its goods stale. This company has thousands of machines scattered over factory sections, and each territory is in charge of a local representative who visits machines several times a week, keeps them filled, adjusts them, and makes changes in goods according to demand. In one factory, for instance, the demand will be almost wholly for chocolate, while in another there will be a demand chiefly for gum. One of the difficulties of the business, the general manager says, is getting local agents who are broad enough to realize the possibilities. Riding round to put gum and candy into penny slot machines may look like boy's work, but if it is understood as a widely extended retail business, with earnings depending upon attractive goods and careful upkeep, it offers plenty of opportunity for a real business man.

The coin-box telephone is the poor man's chief means of communication, making single messages available to people who cannot afford an instrument in their homes. But the well-to-do also favor it, because at public telephone stations, where both coin box and operator-attended instruments are available, the slot-machine type is often preferred for its convenience and secrecy.

Coin meters for gas and electricity have been the chief means of extending these conveniences to people of small income living in one or two rooms. With the invention of these meters the number of families who could afford to use gas increased by tens of thousands in all cities. London has more than one million gas consumers who buy in quantities of two cents' worth at a time. The coin meter retails such small quantities where no other system could, makes it unnecessary for customers to leave a deposit with the company, eliminates expense in reading meters, making out bills, carrying book accounts, sending a collector, writing off bad debts, and so on.

That the cast-iron salesman is not a dummy is shown by the constant effort made to improve him mechanically. The burden of maintenance is so great that every concern successful in this field of selling is at work to improve its machines, doing away with defects and cost items which are brought to light by the repair man and inspector.

The public will no more tolerate mistakes on the part of a slot machine than on the part of any other kind of salesman. There have been lawsuits over slot-machine mistakes amounting to as little as twenty cents. So the machines have been improved along the line of returning defective and bogus money that does not operate them, and also so that when they are empty of goods it is impossible to put money in the slots.

### *Swindling the Iron Salesman*

Coin-box telephones a few years ago were comparatively simple devices taking only one kind of coin—a dime or a nickel. As soon as the public learned to use this convenience, however, it was necessary to improve them so that long-distance messages costing a dollar or more could be paid for. People seemed to generate an affection for the cast-iron salesman of telephone service as soon as they discovered him; and what they do to him every day, and the things they confidently expect him to perform, show that he is not by any means regarded as a dummy.

Really the public is fairly honest in its dealings with the cast-iron man. Every office where the daily takings of slot machines are sorted and counted—usually by machinery on account of the great weight of metal—there is a percentage of slugs and foreign coins to be deducted. But foreign coins have some value in exchange, and even brass is worth ten cents a pound as junk. On the average losses through such dishonesty probably amount to no more in the daily takings of slot machines than do bad debts in other business.

Losses can be prevented to a greater degree than one might think. They simply emphasize again the need for supervision and system in slot machine selling. For instance, losses can be prevented by careful placing of machines. Very little trouble is experienced with those maintained in factories or in small towns and country locations. Most of the swindling is done in the big cities, and even there is due largely to bad location. A slot machine in a public place may be too secluded. Bringing it out of a dark corner into the light may greatly improve its receipts in real money. When there is considerable swindling in a certain saloon or drug store investigation usually shows that the management there is lax, and a little more care in watching the machine prevents petty trouble.

People put all sorts of things into slot machines, and the ingenuity of those who supervise the cast-iron man's business is exerted to stop swindling along broad general lines. When dime telephones first appeared there were still in circulation many thousands of old-fashioned silver three-cent pieces, and these, the public quickly discovered, would operate the type of slot machine then in use. The manufacturers of that coin box adopted the policy of making good to telephone companies all losses on the obsolete coins, paying ten cents apiece for them, until the public had spent all the three-cent pieces there were.

### *Machines With Their Eyes Open*

Many people who are otherwise quite honest feel a fascination in studying the mechanism of a slot machine, and a pleasurable thrill of satisfaction if they discover some way of beating it. The game would probably not attract them in the same degree if they knew that the courts have repeatedly convicted folks for defrauding the cast-iron man in sums as small as a penny. The offense is a misdemeanor, and experiments on such lines may result in one's winning, along with a piece of gum or a free telephone message, a couple of months in jail.

On the whole, the worst losses through slot machines are not from swindling but from downright robbery. Professional criminals find ways of looting the coin receptacles, or even steal the machine itself, take it away, and smash it to get the contents. This is a straight police problem, and when a band of criminals appears in a given territory it is usually run down and convicted. Slot-machine robbery looks rather easy on the surface, but like most other forms of crime is dangerous and unprofitable. The cast-iron man may appear lonely and unprotected, but behind him there is organization. He may be equipped with an electric burglar alarm that gives warning the moment anybody tampers with his cash box. He may be watched by detectives who have centered the trouble in a restricted territory where thieves are known to be operating. If it is a telephone coin box there may be systematic supervision at central offices, with such prompt report to the police that the robber is caught before he can get away.

In telephone traffic, particularly, there are such complete records of messages sent that robbers and swindlers run great risks. A certain telephone coin box in Brooklyn was found short in its receipts. Somebody had found a way of getting connections without payment. The druggist in whose store it was located professed ignorance of crooked work, and disclaimed responsibility. Investigation of the records of messages sent from that station showed many calls to the same telephone number in a small town up-state. Inquiry at that town revealed a young lady who had a friend named Jakie in Brooklyn. The shortage just tallied with the number and cost of messages sent her. In a few days the inspector who made the investigation hunted up Jakie. He was the druggist's son. When the facts were laid before him Jakie was mighty glad to have an opportunity to pay for messages to his girl in money instead of in the form of a fine or imprisonment. He had thought himself more clever than the cast-iron man. But the cast-iron man had had his eye on him all the while!

*He Is Starting Right*

Teeth that serve you a lifetime are well worth all the care you can devote to them. Your children's preparedness for a useful life of good health begins with the twice a year visit to the dentist and the three times a day use of

**Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream**

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

J. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
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Seven thousand dealers are saving money for more bicycle riders daily by selling them non-skid Blue Streaks at $2.50 each.

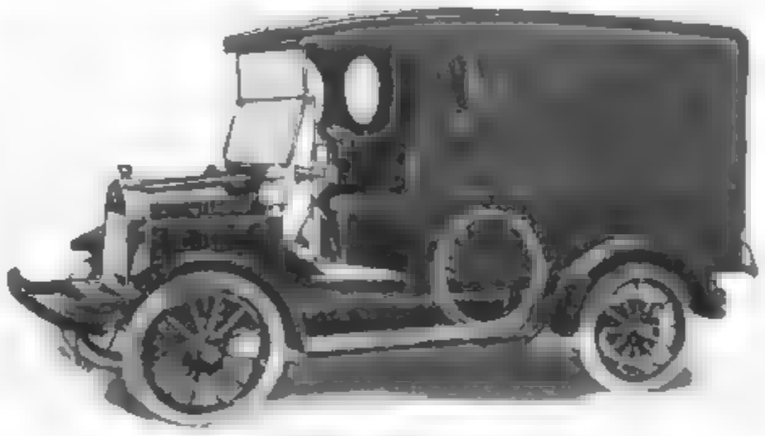
The riders are getting better service, too, from this guaranteed standard-quality Goodyear.

Say "Goodyear Blue Streak" when you buy new tires. You can always tell a Goodyear by the beautiful white tread and the Blue Streaks on each side. Any dealer can supply you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
Bicycle Tires

# HALF-TON CAPACITY VIM DELIVERY CARS



## "We are now the largest exclusive producers of motor trucks in the world"

Because—

—the Vim has made good with merchants in every line of business throughout the country.

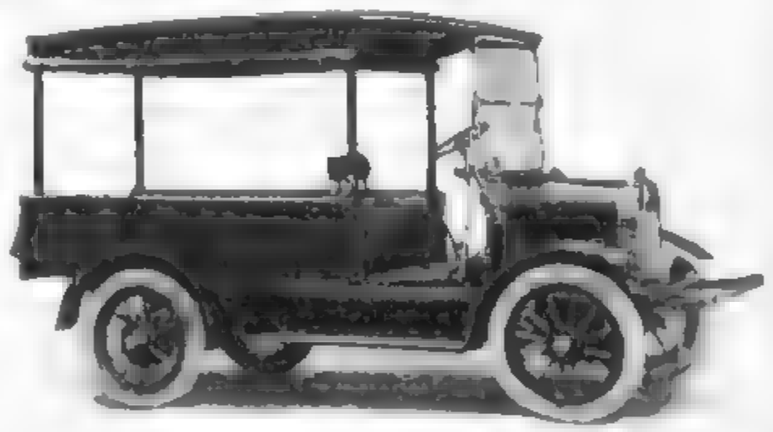
—it is not a converted pleasure car, but a sturdy, dependable truck, which stands up under the strain of strenuous commercial service.

—it displaces heavy equipment operated at a tremendous loss with half-capacity loads.

—it is right in every respect—design, material, workmanship and **PRICE.**

**$725 COMPLETE**

**We build one chassis only.**



**$695 COMPLETE**

¶ Vim trucks have proved in the actual day-in-and-day-out service of thousands of merchants that they cut down delivery costs, improve delivery service and not only materially aid in widening the scope of business, but add a touch of refinement that lifts the merchant out of the ordinary and places him amongst the successful ones, both in reality and appearance.

¶ Three factories now make Vims, a fourth—a million-dollar plant—is under construction; which will insure an annual minimum output of 30,000 cars. This means prompt delivery.

**VIM MOTOR TRUCK CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.**

Sales and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

*London*
Alexandra House, Kingsway

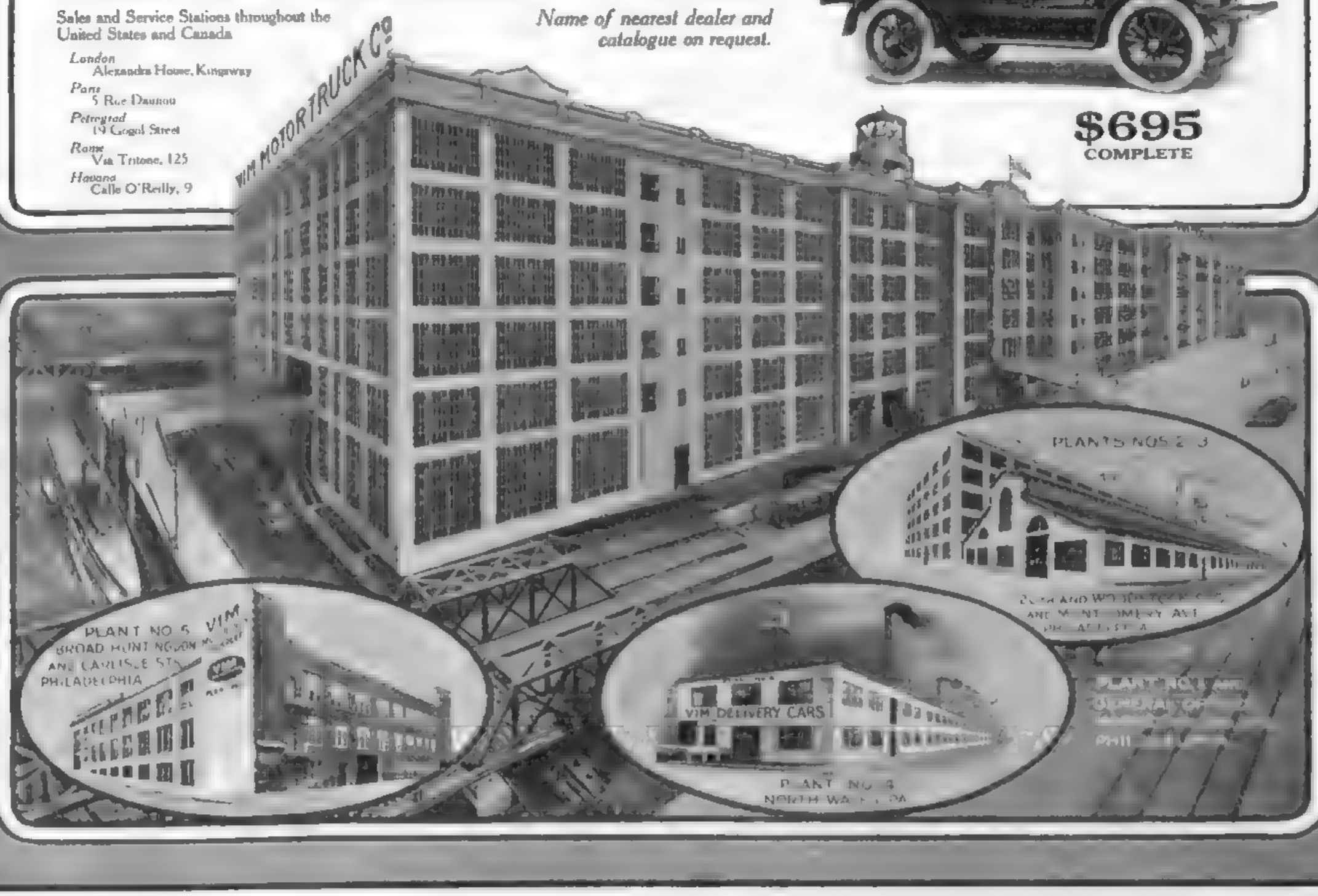
*Paris*
5 Rue Daunou

*Petrograd*
19 Gogol Street

*Rome*
Via Tritone, 125

*Havana*
Calle O'Reilly, 9

*Name of nearest dealer and catalogue on request.*



THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY AND THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER

# A Great Industry Restored to the Flag

Four years ago this Company awoke to the full force of a far from flattering fact.

It was brought face to face with the realization that Goodyear prestige was incomplete in the case of one very important product.

In Belting, Hose, Packing and Valves —in all that made for Goodyear supremacy in the conservation of energy and transmission of power —we thought we had reason to be proud of our progress.

But for superiority in that one product—Asbestos Packing—the eyes of American engineers turned instinctively and almost unanimously toward Europe.

America made packing and plenty of it—but the prestige of producing high-pressure packing of the highest grade had been filched away from us.

There was a sting and a reproach to American thoroughness in this discovery. It implied a more profound knowledge of chemical processes, and a greater depth of laboratory research than ours.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company determined then, that packing prestige should be brought back across the ocean where it belongs and entrenched for all time under the Flag.

*It was necessary to our ideal of this business as an imperial industry serving the whole world,* in the conservation of energy and the transmission of power.

If you do not care to go further into the details of the story, let us tell you in two paragraphs the good things that came out of that prick to our pride four years ago:—

The flow of American dollars to Europe for asbestos packing, has stopped for all time, and American buyers are practically a unit, now, for an American product.

The name of the world's best packing is Goodyearite, and its permanent address is Akron, U. S. A.

If you are still interested, and want to know more, let us hasten to add that the war alone did not make Goodyearite the standard.

Goodyearite would have won if the war had never come, because it was good enough to win against the best that the Old World could possibly produce.

But the war *did* sharpen comparison between Goodyearite and the European product.

It did induce many a great American industry to look into the subject, and shake off the superstition that America *couldn't* produce as good a packing as Europe.

And so, the big volume of Goodyearite which we had built up before the tocsin of war was sounded, swelled to an enormous size when the European supply was shut off.

Since that time Goodyearite has demonstrated thousands of times in hundreds of drastic tests that it is practically indestructible.

It has met the foreign product on every possible point of competition, and routed it "horse, foot and dragoons."

Frankly, we are proud of the fact.

We are just a little bit inclined to let the eagle scream on the subject of Goodyearite.

And, if earnest endeavor and honest manufacturing can hold it—we are never going to yield up an inch of the ground we have regained for America in Goodyearite!

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

# TALL HUSTLING

(Continued from Page 7)

"In nearly three months!" Browar snorted. "At that rate it will take you a year and a half to clean up. Yesterday down at the bank you said if I would give you a four months' renewal of your fifty-thousand-dollar note, due day after to-morrow, you could pay it at maturity from the proceeds of these goods."

The old financier faced the senior partner truculently. But Norval sensed a new, strange tenseness beneath his ferocious attitude. The banker seemed like a bloodhound that had just struck a fresh scent.

"We were so busy with money matters the first two months after the C. St. T. & W. smash that we did not get an effective sales campaign organized," the manufacturer explained. He thought it best to speak frankly now. "As a matter of fact, we sold within the last thirty days ten thousand dollars' worth of these stock goods. We shall clean up enough to pay our note within four months. The railroads are buying better now."

"Have you any big prospects in view?"

Again Norval felt that strange, taut expectancy in Browar's savage manner.

"No," replied the senior partner. "I expect to call personally on the purchasing agent of every important railroad in the country within the next six weeks. I mean to go out myself on this job when we get our financial affairs in good shape." Norval smiled. "I used to have a pretty fair reputation as a salesman, Mr. Browar."

"But you don't know anybody that will take all the stuff, or a large part of it, in a lump now?" the banker persisted.

Again Norval smiled. "I wish I did. But the railroads are not buying wholesale these days. They order from week to week almost."

"Let's go back to the office," Browar abruptly proposed. "I should like to see your ledger and sales records."

"All right." Hope was growing now. "I'll turn you over to the bookkeeper. Or, if you wish, I'll call him out and you may look things over alone."

Browar appeared to hesitate in indecision before he replied to this alternative proposal. "Suppose you do give me the last trial balance. I'll skim over it myself," he gruffly made his choice.

"Certainly."

The senior partner conducted the banker to the general office without further speech. His heart was leaping. He called the cashier out of his cage and waved the financier in.

"Help yourself, Mr. Browar. The trial balance is in the center drawer of the desk. When you are done, just come across the hall to my room, please. Mr. Palmer here will see you are not disturbed."

Norval pulled the door shut and left the banker alone with the firm's records. Then he hurried to his partners' room. He burst in on Brant and Reed.

"I believe the old bear will back up after all!" he whispered to them excitedly. "He hasn't said anything very encouraging yet, but he acts that way. He's looking over the books now. I don't think he'll take long. Everything depends on his not suspecting how badly we're worried. I'm going to my office and pretend I'm busy with my mail. You stay here until I call for you. I'm almost sure he's convinced in his own mind we're all right."

Norval scurried back to his room. A pile of letters the postman had brought a few minutes before lay on the blotter. He nervously began slitting the envelopes. He did not read any of the inclosures. All his senses except his hearing were deadened. His ears strained toward the hall door. The knob turned when he had opened only about half his mail. He dropped the letter he had just unfolded. As the banker tramped in, the senior partner wheeled in his chair and got up. Browar had a slip of paper in his hand. He walked stolidly across the rug to the desk before he spoke. He was frowning, but his expression had lost much of its ferocity. His scowl now seemed to indicate deep thought rather than hostile feeling.

"Call your partners," he commanded imperiously. "I will tell you what I have decided."

Norval was exultant. He felt sure he had won. But he responded with only a nod before he turned coolly to the rear office. He swung the door open to summon his associates.

"Mr. Browar has something to say to us," he announced. "Come in, please."

The senior partner walked back toward his chair as Reed and Brant sprang to their feet. The banker jerked about from Norval's desk. He pulled out his watch. Then, before the junior partners had entered the big office, Browar rushed toward the hall exit. He shot a savage glare over his shoulder. It struck confident Norval like a bolt of lightning. His elastic stride stiffened to an abrupt halt. Browar's voice crackled and thundered:

"I am late! Come down to the bank Friday!"

The old man tore out of the room like a charging bull.

The senior partner was so astounded that he did not move for two or three seconds after the front door slammed. Brant and Reed stood bewildered, too, just inside the entrance from their office. Norval turned to them in a sort of daze.

"He's gone!" he muttered as if to himself. "You saw his face! Browar hates us more than ever. And I was sure he'd changed his mind!" The senior partner collapsed into his chair. It seemed to Norval as if all his previous strength had been just a prop that now was snatched away in an instant. "I can't understand it," he mumbled.

Reed and Brant strode to him and clapped their hands on his crushed shoulders.

"Browar didn't say he wouldn't renew," Brant reminded hopefully. "He told us to come down to the bank Friday. I believe he'll fix us up, perhaps for a shorter time than four months."

Reed shook his great head like a lion at bay. "No, he won't!" he roared savagely. "The old Shylock wants to bust us. I never saw such a furious look as he gave Norval."

"But why?" the broken-spirited senior partner cried. "I'm positive he isn't afraid of losing the money we owe the bank. He seemed almost friendly when I called you fellows in just now. He changed in a second." Norval caught sight of a paper on his desk. He grabbed it. "See here!" he exclaimed. "Browar had a slip like this in his hand when he came from the bookkeeper's office. It's a due notice from the bank on our note. He's penciled on it '4 mo. 5%.' Those are his initials. He did mean to renew the fifty thousand for us! This is positive proof."

Reed and Brant bent eagerly over the printed slip with the pencil notations in Browar's familiar crabbed hand. The chubby junior partner quickly straightened with a chuckle of relief.

"Of course he's going to O. K. the extension," he declared. "We got worked up for nothing. You did convince him, Norval; but he probably means to give us a lot of good grandmotherly advice. That's why he said to come down to the bank Friday. We thought his savage look when he rushed out was meant for us, but this paper he dropped gives him away. The way I size things up, he'd forgotten some important appointment. He acted sore at us because we happened to be the nearest to him when he remembered. He'll be all over his grouch by day after to-morrow."

Reed and Norval stared at each other questioningly.

"Do you suppose Brant's right?" gasped the senior partner.

Reed dropped his eyes to the due notice again and scowled at it. Then he suddenly stooped lower to read a letter beside it, on top of the pile Norval had opened while he waited for Browar. The face of the big junior partner shone like a sun that had just broken through a thick cloud. He caught up the sheet and thrust it at Norval.

"Why didn't you tell us about this?" he shouted.

"What is it?" The senior partner jumped up to snatch the letter. "I was just opening my mail when Browar came in. I hadn't read any of it."

"Look here, Brant!" Reed boomed. "I said this morning we were due for a change of luck on Norval's birthday!"

The three bent eagerly over the letter spread on the desk:

"NEW YORK, June 22, 1915.

"NORVAL, REED & BRANT,
"Chicago, Ill.

"*Gentlemen:* The list of railroad supplies and prices submitted by you June 11th has now been approved by my principal. I have the honor to advise that your proposal is accepted for the entire quantity of these goods you still have on hand in your warehouse. Please arrange for your authorized representative to call on me in New York as soon as possible, to close a formal contract. Payments for all shipments will be made as per your letter. Your sight drafts attached to bills of lading will be honored on presentation at my office.

"Very respectfully yours,
"SERGIUS SARANOFF."

The senior partner was so utterly dumfounded that he stared at the letter as if he could not believe he had read it aright.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" exulted Reed. "And we thought when we got the inquiry from that Russian he was some little piker junkman that maybe would buy about a hundred dollars' worth of stuff!"

"He says the ent-t-tire quantity we still have on hand in our warehouse!" Brant stammered. "His letter reads 'Fiscal Agent for the Imperial Russian Government.' Why, he's buying for the Trans-Siberian Railroad, most likely. They'll take every bit of the C. St. T. & W. dead stock off our hands right away! The whole eighty-five thousand dollars' worth! Pinch me, somebody! I'm dreaming!"

"Whoo-pee!" bellowed Reed. "We can have the money next week."

Norval had crouched over the letter as if he warmed himself at a fire. A glow of contentment tingled through him. His face turned from ashen yellow to the pink of health. He filled his lungs; then expelled the deep breath in a gust. All his strength surged back. He glanced at the desk clock. His eyes flashed with purpose.

"We can do better than next week!" he snapped decisively. He was his keen, energetic self again. "Those goods are going to be shipped complete to-morrow! We'll have the bills of lading to draw against Friday for eighty-five thousand dollars. We shan't have to renew our note. We'll pay it! We'll make Browar believe we haven't been bluffing any of the time."

Grins overspread the faces of Brant and Reed. Norval laughed too.

"Won't the old codger look popeyed when we plank down on his counter to be discounted our authorized sight draft for eighty-five thousand dollars, with bills of lading attached, on the 'Fiscal Agent for the Imperial Russian Government'!" the senior partner chortled as he quoted the engraved letterhead of Saranoff. "We shall have left over after we pay our fifty-thousand-dollar note the fattest bank account the firm has had in years. This is a clean-cut dispensation of providence, pards. Let's grab it quick. Reed, you hustle down to the garage in the next block and take a taxi home. It's only 4:48 now. You have plenty of time to pack a valise and catch the 5:30 Limited for New York. Wire ahead to Saranoff for an appointment to-morrow afternoon. Get hold of him as soon as you can after your train arrives, and sign up the contract.

"Brant, you phone for a trackful of cars to be switched into our yard to-night. I'll go out in the shop right away and organize a big gang of truckers. We'll work overtime and stack the shipping platform full so we can begin rushing the crates and boxes into the cars the first thing in the morning. I'll arrange to have my crew start at daybght again."

Norval reverted to his other partner: "We're going to assume, Reed, you'll close the deal with Saranoff without any hitch or delay. We shall make shipment before the contract actually is signed, in order to have the bills of lading to use Friday at the bank. If that Russian doesn't put his John Hancock on the formal agreement to-morrow night, you call me on long distance and we'll hold up the cars in transit. I'll come back to the office after I get dinner to-morrow, and wait until I hear from you."

"How long do you calculate it will take us to load everything that's in the warehouse?" Brant asked excitedly.

"Not over five or six hours, provided we work all the hustlers in the shop," answered Norval. "We can have the cars out of the yard before noon if we start at daylight. That sort of quick service should make a hit with Saranoff. The newspapers report the Russians are breaking their necks to double-track the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

**Clean Wall Paper is Essential to Good Health**

Every room has *six* sides that *should* be kept clean. The floor usually gets all the attention, but the walls and ceiling also collect dust, soot and grime. Don't neglect them. Your wall paper can be cleaned easily, economically and thoroughly by using

**CLIMAX**
**Wall Paper Cleaner**

It's a soft, pliable, pink dough, clean to handle and requiring no experience to use. Cleans Wall Paper, Window Shades, Flat Tones, Frescos and Calcimined Walls.

Over a million housekeepers used it last year. Thousands of hotels, clubs, hospitals and decorators use it every day, year in and year out.

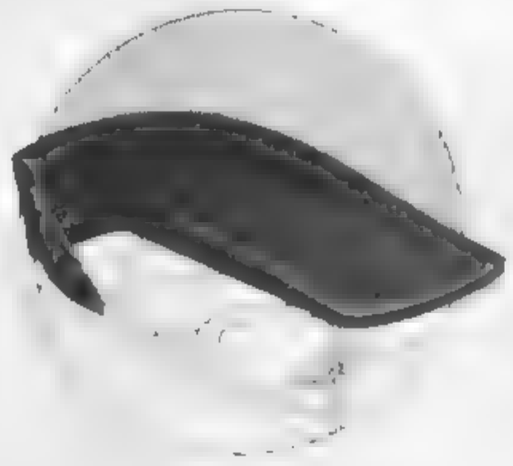
You, too, should keep your wall paper and window shades bright, clean and sanitary by using Climax. It's good for the pocketbook too; a can will clean a room of average size.

Cleaning with Climax is simple. Just wipe the wall or shades with a light easy stroke, turn the dough and knead the dirt into it. Climax gets all the dirt—it doesn't rub one particle in. It brings back the beautiful tones of the paper as if by magic. Your walls look as fresh and attractive as the day they were papered.

Grocery, drug, hardware and paint stores everywhere sell Climax. Just tell your dealer you want "Climax"

If he cannot supply you—send us his name and we will send you a full size can of Climax, prepaid for 15 cents.

**The Climax Cleaner Mnfg. Co.**
Cleveland, U. S. A.



# Are you looking at a car?

*Have you satisfied yourself about everything—motor, ignition, starter and all other details? Have you thought of the top?*

Before you buy, go to some street where the traffic is dense and notice the tops on the cars as they pass. You'll see a great difference in them—many shabby, cracked and discolored, marring the appearance of the well-appearing cars they cover. Yet these tops all looked good when new.

The difference in tops doesn't become apparent until it is too late to do anything about it. The time to do something is when you buy your car.

***Just consider this:*** The difference in cost between Pantasote—the highest priced top material—and the next highest priced material is never more than $3.00 a car to the car manufacturer. $3.00 is little enough to justify putting on the best, you think, but when the car manufacturer has to figure on a 10,000 car output, that takes $30,000 out of his profits!

Why should he pay out $30,000 if you aren't interested in anything but the appearance of the top when it is new?

***You cannot doubt the superiority of genuine Pantasote tops when you know two facts:*** Out of 55,000 tops supplied, there have been 18 complaints; and for eleven years Pantasote has been used exclusively on Pierce-Arrow cars.

You cannot get a Pantasote top on cars otherwise equipped unless you are willing to make an issue of it.

If you are insistent, the manufacturer will realize that you know what you ought to have, and he may be willing to spend the money necessary to satisfy you—with

**Pantasote**

The Pantasote Co., 1750 Bowling Green Bldg., New York


"Reed, after Saranoff signs the contract you tell him the shipment's already started. Say we wanted to show him some real American tall hustling. Don't let him think we're hard up, but be sure to notify him he might have to meet our draft Saturday morning. I'll take it down to the Consolidated National as soon as the bank opens Friday. It would be just like Browar to charge us discount on the basis of the draft's being paid Monday in New York, then to send it special delivery on the twenty-hour train Friday noon so it would clear on Saturday, and save two days' interest."

"I understand," the stalwart junior partner responded. Reed started on a run to the back office for his hat. At the door he wheeled to cry in dismay: "I'm strapped! And the cashier haan't money enough in the safe to buy my ticket."

"Yes, he has!" Brant contradicted joyously. "When I was downtown this noon I scraped up a hundred dollars in collections. I had a hunch we'd need it before night."

"We've got the jinx's goat!" shouted Norval. "This certainly is the day we break our hoodoo. Nothing can stop us, now our luck's turned. Good-by, Reed!"

The partners bolted on their separate erranda like boys running to play.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK ON PAGE 40)

## OLD PASTURES

(Concluded from Page 9)

"He won the first heat by a length, a Brown Hal mayeh was second, I was third. I paced the mile at my best clip and never reached them.

"The black hawse won the next heat by a length again and I was second. I'd paced my heart clean out from wire to wire; but he was fast, suh, he was mighty fast.

"Then for the third time we scored down and went away; but those two heats had dulled him some, suh, and at the half I lapped his sulky wheel. He seemed to move along without an effort, though, and I was pacin' deaf and dumb and blind. I felt, I could not see, his head come back to mine. By inches, suh, by inches it was comin' back. . . . I did not know when we had passed the wire. I did not know who won the heat. I did not know that I had hit my knees or cut my quatah, suh —— The world turned black.

"Then presently the call boy came to the paddock and called the first three names, and people gathered at my stall, suh, foh I had won the heat.

"Foh one moh heat the black hawse had his speed, suh. Foh one moh heat it took my all to win, but win I did, although once moh I did not know what happened until the call boy came and called the names.

"Then in the last and final heat, with twenty thousand of my people lookin' on, suh, I kept the promise I had made the black hawse long befoh, and broke his heart.

"We went the first half of the mile in six and then his eyes began to roll. I came the last half in a minute flat, pushed out by the Brown Hal mayeh, who had been layin' up. The black hawse finished—last.

"And so, suh," said the cab horse in conclusion, "I saw my dream come true. Do you believe" he was stricken with a fit of coughing—"in dreams?" he managed to say

"Why, no," I said doubtfully; "I can't say that I do. Do you have them often?"

The cab horse gazed at me steadily for a moment. "Dreams," he said, "belong to youth. They fled, suh, long ago. And yet a sawt of day-dream still remains, a sawt of faith, a sawt of hope. A wild, a preposterous hope."

"Hope?" I inquired.

"I cherish the hope," said the cab horse, "that some day I will return to the land from which I sprang. I will see the blue grass, ankle deep, gray and crisp with dew. I will hear the brood mayehs callin' to the little, little colts, and the stallions stamp and holler in the paddocks. The little niggahs will whistle and shuffle and sing in the sunshine. The old niggahs will moan and croon when the moon comes up over the big black bahns. And I can pick a mouthful now and then—right close to the fence, suh, right close to the fence—along the Gawgetown Pike."

The gurgling voice died away in a huge, moist sigh. Its owner gazed at the ground before him, his ancient head sank lower, his knees seemed to sag with his weight.

Suddenly some one was shaking me, none too gently, and requesting me to let him have a truck.

"Truck?" I said thickly. "What truck?"

"You're settin' on it," came a bellow in my ear, and I found myself gazing into the countenance of a red-whiskered man who was peering at me from below an official-looking cap. "Oh, excuse me," I said. "I was thinking."

The red-whiskered man grinned.

"You was snorin'," he said.

"I never snore," I said coldly, giving him his truck.

I devoted the next five minutes to staring at the cab horse standing under the arclight in the falling snow. He stood there moveless, as silent as the cab he drew, as silent as the silent, falling snow. He seemed to dream. . . .

"Of course he didn't talk," I decided finally. "It's simple enough—I was asleep."

I heard the whistle of the New York express a moment later, and presently the track rails turned to molten silver under its flaming eye.

While the porter examined my berth check I continued to stare at the cab horse. I could not take my eyes from the smoky mottling on his neck and withers. Where, oh where, had I seen that marking before? Just as the train began to move it flashed over me. I had a vision of a wildly happy child, his cheeks flaming, his small fists clenched as he watched a lean gray head creep past a black one to the tune of drumming hoofs.

"Why, I was there!" I burst out. "I saw him do it!"

I tore my bag from the astonished porter and leaped, almost fell, to the station platform of Xenia, Ohio.

At ten o'clock next morning I sent a telegram. It was addressed to Colonel Jack Menifee, Hill and Dale Farm, Lexington, Kentucky. It read:

"Am shipping you by express one gray gelding. Please turn him out in east meadow along the Georgetown Pike."

## Montana's Method

BILLY GIBSON, who conducts a small boxing club, tells of a bout between Montana Dan Sullivan, a middleweight, and a rough, rugged fellow who was noted for his punching powers, but who was rather slow afoot.

Montana Dan apparently held his opponent in great respect. He would approach the rough lad cautiously, make a light lead at him, and then skitter away to a far corner of the ring. This went on for a short time, with the crowd watching silently, until finally Dan reached out a quick left and jabbed the rough one lightly on the chin.

"That's right, Dan," came a thin, piping and very weary voice from the cheapest seats. "That's right! Antagonize him, Dan; antagonize him!"

# WHITE TRUCKS PREDOMINATE *in this Country* TWO *to* ONE

THE truck users of this country purchase each year twice as many White Trucks as trucks of any other make, *and at a higher purchase price.* This predominance is not confined to a few localities or special lines of business. It is nation-wide, among all classes of users, ranging from retail butchers to the great packers, from small municipalities to the United States Government, from local oil distributors to the chief refining companies, from small retail merchants to the big department stores. A significant feature of White Truck distribution is the high percentage of multiple and repeat purchases by concerns whose transportation experts know exactly what a given truck is worth.

## STABILITY OF SERVICE AND PERMANENCE OF ORGANIZATION

Large output warrants a degree of service to White Owners which no lesser distribution can support. It insures also a stability and permanence of organization on which owners can confidently rely—no inconsiderable asset in these days of elimination and consolidation in the motor industry. The purchase of a White Truck is an investment with high net earning power behind it and with *permanence,* both of truck value and of White Company service.

### *Some of the Larger Users, Owning 15 or more White Trucks*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| B. Altman & Company | 67 | Los Angeles Brewing Company | 15 |
| Armour & Company | 92 | Mandel Brothers | 17 |
| Associated Bell Telephone Companies | 83 | National Casket Company | 15 |
| Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation | 15 | New York Board of Fire Underwriters | 16 |
| Atlantic Refining Company | 91 | Oppenheim, Collins & Company | 21 |
| City of Baltimore | 15 | Frank Parmelee Company | 18 |
| Boggs & Buhl, Inc. | 25 | City of Pittsburgh | 15 |
| City of Boston | 25 | The Rosenbaum Company | 34 |
| City of Cleveland | 19 | Schulze Baking Company | 21 |
| Cleveland-Akron Bag Company | 19 | W. & J. Sloane | 16 |
| Coca Cola Bottling Companies | 39 | Standard Oil Company of California | 23 |
| Gimbel Brothers | 58 | Standard Oil Company of Indiana | 126 |
| Glacier Park Transportation Company | 20 | Standard Oil Company of New York | 119 |
| B. F. Goodrich Company | 17 | Standard Oil Company of Ohio | 18 |
| Gulf Refining Company | 183 | Stern Brothers | 19 |
| Joseph Horne Company | 42 | Supreme Baking Company | 23 |
| Kaufmann Brothers | 44 | Union Oil Company of California | 21 |
| Kaufmann & Baer Company | 48 | U. S. Government Post Office Department | 109 |
| | | Ward Baking Company | 23 |

*The Above 37 Owners Operate a Total of 1571 White Trucks*

## *The* WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

*White Trucks Received the ONLY GRAND PRIZE awarded Motor Trucks at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco*

**Don't Delay**

It's hard to tell when germs are breeding—when disease threatens. As your safeguard of health use

Lysol

**Antiseptic Disinfectant Germicide**

Employed by hospitals everywhere—*because* it is reliable. It has 2½ times the germicidal strength of carbolic acid and is not caustic.

Lysol is invaluable for personal hygiene; in sickrooms, bathrooms, kitchens, cellars, stables and for garbage cans, bugs, roaches. Lysol is concentrated. It is used diluted with water. A bottle lasts a long time.

*In Three Sizes: 25c, 50c, $1.00. Of Druggists Everywhere*

Lysol itself is of known reliability—it will safeguard you; imitations may not.

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**If you're a city man—**

hungering for freedom from the dull routine of city life or a distasteful employment in office, store or factory; if you are eager to get out in the country where you and your family can enjoy bounding health and joyful independence; if you are ambitious to make the most of your abilities and business training; if you have cherished the dream of a comfortable farm home—then "Modern Farming—the Salaried Man's Opportunity" has a wealth of helpful information for you.

It tells you how to get started in the farming business on a *profitable* basis right from the start—how to increase your income without interfering with your present occupation—how you can get a salaried position on an agricultural work (free Employment Bureau for students) and much other interesting information.

**If you're a farmer—** our book "How I Made The Farm Pay More" will open your eyes to methods of production that exist right on your own farm—will show you how A. I. S. courses have enabled hundreds of farmers to increase and improve their crops and to enjoy their profits

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**"Study Farming By Mail"**


# A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 21)

"Will? Will? What do you mean by will? Who said I would?"

"Nobody yet. But that's the situation in its very simplest and rawest terms. I am confident, with the mistakes the opposition will make, the hard times that will come because of their tariff revision, which you can help along better than anyone I know, it will be reasonably easy to elect our man, and whether he is the right man or not from your viewpoint depends on whether you pay the freight."

"Pay the freight? How much?"

"A lot. A million to start with."

"Who's your man?"

"James Jason Rogers."

"Huh! Tariff man! Rogers! Huh! Who's going to run it?"

"I am."

"Whose guaranty will I have that you will deliver the goods?"

"My guaranty."

"How about Rogers?"

"He'll vouch too."

"Who's in with you?"

"Masters, Freeman, Sterry, Gainer, Jenkins, Mortor, and there'll be many more."

"Huh! Know all those men. Always acted square. Anything more?"

"Nothing but the million."

"Million! Huh! Wait a minute."

He wrote some names on a slip of paper and put figures after them. I could hear him growling to himself:

"Bathrop, a hundred; Paltingly, fifty; Hardesty, two hundred; Smiles, a hundred; self, two hundred; Halethorne, two hundred; Stratton, a hundred; Rouch, fifty."

He wheeled round in his chair.

"How much more will you want?" he roared.

"Can't tell—a heap."

"Money doesn't seem to signify much to you."

"It signifies a victory if I can get enough of it, and that is what you need. Moreover, if I get a victory it will signify a billion or two, or more, to your friends, and if we lose you won't make a damned cent or a damned combination, and you know it."

"Huh! Not a damned cent, hey! Not a damned cent! When you going to start?"

"As soon as I get the million."

"Pretty sure, ain't you?"

"Sure enough."

He jabbed a bell and a man came in.

"Plankington," he said, "this is Senator Paxton. Arrange a credit of a million for him, and when you get it fixed come to me for the order."

Plankington looked as if the arranging of a million-dollar credit for a senator of the United States was the commonest thing he did.

"And Plankington ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Call up these men on this list and tell them I have put them down for those sums for political purposes, and that I may put them down again. Good day, senator. Good day! Huh!"

When I got into the outer office I discovered I was sweating, and that my legs quivered a trifle. It was the first time I had taken down a million dollars in a lump, and after Plankington had fixed the credit and I had gone for a cab it began to dawn on me that I could do a lot with a million toward electing Rogers. So I wired for Pliny Peters to come over to New York, and he arrived at nine o'clock that night.

x

"I CAUGHT my whale," I said to Pliny as he came into my room in the hotel.

Pliny looked behind the curtains and peered under the bed.

"How much?" he whispered.

"A million."

He showed no surprise. It rather seemed to me that he was used to carrying a million dollars about in small change, he was so calm over my announcement. He out-Plankingtoned Plankington.

"Shucks," he said after a time, "that's a good start, but it won't be a fleabite by the time we get through."

"There's more where that came from."

I was just a bit boastful about it.

"I should hope so. No use beginning if there ain't."

Clearly Pliny was not to be astonished or otherwise emotionally disturbed by the fact that we had a million dollars for operating expenses. He was most disappointingly matter-of-fact about it all.

"Now, then," I proposed, "let's make a few plans."

"Go ahead; I'm listening."

"There are two things to do. First off, I want to size up the National Committee, get the support of as many members as I can, and show them where it will be to their advantage to be with us."

Pliny nodded.

"Second, I intend to start right away without any delay to round up the Southern delegates, or rather to round up the men who will in due time round up the delegates."

Pliny nodded again.

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Most important thing of all."

"What?"

"Publicity."

"But I don't want any publicity until I get things under way."

"Sure you don't, but you'll want it then, mighty bad. Time to fix for it is now."

"How'll we go about it?"

"You've got a million."

"Yes, but ——"

"Well, that's the answer. That million, and the other millions you will get if you are lucky, will solve every problem for you and answer every question. A million dollars is the greatest little emollient and oracle I know—except two millions."

We went over the preliminaries carefully and drew up a tentative plan, working long past midnight with a newspaper directory, a political almanac and a list of the national committeemen. Next morning we went to Washington, and in a day or so, after I had my ideas—and Pliny's—fully developed, I called a conference of the men who would be useful to me. Sterry came, and Mortor and Gainer and Jenkins and Freeman and Masters. They were all powerful men in their localities, and they all realized the importance of the first steps discreetly taken.

It was decided that Pliny should make the initial survey of the South and report on the prospects for securing delegates down there. The national committeemen who might by any possibility be reached were divided into groups, and each group detailed to one of those present for consideration and such action as was necessary. Horace K. Limpton, a man who had been long about Washington, and who was not only discreet but skillful, was placed over the publicity end of it. He was instructed not to try to get publicity for the time being, but to look over the ground.

I hired two rooms downtown and put some clerks in them, mostly to tabulate figures for me and gather information. Limpton engaged a staff of writers and stenographers. Within a week he had letters going out to men he knew and trusted in every state where we could operate with any prospect of success, letters that in the most incidental way possible inquired after politics and into the newspaper situation.

I had to have the bulk of those Southern delegates, for I knew that as soon as there was any general impression that a movement for Rogers, or for any other man, was being engineered, there immediately would be started against us counter movements by state leaders who wanted to control delegates for their own purposes.

A favorite-son uprising can be brought to life overnight, and usually is, by the state leaders who think it may be well to lay in a little trading stock in the way of delegates for use at convention time. I was averse to this at the start, for I wanted to know how I stood and what the possibilities were, but I had no doubt that I might encourage a few favorite-son movements myself later on, in order to keep the opposition divided. That is one of the oldest and the most useful of political tricks. It has been worked time and again. It will be worked until the end of our system of government.

Pliny disappeared into the South, leaving no trace. He vanished completely. I heard nothing from him for six weeks, save when he needed money—and he needed a good deal. Limpton was getting together a list of newspapers and other publicity mediums that we could control, and we in Congress were busy trying to put our affairs in such order as we could before the control of the government shifted.

I saw Rogers frequently. He was projecting himself into the limelight of the debate in the House as often as he could and grandstanding whenever possible, but remaining elaborately platitudinous. I tried him out in every way I could think of, and found him sincere and reliable. He was willing to play the game, I was sure of that. One day he was especially prominent in a rough-and-tumble debate in the House over an appropriation bill, and acquitted himself so well that he had a good deal of mention in the newspaper dispatches. Next morning I had a letter from Broad. It read:

"*Dear Paxton:* Bring Rogers over tomorrow. I want some men to meet him."

I went that afternoon and Rogers followed at midnight. I discovered we were to go to luncheon at Broad's house, a palatial affair uptown. Broad had most of the men to meet us whose names he put down on the list that first day, and Uncle Lemuel Sterry.

"Howdy, Paxton," said Broad. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Rogers. I thought we might be better acquainted. Sit down."

I admired Rogers that afternoon. He knew what he was there for, for of course I had told him of my plans and prospects, but you'd have thought, to watch him, that he was merely one of a party of gentlemen who were gathered at a social affair. He talked when it was his turn, spoke most intelligently of what was going on in Congress and at the White House, said a few words about the necessity of regaining control of the government, and—I could have hugged him for this—made a short statement of his ideas of the attitude the people and the Administration should maintain toward those great men who were devoting their energies to the building up of our commercial supremacy, constructing vast systems of distribution, getting control of the markets of the world, making us pre-eminent in manufactures and doing so much for the masses.

That aggregation of plutocrats listened complacently. They were quite certain Rogers meant them.

"It is my firm conviction," said Rogers, "that the Congress of the United States can be engaged in no more patriotic work than the framing of laws that will intelligently conserve and protect these efforts by these great captains of industry, and not harass them nor deny them the right to proceed in their magnificent enterprises. I have observed with great concern a tendency among some of our legislators to incite restrictive, not to say prohibitive, legislation, and I deplore it. It is my opinion that these men, who are building up our country, should be encouraged to the fullest extent, rather than hampered by laws that must inevitably work to our commercial disadvantage and to the consequent lack of prosperity among our people."

Rogers made a great hit. They all crowded round him and asked for more of the pap he had been handing out to them. They are a self-righteous lot, those plutocrats, and they believe everything good they hear about themselves and call everything bad unjust. When a man gets a few millions he just naturally considers himself a pillar of the community, a keystone to the republic and a benefactor-in-ordinary to the human race. You see, it is his idea that he has conferred a great benefit on the toiling masses by using them to get money for himself. It is so much safer in his hands than in theirs.

Broad took me aside.

"Seems all right," he said, jerking his thumb at Rogers.

"He is."

"No monkey shines if he gets in."

"I guarantee that."

"Boys like him."

"They seem to."

"All right! All right! All right! Keep him at it. Great opportunity. Been reading his speeches. Seems sound. Huh! Huh! None of this radicalism for us. Got to remain conservative. Got big things to do. Huh! Good-by."

As we walked down the street Uncle Lemuel Sterry snuggled up to me and twittered: "You got along with Mr. Broad first rate."

"Yes."

"I thought you would. I had an idea it would turn out that way."

That afternoon on my way to Washington a great light burst on me. Uncle Lemuel Sterry didn't send me to see Broad. Broad sent Uncle Lemuel Sterry to see me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# FLUSH TIMES IN NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 4)

For example, a new kind of cabaret has been developed which opens its doors only when the theaters close, and expects its patrons to linger for not more than thirty or forty minutes before proceeding to some other place for the remaining hours of the night. But if one is not already alive to the fact it is pretty clearly indicated, before those thirty or forty minutes are up, that another welcome there can be insured only by ordering a six or seven dollar quart of champagne.

In this resort there is not a great deal of general dancing, but there are performances by a half dozen high-priced professionals. For years there was just such a place in Paris; the war transplanted the proprietor of that establishment to New York, and night after night crowds fill his great room and jam the approaches. At a careful estimate the night attendance there, between eleven and one o'clock, reaches five hundred persons; and some of the entertainers are well-known figures upon the musical-comedy stage. That proprietor's salary roll for singing and dancing must be well above three hundred dollars a week.

### The Newest Amusement

Skating, however, is the great new amusement of New York, and it is an interesting speculation how far this new craze may go. Already there are four rinks in operation and at least four others, probably more, in course of rush construction. One of the most difficult articles to purchase in the city is a pair of skates, and a skate factory up in Connecticut runs an automobile service every morning to its New York shop with the product of the last twenty-four hours. Modistes advertise skating costumes, most of them priced at about one hundred and fifty dollars. Several of the best-known professional dancers are working hours a day to acquire a mastery of skating steps. Lack of immediate facilities is all that holds this fad in check.

Men who are putting money into rinks—and a "smart" rink costs more than twenty thousand to build—maintain that they are not seeking to popularize a new diversion against the possible time when dancing may begin to wane. It is their contention that they are merely following a very general demand. This demand is in a measure the result of the war and has been created apparently in two ways. That class which heretofore sought its pleasures abroad, and which is now making the best it can of New York, learned to enjoy skating at a number of famous European resorts, particularly at St. Moritz. This group was sufficiently numerous to give skating something of an impetus. That impetus was appreciably strengthened by the flight to this country of several troupes of foreign skaters who for years had been exhibiting in Switzerland, parts of Germany, up in Norway, Denmark and Sweden and from time to time in Paris. Abroad their means of livelihood was seriously curtailed and they put themselves in the way of American engagements. Early in the season two such troupes began their performances in New York. Thousands of people saw them and were fascinated by their sure, swift, gliding movements. And thus the craze began to get under way.

One of these troupes appears upon the stage of a far-famed cabaret—a place that vainly endeavors to check its crowds by charging a dollar admission as a preliminary to everything else. There one may dine and dance, sup and dance, and from time to time, until after one o'clock in the morning, view this novelty of New York's winter. It is said that, as an aggregation, the skaters receive two thousand dollars a week.

But skating has passed from the phase where the public desires merely to witness exhibitions, and already several rinks for general use are in full swing. Perhaps the most popular of these is run in connection with a large and splendid hotel. It is built four flights in the air, upon the roof of a projecting section of the building. The ice itself is in the open, but surrounding it is a glass-inclosed sun-parlor where tables at which one may lunch, tea, dine or merely drink are laid. There are three sessions daily. For the morning session an admission fee of one dollar is charged; for the afternoon and evening sessions, a fee of two dollars. But the admission fee is only the beginning of the matter. The real spending does not begin until one is inside. There is the instructor: Two dollars and a half a half hour for one grade; five dollars a half hour for another grade; tarry for, say, dinner—and the check for two persons will not be much less than seven or eight dollars, not counting an allowance for drinks or cigars. That place from the start has been crowded almost hourly from nine o'clock in the morning until nearly midnight. More than five hundred persons go there daily and half as many more have to be turned away.

In the face of this craze, however, dancing goes on with unabated fury, and promises to keep on doing so. But there is a chance that it will be conducted on a slightly different basis, and this change, if it comes, will be due in a measure to the presence in New York of the spending classes recruited by the war. The tendency is more and more marked for even the most so-called exclusive hotels to reach out for the business of the better-grade cabarets. With throngs in New York eager to dance who do not seem to balk at any kind of prices, there is a harvest too rich to be neglected. Several hotels now operate not one dancing room for the public but two, and conduct them under the supervision of two sets of professionals, each set representing a weekly guaranty of anything from three hundred to a thousand dollars. As a rule the heavy spenders prefer the hotels, for a variety of reasons. One is that a big established enterprise, representing an investment of ten to fifteen million dollars—and that is what a thoroughly modern hotel is—can offer a kind of service and a quality of food and wine impossible for most cabarets. If the spending classes linger long enough, there may not be a single one of the best hotels without a great block of floor space set aside for public and exhibition dancing.

### New York's Carnival Spirit

It was dancing which made New York an evening-dress town, but it is far more of an evening-dress town now than it has ever been. Those folks long familiar with European customs have largely helped to make this further contribution. One manifestation of the change is in the abrogation at a half dozen restaurants of the "evening attire" rule for men. That rule was necessary for several seasons back if a proprietor desired to give a certain tone and atmosphere to his place. It is no longer required, because the matter cares for itself. There are now so many persons in the city who invariably "dress" that if a man ventures into any one of twelve or fifteen dining rooms in street clothes he will find himself woefully out of place.

How much drinking is going on in New York this winter? One observation may be made out of hand: Regardless of the amount of drinking, there is less drunkenness. The exercise of dancing has had much to do with that. Also it is probably true that the rank and file is drinking less than heretofore. But of the gilded classes there is more question. Looking about at the tables of any one of a score of restaurants and cabarets, and seeing stemmed glasses twinkling upon every hand and, perhaps at the same time, observing a procession of waiters emerging from the service door with tray after tray of cocktails, the inevitable reflection comes that if there is less drinking among the disciples of soft living now, there must have been a great deal before.

Such, then, are some of the directions in which New York has been influenced and changed. All of them—the tendency to late hours, the new forms of amusement, the heightened scale of spending—have made radical differences in the lives and characteristics of thousands of people. A good many young fellows are yawning at their desks who did not yawn a year ago; a good many girls are trying to relieve a new sallowness in their complexions with rouge; a good many children are setting off to school without the kisses they used to get from their parents, who are still asleep; a good many head waiters are investing in bonds; and a good many professional dancers are thinking about the farms they expect to buy in the country. A thing like the New York carnival of this winter works into the very grain of individual existence, and once the carnival spirit is in the air no one is quite immune.

This spirit reached its grand climax in the New Year's Eve celebration. Uniformly the restaurants and cabarets adopted the rule that tables must be reserved in advance; in most cases the reservations had to be accompanied by a deposit against the flat charge to be made for each person. Those charges, going as high as ten dollars, covered admission and supper and generally a souvenir; no wine, no cigars—just a chair at a table, a trinket and supper. The hotel which braved the ten-dollar charge—only one did—had six thousand people at that rate in its various dining rooms, and there was only a negligible proportion of the parties that failed to buy at least one quart of champagne. Hundreds had two or three quarts or more. That place alone, it is estimated, took in close upon seventy-five thousand dollars for its New Year's Eve supper. There was another hotel which had six thousand guests at a five-dollar rate; several had two thousand at five dollars. There were in the city two hundred and forty places to which special licenses to remain open until three o'clock in the morning and serve drinks until that hour were issued. There was never before a celebration in New York, or probably anywhere else, remotely approaching it.

### An Epidemic of Spending

To all this—the winter's spending and indulgence—nearly everyone has something to say. Ministers harangue about it, bankers deplore it, newspapers make comment upon it, temperance advocates get up petitions to check it. There is, however, one class which volunteers absolutely nothing concerning this great episode and epidemic. Those who are fattening upon it are just as silent as they can be, and this is most especially true of the hotel, restaurant and cabaret proprietors. Their attitude is understandable enough; if they admit their golden harvest, very shortly real-estate promoters will be in the field to enlist fresh capital for more hotels, more restaurants, more cabarets. It is good policy for them to keep just as still as possible.

But they cannot deny the spending; it is visible upon every side, even to the most casual eye. So they will grant that money is "circulating more freely"—coupling their guarded admission, however, with the contention that there is nothing unusual in the manner in which the city is spending, that such spending as there is represents only a perfectly normal and legitimate result of general prosperity. But beyond that not a foot will they go. Mention the word "extravagance," and in dread lest there be a tightening of purse strings they protest vehemently that there is none. Try to bring the case down to a concrete basis and point to a check in a waiter's hand—sixty-three dollars for a comparatively unelaborate dinner for five persons. One proprietor shrugged his shoulders and started to move away. Certainly not, he asserted; the war has not made New York the most spendthrift city in the world.

And there the discussion rested. But a man seated in one of those great halls of pleasure looked about him while he tarried until a toadlike waiter, doubtless reared in a North Italian village where existence had been hard, returned with change. The vast room was animated and seemed to glitter softly. The walls were covered with gay, vivid tapestries celebrating the joys of love and feasting. From high above three great chandeliers, like mammoth jewels of a prehistoric time, let down a tempered, glowing light. It fell upon the lax-featured faces of scores of men and its subdued radiance lay sensuously upon the bare backs and necklaced throats of scores of women. It gleamed upon crystal glasses and upon spotless, shining linen. An orchestra hidden in a bowered balcony drew forth a gently lulling, lilting tune. Noiseless servants moved about, presenting huge silver-crowned dishes and plying wine. The place was like an enchanted chamber swept and garnished of all the harshnesses of life.

Presently the waiter returned and the man, pondering, put a question: Was it—that scene—only prosperity or was it extravagance?

"That," said the waiter as he gathered his tip and, pausing, leaned close to the man's ear "that," he whispered, and swept the room with a gnarled hand before he added, "is always extravagance."

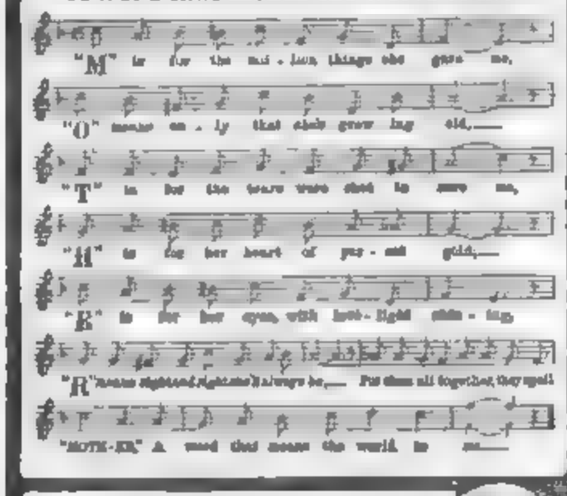
The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth
The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces
Pro-phy-lac-tic
MEDIUM
A CLEAN MOUTH

The Pro-phy-lac-tic always comes in a yellow box. There are many imitations of the Pro-phy-lac-tic, so you should look carefully for the name and yellow box when you buy.

NEW SONG SENSATIONS

The most talked of and most imitated song

M-O-T-H-E-R

"A word that means the world to me"

"M" is for the mel - low things she gave me,
"O" means on - ly that she's grow - ing old,
"T" is for the tears we'll start to save me,
"H" is for her heart of pur - est gold,
"E" is for her eyes, with love-light shin - ing
"R" means right and right she'll always be,
"MOTH-ER" A word that means the world to me

M-O-T-H-E-R

Some day — said a wise humorist — a love ballad will be written in which the sweetheart, instead of using sweet nothings, will be just plain MOTHER.

[illegible] the most talked-of and imitated song in [illegible]. The country is crazy about it. News papers from coast to coast have sung its praises in news items and editorials. A song dedicated to the dearest, best friend we have — MOTHER. Ray Samuels' cyclonic [illegible]. Words by Johnson; music by Morse.

"DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU"

While President Wilson and Congress are searching for ways of dealing with the neutrality question, the problem has been solved by this song. Take it to your piano and prove it for yourself.

"DON'T BITE THE HAND" hits the hyphen—but not in a vindictive way. Its melody is just as tuneful as its sentiment is timely. It is a song with an honest purpose—a "SQUARE DEAL" for all, including Uncle Sam.

Words by Henry; music by Morgan.

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"Norway" "Come Back Dixie"
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"What's the Use of Going Home When There's Nobody There to Love"
"Beatrice Fairfax, Tell Me What to Do"
"In the Glory of the Morning"
"You'd Never Know That Old Home Town of Mine"
"There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway"
"Come Back Home to Old Kentucky"
"Those Good Old Days Back Home"
"Have You Forgotten Me?" "Soldier Boy"

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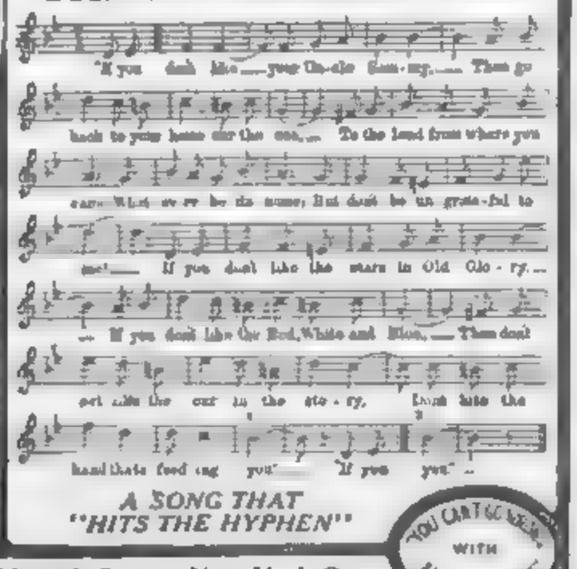
Most of these pieces may also be procured for your Talking Machine or Player Piano. Orchestra leaders will gladly play any of them on request. Ask to hear them.

DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU


"If you don't like your Uncle Sam-my, Then go
back to your home o'er the sea, To the land from where you
came, What ever be its name, But don't be un-grate-ful to
me! If you don't like the stars in Old Glo-ry,
If you don't like Our Red, White and Blue, Then don't
get into the cur-rent of the sto-ry, Just bite the
hand that's feed-ing you" "If you you"

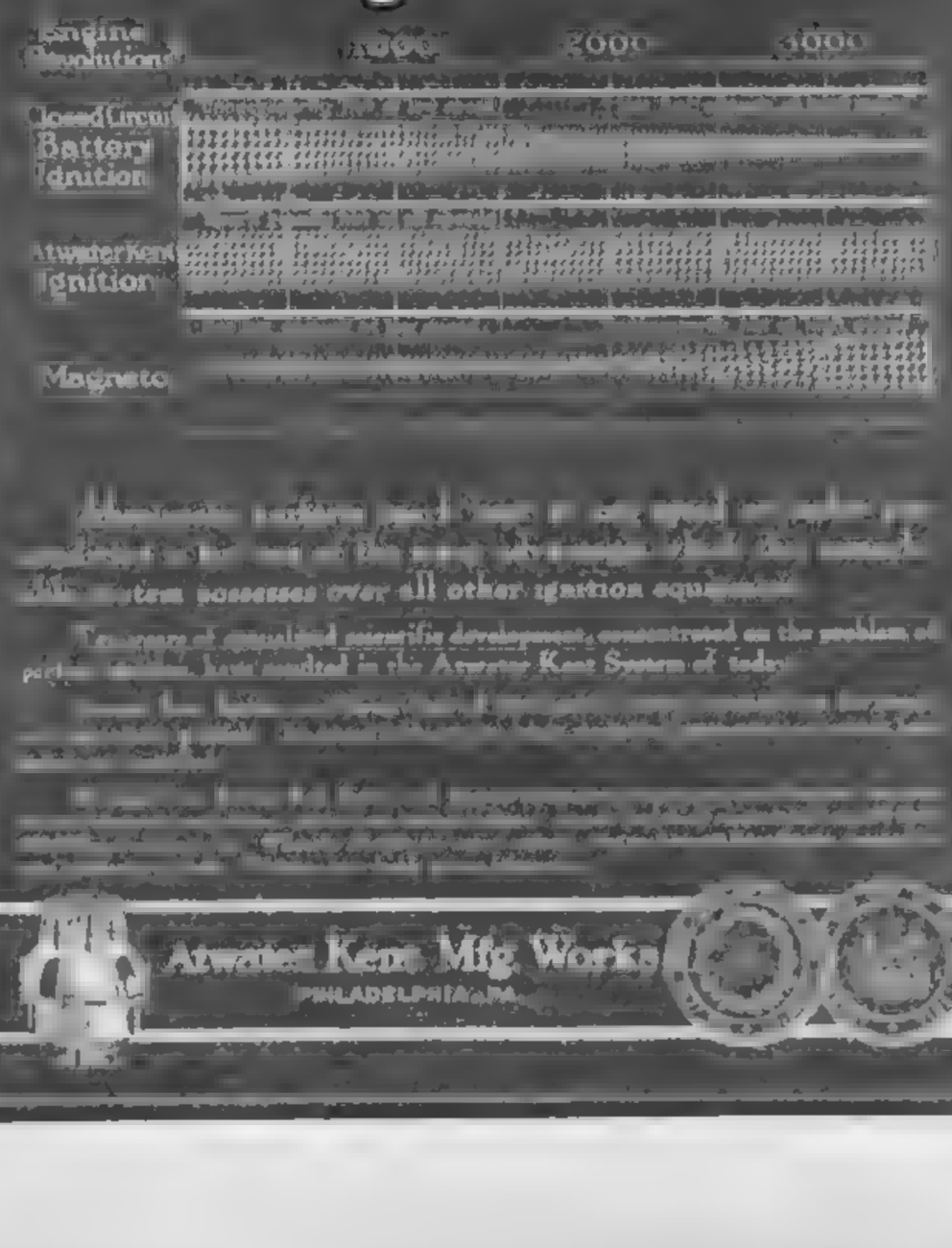
A SONG THAT "HITS THE HYPHEN"

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH ANY FEIST SONG

LEO FEIST, Inc., FEIST Building, 231 W. 40th Street, New York City

Atwater Kent

Ignition




[illegible] system possesses over all other ignition equ[illegible]

[illegible] years of specialized scientific development, concentrated on the problem of perfect [illegible] are embodied in the Atwater Kent System of Ign[illegible]

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works
PHILADELPHIA, PA.


# WHAT IS COMING

(Concluded from Page 11)

interest to believe than the contrary. Most people abandon ways of living and doing that have served them well, with reluctance. Most people can see the neglect of duty in other classes more plainly than they do in their own. This war has brought back into the everyday human life of Europe the great and overriding conception of devotion to a great purpose. But that does not imply clear-headedness in correlating the ways of one's ordinary life with this great purpose. It is no good treating as cynical villainy things that merely exhibit the incapacity of our minds to live consistently. One Labor paper a month or so ago was contrasting Mr. Asquith's eloquent appeals to the workingman to economize and forego any rise in wages, with the photographs that were appearing simultaneously in the smart papers of the very smart marriage of Mr. Asquith's daughter. I submit that by that sort of standard none of us will be blameless. But without any condemnation it is easy to understand that the initiative to tax almost to extinction large automobiles, wedding dresses, champagne, pâté de foie gras and inclosed parks, instead of gin and water, bank holiday outings and Virginia shag, is less likely to come from the prime-minister class than from the class of dock laborers. There is an unconscious class war due to habit and insufficient thinking and insufficient sympathy, that will play a large part in the distribution of the burden of the state bankruptcy that is in progress and in the subsequent readjustment of national life.

And having made this parenthesis I may perhaps go on to point out the peculiar limitations under which various classes will be approaching the phase of reorganization, without being accused of making any one class the villain of an anticipatory drama.

Now, three great classes will certainly resist the valiant reconstruction of economic life with a vigor in exact proportion to their baseness, stupidity and narrowness of outlook. They will as classes come up for a moral judgment on whose verdict the whole future of Western civilization depends. If they cannot achieve a considerable, an unprecedented display of self-sacrifice, unselfish wisdom and constructive vigor, if the community as a whole can produce no forces sufficient to restrain their lower tendencies, then the intelligent father had better turn his children's faces toward the New World. For Europe will be busy with social disorder for a century.

The first great class is the class that owns and holds land and landlike claims upon the community, from the throne downward. This court and land-holding class cannot go on being rich and living rich during the strains of the coming years. The reconstructing world cannot bear it. Whatever rises in rent may occur through the rise in prices must go to meet the tremendous needs of the state. This class, which has so much legislative and administrative power in at least three of the great belligerents—in Great Britain and Germany perhaps most so—must be prepared to see itself taxed and must be willing to assist in its own taxation to the very limit of its statistical increment. The almost vindictive greed of the landowners that blackened the history of England after Waterloo and brought Great Britain within sight of revolution must not be repeated. The British Empire cannot afford a revolution in the face of the Central European powers. But in the past century there has been an enormous change in men's opinions and consciences about property; whereas we were individualists, now we are socialists. The British lord, the German Junker, has none of the sense of unqualified rights that his great-grandfather had, and he is aware of a vigor of public criticism that did not exist in the former time.

Next comes the great class of lawyers who, through the idiotic method of voting in use in modern democracies, are able practically to rule Great Britain, and who are powerful and influential in all democratic countries. In order to secure a certain independence and integrity in its courts Great Britain long ago established the principle of enormously overpaying its judges and lawyers. The natural result has been to give our law courts and the legal profession generally a bias in favor of wealth and against both the public interest and the proletariat. An ordinary lawyer has no idea of making anything; that tendency has been destroyed in his mind; he waits and sees and takes advantage of opportunity. Everything that can possibly be done in England is done to make our rulers Micawbers and Artful Dodgers. And one of the most anxious questions that a Briton can ask himself to-day is just how far the gigantic sufferings and still more monstrous warnings of this war have shocked the good gentlemen who must steer the ship of state through the strong rapids of the New Peace, out of this forensic levity their training has imposed upon them. There again there are elements of hope. The lawyer has heard much about himself in the past few years. His conscience may check his tradition.

And the third class which has immediate interests antagonistic to bold reconstructions of our national methods is that vaguer body, the body of investing capitalists, the savers, the usurers, who live on dividends, who look to joint-stock enterprises as the natural method of their comfort and glory.

All these classes, by instinct and the baser kinds of reason also, will be doing their best to check the rise in prices, stop and reverse the advance in wages, prevent the debasement of the circulation, and facilitate the return to a gold standard and a repressive social stability. They will be resisting any comprehensive national reconstruction, any increase in public officials, any conscription of land or railways or what not for the urgent civil needs of the state. They will have over against these tendencies something in their own consciences, something in public opinion, the tradition of public devotion their own dead sons have revived—and certain other forces.

They will have over against them the obvious urgent necessities of the time.

The most urgent necessity will be to get back the vast moiety of the population that has been engaged either in military service or the making of munitions, to productive work, to the production of food and necessary things, and to the restoration of that export trade which, in the case of Great Britain at least, now that her overseas investments have been set off by overseas war debts, is essential to the food supply. There will be coming back into civil life not merely thousands but millions of men who have been withdrawn from it. They will have a feeling that they have deserved well of their country. They will have faced war hardships cheerfully, but they will not be prepared for peace hardships, less acute but more exasperating than those of war. They will have no illusions about the conduct of the war by the governing classes or the worshipful heroism of peers and princes. They will know just how easy is courage and how hard is hardship—hardship which is the peculiar experience of the common soldier. They will constitute a very stimulating body of spectators to any attempt on the part of landlord, lawyer and investor to resume the old political mystery dance, in which rents are to be sent up and wages down, while the old feuds of Wales and Ireland, and so forth, are to be waved in the eyes of the no longer fascinated realist.

"Meanwhile," they will say with an impatience unusual in their class, "about *us*?"

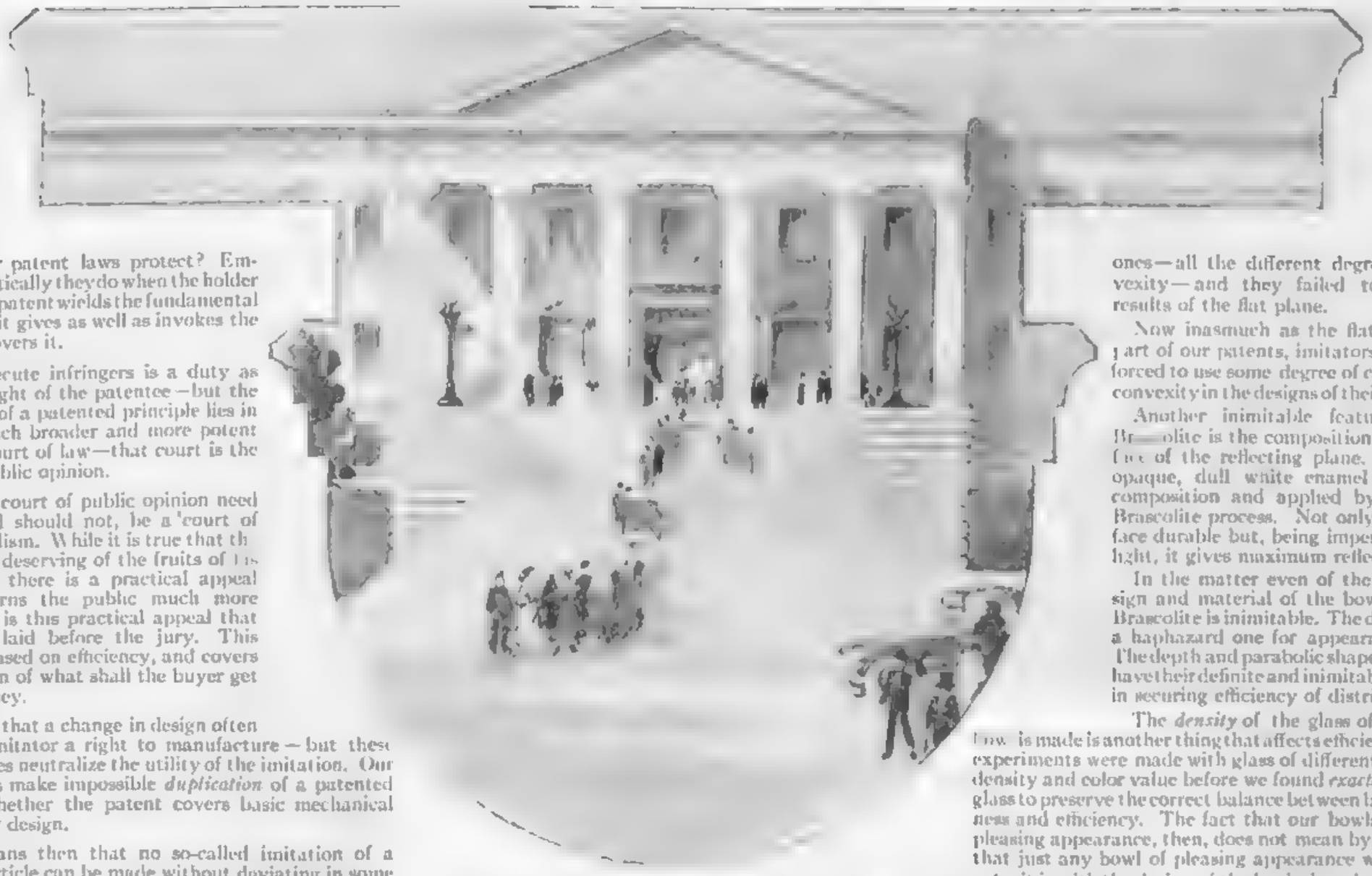
Here are the makings of internal conflict in every European country. In Russia the landlord and lawyer, in France the landlord, are perhaps of less account, and in France the investor is more universal and jealous. In Germany, where Junker and court are most influential and brutal, there is a larger and sounder and broader tradition of practical efficiency, a modernized legal profession, and a more widely diffused scientific imagination. But everywhere are the makings of a great social struggle, unless quite unprecedented feats of reconstruction are achieved.

How far in each country will imagination triumph over tradition and individualism? How far does the practical bankruptcy of Western civilization mean a revolutionary smash-up, and a phase that may last for centuries of disorder and more and more futile conflict; and how far does it mean a reconstruction of human society, within a few score of years, upon sounder and happier lines? Must that reconstruction be preceded by a revolution in all or any of the countries concerned, or is it possible without that disaster?

How far can the world produce the imagination it needs? That, so far, is the most fundamental question to which our prophetic explorations have brought us.

# Do Our Patent Laws Protect?

## By Edwin F. Guth



DO our patent laws protect? Emphatically they do when the holder of a patent wields the fundamental protection it gives as well as invokes the law that covers it.

To prosecute infringers is a duty as well as a right of the patentee—but the protection of a patented principle lies in a court much broader and more potent than the court of law—that court is the court of public opinion.

And the court of public opinion need not, indeed should not, be a court of sentimentalism. While it is true that the inventor is deserving of the fruits of his labors, yet there is a practical appeal that concerns the public much more vitally. It is this practical appeal that should be laid before the jury. This appeal is based on efficiency, and covers the question of what shall the buyer get for his money.

It is true that a change in design often gives the imitator a right to manufacture—but these very changes neutralize the utility of the imitation. Our patent laws make impossible *duplication* of a patented article—whether the patent covers basic mechanical principle or design.

This means then that no so-called imitation of a patented article can be made without deviating in some one or more fundamental particulars from the article it imitates.

Now then, as every step in the design and construction of the original invention has its own important part in the efficiency of the article—in making it a harmonic whole—any deviation in any particular from the original design must necessarily upset the nice balance of operation or efficiency of the article and result in an inferior product.

The public not being cognizant of this fundamental weakness is often deceived by a similarity in *general appearance* between the original and the imitation and therefore their protection lies, not alone in being informed of the fact that a patent is being violated, but in a thorough understanding of the constructive principle that makes the original invention valuable to them. *That* is what the jury—the buying public—is interested in. It does not concern itself so much with what the inventor gets out of it, but with what the money invested in the purchase of the article is buying for the user.

### Helping the Law to Protect the Public

ARE the patent laws designed to protect the inventor from imitators or to protect the public from imitations? Both. Though the generally understood object of the law is the protection of the inventor, the spirit of the law covers both phases. The protection of the public lies in the hands absolutely of the manufacturer of the original invention.

If every manufacturer of an original invention would follow the same general principle in advertising his warnings against imitations that the Luminous Unit Company, makers of Brascolites, follows, both manufacturers and the buying public would be better off. In other words, let the public into the secret of the fundamentals of their product. Tell them the whys and wherefores of each step in design, mechanical principle and material so they will understand fully that any infringement or imitation, being unable to *duplicate* the original, must necessarily deviate from the very things that have given the original its efficiency and popularity. When the buyer is made thoroughly aware of these facts, his own self-interest must teach him that when he buys an imitation he can't possibly buy the service that would be gotten from the original—that in a sense he is wasting his money and that surely and certainly he is paying more for something than it is worth to him. This will give the buyer an active interest in seeking the mark of the original—not for sentimental reasons but for practical reasons.

Certainly this is better than the whine of the cry, "They're trying to steal my ideas." It gives a reason for the sentence, "Beware of imitations." This is the way to make our patent laws protect not the inventor and manufacturer alone, but the public as well.

### Why the Brascolite Cannot be Successfully Imitated

AS is the case with every true invention, the Brascolite was invented and is designed for service. That it gives service is proved by the fact that it is imitated. Now, as an imitation *can't* be a duplication—as it is only a false face—imitators of the Brascolite can imitate only what it looks like and can't duplicate what it does. And as you buy a lighting fixture to give you light as well as looks, you should know just why you can get maximum lighting service only from the original.

Let us take first the reflecting plane. When we started to experiment with Brascolites the field was wide open—nobody had ever thought of making the reflecting plane a part of the fixture—we could have used a flat or concave or convex plane. The plane we use is flat. During the years we were experimenting with reflecting planes we tried concave ones—all the different degrees of concavity—and they failed to give the results of the flat plane. We tried convex ones—all the different degrees of convexity—and they failed to give the results of the flat plane.

Now inasmuch as the flat plane is a part of our patents, imitators have been forced to use some degree of concavity or convexity in the designs of their reflectors.

Another inimitable feature of the Brascolite is the composition of the surface of the reflecting plane. This is an opaque, dull white enamel of special composition and applied by a special Brascolite process. Not only is this surface durable but, being impenetrable by light, it gives maximum reflection.

In the matter even of the shape, design and material of the bowl itself the Brascolite is inimitable. The design is not a haphazard one for appearance alone. The depth and parabolic shape of the bowl have their definite and inimitable purposes in securing efficiency of distribution.

The *density* of the glass of which the bowl is made is another thing that affects efficiency. Many experiments were made with glass of different degrees of density and color value before we found *exactly* the right glass to preserve the correct balance between bowl brightness and efficiency. The fact that our bowls present a pleasing appearance, then, does not mean by any means that just any bowl of pleasing appearance will do.

So it is with the design of the hooks by which the bowl is suspended—they are of a definite, determined length for the purpose of holding the bowl just the right distance from the plane. They are just the correct design for practical suspension and rapid cleaning of the bowl—nothing need be unscrewed or taken off for this purpose—they unhook with a single operation and everything is ready for unobstructed cleaning. Imitations are made so they will *look* something like this when the fixture is up—but they can't be made to give you this simplicity of operation.

Then there is the special receptacle for lessening labor in the installation—this cannot be duplicated.

The simplicity of construction of the tripod, which is a one-piece malleable casting open to provide adequate ventilation and making it easy of application to the outlet box. Patented and impossible of duplication.

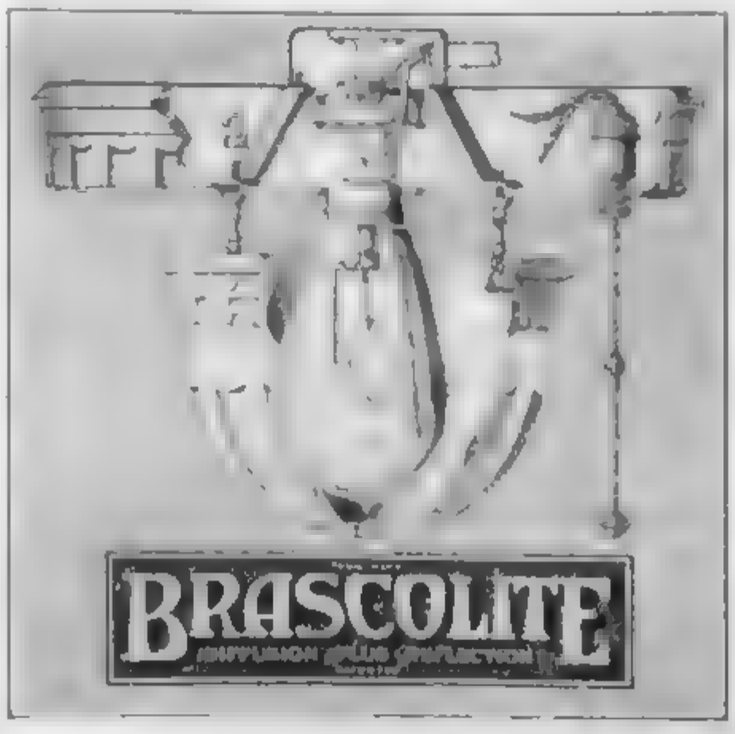
So it is in every feature of the Brascolite—there is not one single thing that is not the product of work and experiment on the part of inventor, mechanic, glass worker, metal worker, electrician, and lighting engineers to bring efficiency, convenience and durability up to the highest degree of perfection.

Can an imitation give you this? For one thing, our patents make it impossible for the imitator to duplicate the fixture. And for another thing, as an imitation is the product only of a desire to profit by the popularity and success of the original, the imitator wouldn't find it worth his while to give you the same care in manufacture or the same quality of material. It would cost him too much. He is not building to make his own reputation—he is only *selling* on our reputation. He isn't trying to get your confidence and esteem—he wants your money.

Now then, as you are buying for efficiency in lighting, which shall you choose, the fixture that is so efficient that it has won sufficient popularity to stimulate imitation, or a fixture whose sole hope and purpose is to lead you to believe that you are getting the original?

Of course your answer is, "the original." Now as your choice is the original, make your eyes guide you to it—look for the mark of the original—the word Brascolite stamped on the inner surface of the metal of the reflecting plane and on the edge of the bowl.

*Let me send you our book* on Brascolites—explaining in detail the principle of the fixture and illustrating many handsome designs for office, store, factory, theatre, club, church, hotel, restaurant, home, etc. This book also tells why the Brascolite (the biggest selling electrical fixture in America) effects a saving in current consumption, gives uniform distribution, better quality of light, greater economy of maintenance and perfect ventilation. Address EDWIN F. GUTH, President, Luminous Unit Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.



# Velvet Joe's Invitation to You

*Old logs are burnin' on the hearth, old friends are gathered 'round,*
*Old pipes a-glow—forget the snow that's coverin' the ground.*
*Each puff of VELVET brings a breath of sunny skies and fields;*
*That's summer sunshine in the warmth that fragrant VELVET yields.*
*The latchstring's always hangin' out for good friends, old an' new.*
*Come on inside, my hearth is wide, I've saved a place for you.*

Velvet Joe.

JOE and his good tobacco, VELVET, never have *new* friends very long. Mere acquaintance with the friendliness that is in VELVET, ripens rapidly into firm, *old* friendship.

For in VELVET are qualities that appeal to smokers of every taste.

We all want a cool smoke. VELVET is cool. Most of us want a mild tobacco. VELVET is the mildest of pipe tobaccos, being the choicest Kentucky Burley leaf. But VELVET'S mildness is not of the "milk and water" kind. VELVET is noted for its full-bodied qualities.

And every smoker can appreciate VELVET'S age-mellowed smoothness, the result of two years' maturing—Nature's own way.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

**10c Tins, 5c Metal Lined Bags, One Pound Glass Humidors**

# THE BREAKER

(Continued from Page 18)

finally knew that no mouse was making the sound that had disturbed his midnight sleep.

It was a gnawing sound, but it was too continuous to be made by any rodent's teeth. It had the trick of starting, stopping, and going on again. But between each murmur of broken sound was a louder noise of splintering wood and an occasional faint squeak, like that of a cork rubbed on a window pane.

But that sound was not coming from his window, Widder promptly decided. It was coming from the corner where his door stood. And it was being made, he told himself, by a brace and bit. It was someone breaking into his room. That unknown someone was either cutting out a square from the door panel, or was using an auger to make a circle of contiguous holes about the lock, so that it could be lifted away and the door swung open. Widder, for the first time in his life, saw that he was about to be visited by a burglar.

The anticipation of that visit was not altogether pleasant to him. Yet he found himself with scant power to prohibit it. Even as he sat there debating on some plan of action, the noises from the door corner underwent a change. They merged into the sounds of an instrument gently prying and crushing against soft pine. Then came a small noise of parting wood, followed by a scrape of metal against metal. Widder, with his heart in his mouth, realized that the door lock had been lifted away, that an exploring hand had reached in and drawn back his bolt.

His last doubt of this vanished when he heard the familiar and unmistakable squeak of a hinge. This was followed by a silence so prolonged and so profound that the man on the bed finally yielded to the belief that the intruder had retreated. But again the telltale hinge squeak warned him that he was mistaken. The door had been closed again.

Widder did not dare to move. He knew that someone was in the room. Through the operation of some occult sixth sense he could feel a presence there as distinctly as though that intruder stood bathed in light. And at the same time he knew that it was the man from the hall bedroom. Why he knew he could not have explained. But he knew.

He could hear the man, now, padding and feeling cautiously along the wall. He could catch the faint sound of the slowly sliding feet, one after the other, and the minute scrape of a chair leg as the intruder came unexpectedly in contact with it. But that betraying sound was followed by another long interval of silence. Widder, as he waited for that silence to end, remembered that it might be expedient to carry out a pretense of slumber in case a flashlight should be thrown over him. But he was afraid to lie down again, for he knew that ever complaining folding bed would advertise the slightest movement of his own body. So he sat there, peering through the velvety blackness, wondering what the burglar's next movement would be.

He had not long to wait. The studiously deliberate movement along the wall began again. It kept up, cautious and slow, until it had progressed as far as the foot of the folding bed. When the dark-room door was reached Widder could hear a hand padding about the panels, exploring the frame, feeling cautiously for the knob. He could even hear a faint sigh of satisfaction, followed by the infinitely cautious turning of this knob. The man from the hall bedroom, it was clear, knew exactly what he was after, and exactly in what direction to go for it.

It was not until this dark-room door was swung quietly back that the truth came home to Widder. He realized then what the man was after. It was the Calabrian's suitcase!

Widder would have been only too willing to give him that bag full of counterfeit. He would even have been glad to pay him to take the stuff away. But the suitcase was no longer there. It was not even where he could send the man for it, or go fetch it himself. Only the holder of the claim check could ever recover that bag from the Grand Central parcel room where it lay. And that claim check, he remembered, was in Alice Tredwell's possession.

Widder sat there in the darkness, with a moist forehead, debating what to do. The man from the hall bedroom was not a promising type to argue with. His face, from the first, had struck Widder as an especially evil one. It was plain that he wanted the suitcase, that he had determined to possess it, that he was willing to face the gravest of risks to get it. He would be armed, of course. If interfered with, at a time like this, there was no knowing to what extremes he might go. And Widder had no desire to confront him—at least none beyond a vague inclination to ask the intruder to be careful of his working models. For Widder was not of that heroic mold that glories in fighting for the sheer sake of the fight. He possessed, on the contrary, a positive distaste for violence. He liked peace and quietness. Like other equable and mild-mannered men, he was slow to move. But when moved he was apt to move abandonedly, like a bowlder down a hillside, for quietness to him meant civilization, and with the loss of that anchorage he lost all touch with an ordered world.

So Widder sat there, wondering just what he ought to do. He peered through the blackness at the dark-room door. To his surprise he detected a faint pencil of light along the floor where that portal ought to stand. He realized then that the intruder had quietly shut himself in the dark room, had as quietly lighted the gas, and was now apparently engrossed in a thorough and systematic search of that chamber. The effrontery of the man almost took Widder's breath away. Yet it was something more than effrontery, he conceded as he stared at the light streak along the floor. It was the recklessness of a man who could take any risk lightly. And the presence of such a man between one's walls meant added peril with the passing of every minute. The suitcase was not there; and the man was after it. Yet the only way it could be obtained was through Alice Tredwell. And Widder did not want Alice Tredwell mixed up with that particular type of cutthroat.

He realized that he could do nothing, however, without clothes on. One had to have clothes on, even to go out for a policeman. And to go out for a policeman seemed the one sane and natural thing to do. But at this point Widder chanced to remember the key in his dark-room door lock, and there occurred to him still another natural thing to do. And that was to turn the key and trap the intruder where he stood.

This involved certain risks, but Widder took no time to think of them. He worked his way quietly and cautiously over the edge of the bed. Then he tiptoed as cautiously toward the streak of yellow light along the floor. If he shivered a little it was more from the arctic cold of the early morning air than from fear. For he felt that it must be early morning. It was four and after, he surmised, from the increasing rumble of traffic echoing over the housetops from Twenty-third Street. The pulse of that busier artery advised him that the city would soon be wakening. But there was a soft pedal on the sound, which made him feel sure that it must be snowing again. And the thought of snow, as he stood there in the drafty gloom, tended to sharpen his appetite for apparel. Yet before he could dress he felt the need of turning that key in his dark-room lock.

He found the door frame and reached for the key gingerly. Then he stood waiting for some small noise from the inner room with which to synchronize any possible sound of his lock movement. The moment came at last, and the key was turned.

Widder backed cautiously away, with his eye on the door. And as he groped even more cautiously about for his clothing he continued to keep an eye fixed on that ever-menacing door. His prisoner, he knew, was not in a cell, and a door panel was not the most substantial of barriers. And he still pictured that prisoner as being armed, armed to the teeth. He fancied himself staring into the eye of a big blue-barreled automatic, the kind of automatic that graced pawnshop windows and, even in their quiescence, had the power of making one's nerve ends throw up their hands, the same as certain surgical instruments always gave one goose flesh.

The mere thought of firearms brought Widder up short in his tracks. He believed in quietude and common sense. He was by no means given to violent impulses. Yet his thoughts suddenly went out to his automatic fire escape and the prospect of promptly cascading into the safety of Twenty-fourth Street. The fire escape was

*"Well—we won't do anything about it just now."*


## *Why don't you shut the window when the dollars are flying out?*

IF he would put in Grinnell Sprinklers throughout his factory, this man would save $600 a year that is now flying away in high fire insurance rates. The Grinnell System of Automatic Sprinklers would cost $3,000 to erect. Therefore, it would pay for itself in five years.

If he prefers not to invest his own money he can have the system installed free and let the insurance savings pay for it in yearly installments.

But he waits—
—and delays
—and procrastinates
—and "sometime, when we're not so busy"
—and months slip by and years.

Meanwhile $600 a year is slipping out of his safe. In effect, he lights his cigar once a week with a ten dollar bill and excuses it in the name of caution, of conservatism, of "going slow."

*This is the Grinnell sprinkler head—the most efficient, little sentinel that has saved over $400,000,000 of industrial property from fire during the last thirty years.*

For instance—

A Grinnell System for an Ohio manufacturer cost $6,100. It would cut his annual insurance cost from $1,975 to $395 a year. But he fiddled around for six years. Delay cost him $9,480.

Another concern in Flint, Michigan, took six years to get down to brass tacks at a net cost to them of $4,700 a year.

We have seen a similar situation hundreds of times. It is one of the curious features of our business—men who can't seem to realize that it is costing them cold cash every day they delay the acceptance of Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler economies.

We admit that the installation of Grinnell Sprinkler protection is an important event in any business. It involves a purchase of some size. Due care should be exercised, of course. But dilatory, easy-going procrastination is caution run to seed. Too much "conservatism" and "going slow" on this matter mean simply that you are paying for Grinnell Sprinklers *now*—and not getting them.

There are many reasons commonly met with by Grinnell engineers which seem in the eyes of the owner to justify delay. Practically all of them are easily overcome. Most of them are due to lack of knowledge of Grinnell engineering skill.

What reason have you to delay? Too busy in your place? Yes, but Grinnell Systems are factory-assembled. We bring them to your place complete except for a few last joints. They go up without interference with business.

Do not let your previous partial investigation prevent your getting the real facts from us. Mistrust all opinions—all guesses. They cheat you out of "the greatest business advantage any property owner or merchant can enjoy."

*Small Concerns benefit as well as large*

Remember, expert advice from this company costs you nothing. Put the "delay" responsibility up to us and off your own shoulders. Call your secretary and tell her to write for a Grinnell information blank, mentioning any special obstacles which must be overcome. Address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

# EXPRESS SERVICE
## *IS A PERSONAL SERVICE*

IT means a great deal more than the mere transportation of your goods from one place to another.

It means rapid transportation, safeguarded transportation, careful, dependable, personal-service transportation—of your goods.

Judgment—initiative—a sense of responsibility—these are the things that make express service personal, therefore valuable to you. When you buy express you buy these things as well.

Are You Sure That You Are Taking the Largest Advantage of the Express?

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco has given the grand prize—the highest possible award—to Wells Fargo for perfected and extended express service.

Wells Fargo & Co Express

**SUCCESS TAUGHT BY MAIL** Use Your Spare Time Earn While You Learn

The best system for beginners. A practical [illegible] Highest world's records for speed and accuracy and a greater number of court reporters than any other system in the last ten years. Instruction by mail, satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog.

Success Shorthand School, Suite 218, Schiller Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
W. L. James, *Chief Instructor*

**SALESMEN** A Company of national reputation wants aggressive typewriter, adding machine, cash register, computing scale or check protector salesmen, or those who believe they can sell high-grade office specialty.

**An unusual opportunity for you.**

Over 100 men now earning excellent incomes. Many good territories open. Write for our attractive proposition and proof of what our men are making.

John Price, Mgr., 450 Fourth Avenue, New York

# BEECH-NUT
## GRAPE JELLY

is the pure juice of Concord grapes, cooked in silver lined kettles with only the addition of white granulated sugar

Other Beech-Nut conserves include Beech Nut Crab-apple and Red Currant Jellies, Strawberry Red Raspberry, Blackberry Damson Plum and Peach Jams, Orange Marmalade Try them.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Makers of
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there, screwed to the woodwork beside his own window. It was a model of his own invention, a spring reel with a double waistbelt at the end of a cotton rope that the reluctant mechanism paid out discreetly, lowering its user danglingly and spiderlike to the street, like a cargo mat at the end of a crane cable. One dive over the sill, Widder knew, meant freedom. But it seemed too undignified. He could not descend on the city, like a Hindu gymnosophist, devoid of apparel and in danger of prompt incarceration.

So he renewed the silent search for his clothing, sadly conscious that the man without his trappings of leather and cotton and wool was the most helpless of animals. If he dressed noiselessly, he also made it a point to dress as hurriedly as his somewhat unsteady fingers would permit. There were divers buttons and accessories about which he did not even bother. His toilet, on the whole, was somewhat of an approximation. Shoes and collar and tie, in fact, he carried in his hand, since the absence of the former insured silence of movement and the adjustment of the latter necessitated both a mirror and a tranquil mind. But Widder overlooked neither his hat nor his overcoat. He even went back to the bed to rescue his faithful nickel watch from under the pillow.

Then he tiptoed slowly and cautiously toward the hall door, swinging it quietly open and shutting it as softly behind him. Tread by tread, feeling carefully for squeaks, he descended the stairway, rounded the third-floor hall, and again took up his descent. It was not until he reached the bottom steps of the last stairway that he stopped. Then, after listening intently, he sat down on the lowest step and proceeded to put on his shoes. He did the same with his hat.

He had just caught the fringe of his right sleeve between his palm and finger-ends, preparatory to thrusting an arm into his overcoat, when that movement was arrested by a sound from the front of the hall. And small as it was, there could be no mistake as to the nature of that noise. It was made by a key being quietly fitted into the lock of the street door.

Widder, as he heard that key being turned, promptly rounded the banister end and backed away into the engulfing gloom. He came to a stop only when he came into collision with a wall and could back no farther. He saw the door open slowly. Then, outlined against the vague light of the street lamps, further dimmed by the snow, he caught sight of a woman's figure.

The first thing that surprised Widder was the fact that she made no movement to enter the house, but stood there, intently whispering to some one whom he could not see. But his vaster surprise came with the discovery that this woman was Alice Tredwell. So great was his astonishment that he raised a hand and rubbed his eyes. And still again his wavering vision declared it to be Alice Tredwell.

As to that, there was no longer a chance of mistake. Vague as that scarcely moving silhouette was, it carried too familiar a line to leave Widder any hope. And with the loss of that hope the bottom suddenly fell out of Widder's world. Whimpering suspicions that he had kept kenneled in his heart suddenly made uproar in his blood. He stood, sick with an apprehension that was all the keener by being undefined, as the softly outlined figure pointed in through the open door. The next moment Widder could see two wide-shouldered men step into the hall. They advanced stealthily. It was not until they had reached the foot of the stairs, and had begun their noiseless ascent, that Alice Tredwell, after watching them for a second or two, quietly closed the street door again.

The closing of that door, Widder felt, closed the portal on certain earthly hopes, which had seemed precious because they were absurd. The mystery was solved. She was one of them. He knew now what she had been hinting at, what she had been too weak to acknowledge.

But Widder no longer hesitated. He strode to the street door, opened it, and stepped outside.

He found her there, standing close in beside the dull red brick of the house wall. Her attitude seemed one of waiting, but even more one of weariness. She turned quickly as he faced her. The light was not clear. He could not be sure of the expression of her face. But her body at least did not cower back.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. His voice, however, was by no means as brusque as his words. It was almost grotesquely querulous. He had decided to be short with her, short and sharp as steel. But for Widder that was an impossibility.

Instead of answering him, she stood staring through the uncertain light into his face. It seemed to take time for her to absorb the full shock of his sudden appearance. So Widder was compelled to repeat his question.

"I had to come," she finally said. She spoke with an abandoned listlessness that he could not understand.

"Why?"

"Because I had a key to the house," she equivocated.

"That doesn't answer my question," declared Widder, astounded at his own severity of voice.

"It will be answered sooner than you expect," was her wearily indifferent response.

"But I'd rather you'd answer it."

"Very well," she said, "I'll answer it. I was waiting here to make sure you were quite safe!"

"Why safe?"

"Because there's a dangerous criminal in that house, and I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"That he might kill you."

"What criminal?"

"A coiner named Vasserelli. He's been shadowing you for days now. He even moved into that hall room to be near you. Piazzia sent him word from prison. He would have killed you to get possession of those plates."

"How do you know this?" Widder demanded.

She hesitated a moment before answering.

"Because I've just let those two men in to arrest Vasserelli. He is wanted by the police."

She told her story glibly enough.

"But those two men were not policemen."

"No; they were Federal officers, plain-clothes men."

"But why do they come at this hour?"

"Because this is the safest time. They can get Vasserelli when he's in bed, unarmed. It's ——"

"But that man's not unarmed and he's not in bed!" was Widder's sudden cry.

"How do you know that?" was her equally quick inquiry.

"Because I've just locked him in my dark room," Widder announced.

She had her key already in the lock.

"Then we must let them know," she gasped.

"But why should you have to let them know?" demanded the perplexed Widder.

"I can't take time to tell you now," she said, shaking his hand from her arm.

"But I can't let you go up there," he protested as he realized that she already had the door open and was moving through it.

Her courage, under the circumstances, was not altogether to his liking. He was vaguely depressed by the absence of the heroic in his own conduct. He seemed to have side-stepped a crisis instead of facing it with his jaws set, as it would have been faced by the gasconading heroes whom the world greets with such ready approval. But it had seemed the sensible thing, to get dressed and go out for a policeman, just as it seemed a sensible thing to keep Alice Tredwell from invading those upper regions of unknown hazard. And he suddenly awakened to the fact that he was actually holding her back.

"I must go," she whispered, though this time she made no effort to break away from him.

"But it isn't safe," he told her.

She had turned about and closed the street door.

"Are you afraid?" she asked him.

"No," he declared.

"Then we'll go together," she announced.

He felt her hand reach out for his in the darkness as they moved slowly forward. Then they drew up short, for out of the darkness a sepulchral voice called out the one pregnant word of "Stop!"

This command was followed by a lugubrious groan. At the same time the gas jet at the bottom of the stairs flared up, and if Widder had stood for a moment uncertain as to the origin of this interception, his doubts were soon dispelled. For there, under the recklessly singing gas jet, stood the apparitional figure of Mrs. Feeney herself. She wore a soiled and faded peignoir of brocaded

(Continued on Page 40)

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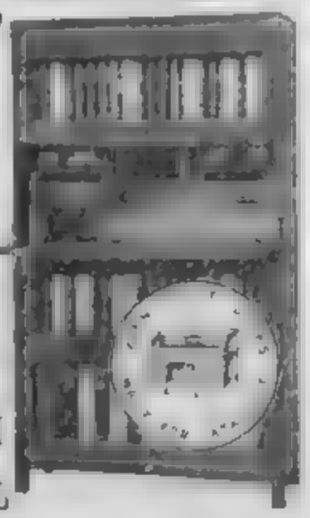


(Continued from Page 38)

silk, and her hair, still done up in "kids," bore a startling resemblance to the coiled serpent coiffure of one of the Grecian Eumenides.

"Yuh'll not come into this house!" she announced with dilated nostrils as she barred all ascent by imposing her own portly figure on the lowest step of the stairway.

"Why not?" asked Widder, so feebly that he was promptly ashamed of the meekness of his own voice. But fear of Mrs. Feeney had become almost an instinct with him.

"Because this is a r'sputable house," intoned their funereal interceptor. "And them that goes and comes at all hours o' the night will not go and come through my door!" And still again she groaned heavily at the enormity of it all.

"You're a foolish old woman," promptly and calmly declared the girl staring up at her.

"Foolish, am I?" said Mrs. Feeney with a snort. "Foolish I have been, young lady, to endoor goin's on such as there's been under this roof o' mine! Foolish I was not to see what such gallivantin' and lalligaggin'd bring on me and mine! This has been a house o' quiet and r'sputable people, a house o' peace, a house ——"

Mrs. Feeney's voice, so vibrant with indignation, trailed suddenly off into silence. For high above her came the distinct sound of a pistol shot, followed by a quick shout or two and much stamping of feet.

"Good heavens!" gasped Widder, never before known to surrender to profanity.

"Listen!" sharply commanded the girl. She stepped close over to the banister, quite ignoring the statuesque Mrs. Feeney, and called up shrilly, "Is it all right?"

"Yes, it's all right!" called back a deep voice after a moment's silence. They could hear heavy footsteps descending the upper stairs, and then the sound of opening doors and high-pitched feminine interrogations and lower-toned masculine calls.

The girl, without knowing it, had once more caught Widder's hand in hers.

"They've got him," she whispered.

They stood watching the stairway until two wide-shouldered men came into sight holding between them the cowering figure of a man with a pair of nickeled handcuffs over his wrists. They even shouldered the cataleptic Mrs. Feeney off her own stairway, and from high abovestairs this blunt dethronement was applauded by a woman's laughter, shrill as a kingfisher's chatter.

"It's all right, miss," explained the taller of the two officers to the white-faced girl. "We just waited until he walked out into our arms. But he shot a hole through the roof before we got his gun."

Mrs. Feeney's breathing became audible.

"Such goin's on!" she chokingly groaned. "Such goin's on!"

"You'd better be at headquarters by ten," continued the officer. "And some one'll have to swear out a warrant for the fleshy dame here. We'll want her as a witness!"

It was not until that strange trio stepped out through the street door that Mrs. Feeney recovered her voice:

"So it's doo to yuh, Mister Widder, that my roomers is took out o' their beds and my house made a scandal to the neighborhood! So it's doo to yuh and this—this ——" Words seeming to fail her, she filled in the ellipsis with a moan of inadequacy.

"The less you say the better!" Widder told her with unexpected spirit.

"Yuh come into my house, that was a house o' peace, and ——"

"Well, you're welcome to your house of peace," interjected Widder. "I've had enough of it."

"Well may yuh say that, Mister Widder. But yuh're goin' to hear me out, both o' yuh. Yuh're goin' ——"

"Take me away from here," commanded the girl in a thin voice as she caught hold of Widder's arm and clung to it. And Widder, straightening back his shoulders, turned and led her to the door.

### XI

SNOW, no matter what its beauty, is an unwelcome guest in a great city. It tends to clog the sclerotic arteries of urban life. The hoofs and tires of hurry flail its starry flakes into a formless batter. It is something to be viewed with alarm by the affluent, who have to put shovelers on their walks or chains on their motor wheels, and is welcomed only by the improvident, who slide upon it or whistle cheerily up into its fleeciness.

So Widder, as he led Alice Tredwell away from Mrs. Feeney's rooming house in the first gray light of early morning, saw the steadily falling snow and rather gloried in it. It seemed to frame them off from the rest of the city, leaving them as Edenically isolated as though they walked the fringes of a desert island. It muffled the awakening roar of traffic, and so miraculously heightened the tones of somber asphalt planes that even a side street tended to bewilder the eye, like a garden overcrowded with bloom.

And the girl, who still clung to Widder's arm, seemed to glory in it, for when he timidly told her of a Fourth Avenue oyster house, where they might get a platter of bacon and eggs and a pot of hot coffee, she promptly shook her head.

"I don't think I could swallow," she told him. "Please, let's just walk on like this!"

So they walked on through the steadily falling snow, staring up into the feathery grayness with abstracted and solemn faces. For to Widder that flight from Mrs. Feeney's rooming house began to translate itself into something more than a flight. It became a migration, a pilgrimage, a crusade, a movement involving vast issues. They seemed alone on the peak of a Great Divide which, when once crossed, would throw all the currents of all their life toward another and utterly unknown sea.

They walked along, arm in arm, without sense of direction or thought of destination. It was not until Widder was openly struck by the silence about them, and stared with puzzled eyes at the long vista of the black iron fence that they seemed to be circling, that he realized they were walking round and round the inclosed quadrangle of Gramercy Park. He exulted in the thought that Alice Tredwell was still clinging to his arm. It tended to bridge the abyss that seemed, to Widder, always to stretch between one lonely human soul and another. It made life itself seem a sort of adventure, an inextricably tangled and yet an inexplicably joyous adventure, which led heaven knows where and ended heaven knows how. But it was worth the finding out.

And one twist of it he seemed on the brink of finding out, for the girl at his side suddenly slackened her pace and looked up into his face.

"There's something I suppose I must tell you," she began, and he could see that she was not finding it easy to speak.

"No," he commanded. "Not unless you want to!"

Her eyes thanked him for his bigness. But her wry smile seemed to imply that bigness in another could not condone littleness in herself.

"But I've got to," she declared. "I've been unfair enough as it is!"

"But if we'll both be sorry ——" he began.

"That doesn't count. I guess it's what's ahead of us in life that counts."

"Yes, what's ahead of us," he agreed with rising hopes, for whatever was past it was plain that she was not utterly divorcing him from her future.

"Do you know why I moved into that hall bedroom?" she demanded.

He did not, of course.

"I moved there to be as near you as I could get," she continued.

"Near me?" he echoed.

"You'd been shadowed for weeks before I came!"

"Shadowed? Why was I shadowed?"

"Because the secret-service division of the Treasury Department had reason to believe you'd come into possession of counterfeit and plates made by an Italian named Piazzia."

"Well, you knew that!"

"Yes, I knew it, for I was sent there to find it out. Can't you understand? I was a spotter. I was sent, by the officials down in that Bowling Green office, just to watch you. I was told to trap you, to make you break one of those counterfeit bills, if I could, and catch you in the act!"

"Then that's—that's what your work is?" inquired the unhappy Widder.

"No, it's not my work!" was the girl's vehement declaration. "That's the cowardly part of it. I was driven into it at the last because I'd failed at everything else. I tried to pick up stenography when I saw that my pastel work was hopeless. I answered an advertisement of a man on lower Broadway, and after he'd talked to

me for a few minutes he said he could pass me on to a better job. He said I was new to the city and innocent looking, and would be just the sort of woman they'd want. He told me it was confidential Government work. That sounded important and official, and blinded me about what I was really doing. Otherwise I'd never have thought of it. I did refuse it at first, until I began to think I was going to starve. I detested the idea of being a spy, of sneaking about corners and prying into other people's affairs.

"And the cruel part of it is that you—you were the person I was sent to spy on—you, the one and only man who has been kind to me in all this city!"

"But it's done me no harm," expostulated Widder. "It's ——"

"But see what it made of me!" she cut in. "I was trying to succeed by trading on your bigness of heart, by imposing on your generosity! I tricked you into thinking you were helping me with that medical dictionary when all the while ——"

"Then that doctor with the jawbreaker words wasn't—wasn't real?"

"Oh, yes, he was real enough, but I found I could twist him into my new line of work. I saw that he could be made to bait my hook, to catch you. And I jumped at the chance when it came. So it was really all a lie, a white lie, the worst kind of a lie!"

"But I did break one of those counterfeit bills!" contended Widder.

"I know it," she acknowledged.

"Then—then why didn't you do what you were sent to do?" he demanded.

"Because I liked you too much," she had the courage to tell him. "I knew you were good at heart, and that I was the—the other thing. So I was too cowardly even to do my work. I failed even in that. I wanted to save you, but I didn't know how. And I knew that if I failed they'd send somebody who'd not fail. But even then I was too cowardly to do anything, until I found out about this other Italian, Vasserelli.

"That's what gave me the courage to take the suitcase away from you. And I hadn't the courage to tell the truth even about that. They think I got it out of Vasserelli's room. But even that may have been a mistake. For you'd already cleared yourself in every way you could. You'd corrected the mistake about the counterfeit. You'd showed that you were honest through and through, while I was everything that was not honest!"

Widder walked on in silence, trying to straighten it all out.

"Then what are we going to do about it?" he finally asked.

"There's nothing we can do about it. It's over as far as we are concerned!"

"But you'll go on with your work?" he asked.

"I have no work. I let their two deputies into that house of yours. But I told them that was the end."

"Then what will you do?"

"I don't know," was her listless answer. "But I'll get along somehow or other."

Widder once more walked on in silence. He found himself with a great deal of thinking to do.

"Do you know," he began at last, "I'm glad this happened. I'm glad of everything. For if it hadn't happened I'd be back there in the same old rut. And now everything's changed. I don't know why exactly, but it's terribly changed!"

She nodded her head in silent affirmation.

"You mean you'll have your work now, that you'll succeed as you ought to."

"But what's the good of succeeding if you have to succeed alone. I've just been thinking that that must be about the hardest thing in the world. If you fail it's easy to fail alone. I guess that's why you do fail, why you're satisfied to fail, just because you are alone."

"I don't think failure is ever easy," she said, peering into the grayness of the falling snow.

"I've been thinking about that too," explained Widder. "But I can't exactly put it into words. I want to say it, but I don't know how to say it without seeming to hurt you."

"I think I deserve to be hurt!"

Widder denied that with vigor. He looked at her pale face, slightly flushed over the cheek bones by their early morning exercise. He could see a snowflake melt on the upturned lashes. She seemed something fragile and flowerlike in the desolation of a world made more desolate by its ceaseless blanket of swirling white. She was something to be looked after and protected and kept warm. Even the raincoat she was wearing was not the right sort of clothing for such weather. She needed something warmer—and newer.

"You know this position of mine isn't going to mean much to me," Widder tried to explain to her, "if it's only for my own satisfaction. You'll say it ought to make me happy, and I suppose it does. But you can't teach an old dog new tricks!"

"Don't call yourself old," she commanded. For all her sense of flowerlike fineness, Widder knew, that girl had a mind and a will of her own. It was a practical, clear-cut mind, the sort that he was so sadly in need of. But it left him a little afraid to say what he wanted to say. He wanted to tell her that it was too late for him to look for joy for himself. Life had in some way schooled him to be satisfied without it.

He could catch it now only on the rebound from youth that was no longer his. He could only buy it secondhand, the same as he used to buy his overcoats. Life could be once more an adventure only as he saw it reflected in her adventuring eyes.

But to express this strange feeling seemed beyond him. So he suddenly caught his breath and solved the problem as a man tired of trying to pick a lock suddenly pries open a cabinet door.

"Could you ever think of marrying me?" he heard a voice that did not seem to be his own voice asking. He thought he was saying it casually, but he could feel the pump of sudden pulses in his throat and temples.

The girl stopped short. Then she moved slowly on again.

"No!" she said with her habitual side shake of the head.

"Why?" he asked.

"In the first place, because you don't care for me. People can't marry without ——"

She did not finish the sentence.

"But there's where I think you're wrong," he said, speaking as quietly as she had spoken. "I do care. Everything seems to change as soon as I'm near you. I've noticed it from that first night. I walk in a kind of glow. I could keep on just going round and round this park fence in the snow, if your arm was in mine this way, and be perfectly happy."

He thrilled to the sudden pressure of her fingers on his forearm. But she did not speak.

"I suppose it sounds pretty foolish?" he asked a little timorously.

She stopped short again.

"Foolish?" she repeated. "It—it sounds lovely."

"Then you believe it?"

"Believe what?"

"That I love you."

The level hazel eyes were looking straight into his. He could see her deep-cut underlip trembling a little.

"Do you?" she asked almost imploringly.

"Yes," Widder replied. "I do."

She was silent a moment. Even the two spots of color over the tender line of the cheek bones had faded away.

"Then kiss me!" she said, leaning toward him.

Widder with a gulp essayed a peck at her cheek, like a pigeon snatching at a flower seed.

"Not that way," she said almost in a whisper. "A real kiss."

Widder turned pink. He could feel his knees tremble. But he took a deep breath, like a diver on the edge of his spring board, and drew her into his arms. Then his lips met and clung to the warm lips reaching up to his, and he forgot to remember to be ashamed.

For three factory girls, scurrying arm in arm to work, hooted aloud at the strange sight of a shabbily dressed man holding a white-faced young woman in his arms on the open street.

"Ain't they the foolish ones?" sang out the youngest of the three. Her laugh was loud and reckless with the vulpine courage of her kind. Being one of a flock, she was no longer afraid.

"Oh, momma!" cried the second girl derisively. But in that cry was some ghostly shadow of envy.

"Pipe the deat' clinch!" hooted the third girl. But she, too, turned to look back through the falling snow, and a vague hunger touched her laughing face. Then the three relinked arms and scurried on to their work.

(THE END)


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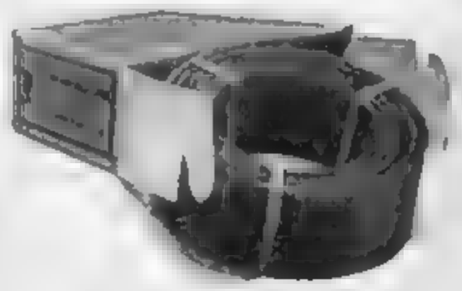

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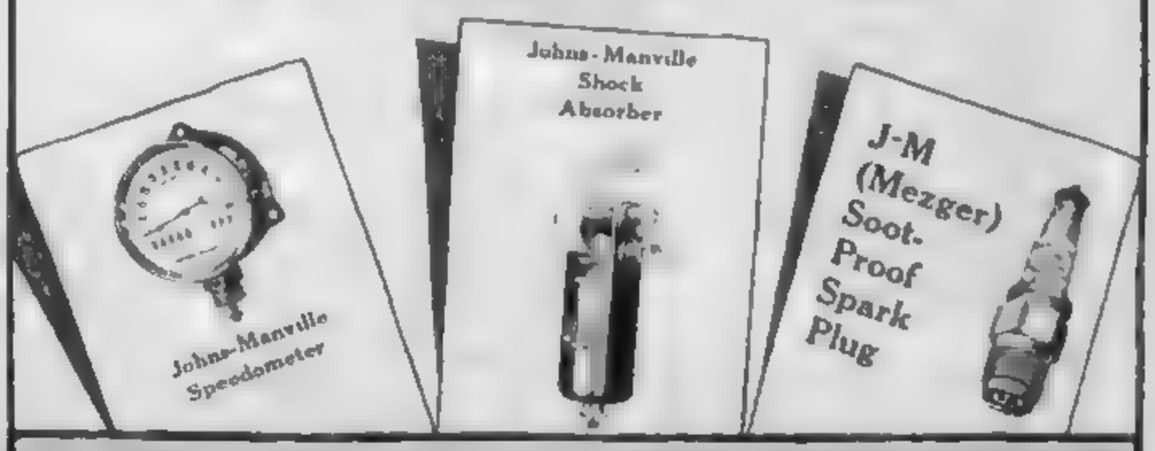


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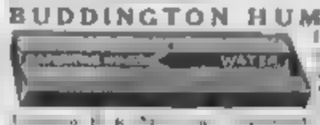

# THE MAN HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 15)

The great jeweler shops on the Rue de la Paix complained to the Prefect of Police that the wife of a prominent attaché of a foreign embassy was systematically robbing them by a method of shoplifting. Her plan was to have a great many articles laid before her, then to direct the attention of the clerk to some distant object she wished to examine and, when he turned, to secrete some one of the small articles. She would then leave the shop. The great jewelers knew who she was; they had evidence of her acts, but on account of the standing of her husband they hesitated to undertake to arrest her. However, they wished to be paid for the articles which they had lost and to bring the woman to the realization of the fact that her thefts were known. They went to the Prefect of Police with the problem.

This would seem a difficult case to manage, but the Prefect of Paris handled it with consummate skill.

### The Prefect's Trap

He caused the woman and her husband to be invited to dinner at the house of an official connected with the department. At the close of the dinner, by inadvertence, the man seated by the suspected woman spilled a cup of coffee on her gown. The hostess at once led her out of the dining room and upstairs to a bedchamber. Before the mirror in this room there were a number of elegant toilet articles, and especially a tray on which, in confusion, were scores of exquisite scarf pins, like a heap of matches. The hostess went out and closed the door, leaving the suspected woman in the room.

The Prefect knew that the woman could not go out before she had looked in the mirror.

She presently went over to it. There the profusion of beautiful scarf pins provided by the jewelers in the Rue de la Paix attracted her attention. Among so many thus carelessly heaped together she was certain one or two would not be missed. She selected several of them that especially pleased her, and was pinning them inside of the hem of her evening dress when the door opened and the Prefect of Police, with the defrauded jewelers, entered. The shoplifting ceased after that and the jewelers' accounts were paid.

There was a dangerous crook in Paris, Clair Raoul, who was taken up on suspicion of a recent robbery. The police had exact details of the robbery, which they fitted to Raoul; but they were not precisely certain. One night an agent went into the cell where Raoul was sleeping, sat down beside him, and wrote out with a pencil on a pad precisely the exact details of the crime. Then, as he continued to write, he managed to wake the sleeping man.

"What are you doing here?" said the suspect.

"Monsieur," replied the agent, "I have just been taking down your confession. You have been talking in your sleep. I have here from your own lips a complete statement of your crime." And he read what he had written.

The amazed man found the statements so exact that he did not doubt their origin, and he finally signed the confession.

### Using the Third Degree

It must be remembered that Continental detective centers have an advantage over Scotland Yard in that it is perfectly legal for them to resort to what we call the "third degree." A suspected person is always brought before the authorities and questioned—"sweated," as we say. He is forced to explain his suspected acts. His interrogation is not limited by any nice rules of criminal procedure which so effectually chain up an English or an American investigator.

One is always reminded of the police judge in Paris who used to say:

"Formerly there was something good about English justice—it had torture at its command."

They have a method in Paris of reconstructing the crime in the presence of the accused. With great skill and dramatic effect they reproduce precisely the manner in which the act, especially homicide, has been effected. This not only furnishes the detectives with exact data to begin their investigation but the visual effect upon the suspected criminal is often dramatic and overpowering. By this method, embraced in what we call the third degree, foreign detective centers do not hesitate to force the suspected criminal to a confession.

It must not be imagined that Paris agents do not use at times the same direct deductive methods as Scotland Yard.

A judge of the Imperial Court went, on a Saturday, to spend the week-end at his country seat in the Department of the Aube and to receive his rents. He started to return. When the train arrived in Paris his dead body was found in the compartment. The Prefect of Police was at once summoned. It was certain that the man had been assassinated in the railway carriage and that the assassin had managed to leave the train. The Prefect's first inquiry was to determine how long the judge had been dead. A skillful surgeon, immediately summoned, was able to show by physical evidences that the man had been dead only a few minutes.

It was, therefore, evident that the assassination had been accomplished as the train entered Paris.

He then determined at what point, as the train entered Paris, its speed first slackened. He went to that place, examined it carefully, and finally picked up a snuffbox and a woolen muffler. The train had not stopped; the assassin had evidently been compelled to jump; he was perhaps thrown down by the velocity of the train and these articles were lost. The Prefect had these articles examined by experts in order to determine where they were manufactured. He discovered that the snuffbox was produced in a certain region of the Black Forest and that such mufflers were woven only in one factory in Mulhausen. It was now certain that the assassin was an Alsatian.

### Specialists in Crime

The experts tell us that criminals are confirmed specialists. They adhere to their line. One who kills with a knife will continue to kill with a knife. The burglar remains a burglar, the pickpocket a pickpocket. They do not change. The Chief of Police examined the criminal records for a similar case, and he discovered that on the eighteenth of a previous September an Alsatian named Jud, a deserter from the Third Dragoon Regiment, had killed a Russian army surgeon in a railway carriage between Zilischeim and Ilfurth by shooting him through the head with a revolver. The Prefect was now certain that this Alsatian, Jud, was the one who had shot the judge to death. And this deduction proved to be exactly correct.

A delightful diplomacy is the distinguishing characteristic of the French detective.

There used to be a famous police spy in Paris. He was one of the most extraordinary detective sleuths of which we have any accurate knowledge. He had been in his youth wholly associated with criminals and had turned from them to the service of the detective department. The adventurers of the subterranean world on the Continent determined to get rid of him. They sent a notorious assassin to Paris to kill him. When this came to the knowledge of the agent, instead of taking precautions as any ordinary person would have done, he disguised himself as an Apache and went to the café where the assassin, who had just entered Paris, was lodged.

It was night, and the man was eating his dinner at a little table.

The agent, now to the eye a common Apache, sauntered in. He went at once to the man at the table and asked him for a cigarette. The man, whose name was Gueuvive, alias Constantin, called in the underworld Antin, looked very carefully at the Apache. He gave him the tobacco and asked him if he had ever been in the army. The Apache replied that he had and began to talk about military affairs. He hinted that he was a deserter and that, in fact, all the organized authorities of France were his enemies.

An ordinary detective could not have played this part. But as the disguised agent had been, in fact, in his youth an associate of all sorts of crooks, it was not difficult for him to convince Antin that he was one of the brotherhood. The result was that he so completely established himself in the confidence of the assassin that he finally drew from him his purpose in Paris.

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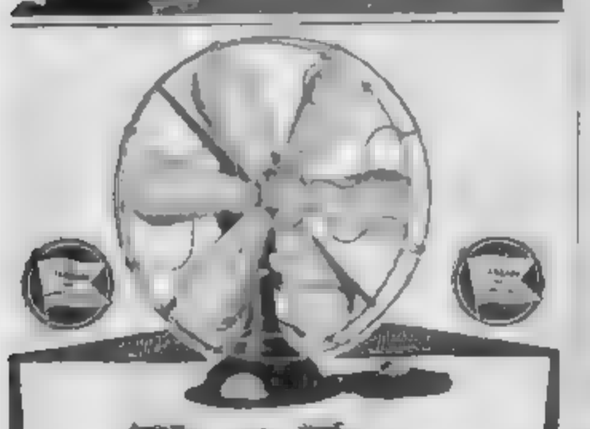

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The Apache instantly said that he knew this agent better than anybody else, his habits, his residence, and that he would join the adventure. And so it came about that the very man whom the assassin Gueuvive had journeyed to Paris to kill waited with him night after night, in the Rue Neuve St. François, before the door of his own house, in order to help assassinate himself. And night after night the police agent, thus engaged in an attempt to assassinate himself, encouraged Antin to wait a little longer and take a little greater care!

It is not possible to imagine a constable inspector of Scotland Yard or a stolid agent of Berlin engaging in a piece of such splendid foolery. But it is in line with the French character and it was as effective as any method that could have been devised. When this assassin was arrested he became the laughingstock of Paris; and ridicule in a Latin country, even in the circle of thieves and rascals, is a deadly weapon.

### *The Decorated Demagogue*

At a time of political unrest in Paris there was a celebrated agitator named Raspail. He was the head of certain dangerous secret societies, the editor of an incendiary newspaper, and a person highly dangerous at that time to the peace of the city. He held himself out as a direct, implacable enemy of all law and order, and the champion of a new commune.

It was a question of how to deal with him.

He courted arrest. He wished to pose as a martyr. He would play the rôle of hero. Now, the government did not wish him to pose as a persecuted champion, and they proceeded to act in line with their usual delightful diplomatic methods.

One morning the agitator received a huge official envelope. He supposed it was an order for his arrest and the suppression of his journal. But when he opened it he was amazed to see that it was a state document confirming his appointment as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He had hardly read it, in astonishment, when, taking up the other Paris papers, he saw they contained elaborate notices of his selection and appointment to this distinguished order—out of regard, as Paris was told, for his conspicuous acts in the service of the state! He rushed to the authorities to decline the distinction. But everywhere he was met with profound courtesy, elaborate compliments and a reiteration of his esteemed services, which, he was told, no government could overlook.

And all the time every paper in Paris with which the government had any influence continued to compliment him on the distinction, and to welcome him on the side of law and order as against the secret societies and nihilistic congresses of which he had theretofore been champion.

The trick was turned with complete and overwhelming success.

It was in vain that the man protested and endeavored to explain his position to his associates. He was wholly ruined. His confrères of the underworld could never be made to believe that he was not always in league with the authorities, and that the Cross of the Legion of Honor was not in truth a compensation for his treachery to them.

But the crooks themselves sometimes hoist the police with their own ingenious petard. Swindling and forgery are constantly going on in Paris. The total of the forged notes brought in a single year to the Bank of France is said to amount to not less than half a million dollars. It happened that the Chief of Police was looking for a noted forger. He was thought to be hiding in the Latin Quarter, pretending to be a rich student and spending his evenings at the Café Mazarin.

### *Policeman Plays Poet*

Paris is always mad over somebody. Just then it was a celebrated poet whose songs were everywhere, and for the moment he was the most famous person in the world. As it happened, the Chief of Police resembled this poet. He went on a certain night to the Café Mazarin to pick up the rich student. There was a dance in the cafe. It was crowded with the students and their sweethearts. The Chief saw his man at the end of the room. He was a dark-skinned, handsome fellow, brazen and cynical. The Chief knew when he entered that he had the crook cornered. There was no way he could escape, and he advanced from the door toward him. He saw, also, by the change in the man's face that he was recognized.

The café was filled with people, girls and students everywhere, and when the Chief of Police was halfway to his man in the crowd he saw the forger whisper something to his companion. The girl immediately sprang up, pointed to the Chief of Police and shouted the name of the poet whom he resembled. The poet was the idol of the moment. Dozens of voices took up the cry and immediately the Chief of Police was surrounded and hemmed in by an admiring crowd, from which it was impossible for him to escape. And long before he could extricate himself with his explanations the shrewd crook had disappeared.

Other nations are inclined to deprecate these methods. Scotland Yard used to assume a superior air about them, and the French would reply by saying that the author of Sherlock Holmes had very properly used the detective constable as a foil in his stories. The English authorities did well to follow only the large, obvious clew, since they were in no wise fitted to handle any other. And they cite various delightful tests of the perspicacity of the English mind.

A visiting constable of Scotland Yard inquired how high the Eiffel Tower was. An obliging gendarme answered that he did not know exactly; but it was commonly estimated to be so high that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it. The constable very gravely explained that this measure of distance could not be relied on, and gave his logical reasons, to the exceeding delight of the gendarme.

Another test runs as follows:

A man of the French force dreamed one night that he was living in the time of the Commune and was beheaded by the guillotine. This dream impressed itself with such profound realism that the man died of apoplexy before he woke. And they say that, even to this hour, no proper Scotland Yard constable will stop to inquire how one could possibly have discovered what the man dreamed if he died before he awoke. It is foolhardy business to cross wits with the French!

### *Why a Beautiful Dog?*

The criminologists of the great Teutonic centers are constantly pointing out that the method of the French detective service is not scientific. It does not make those careful verifications which a scientific method requires. Its data are not accurate and minute. These criminologists say that the state of mind of a criminal is always to be carefully observed. When a suspect is producing false narratives he is very apt to make a gesture which does not correspond with his words. This gesture tends to show the subconscious instinct of the individual to state the truth rather than falsehood. Thus, sometimes when a criminal, in a false statement, is speaking of the east, he will imperceptibly gesture in the opposite direction. With exceeding patience they have ascertained certain tendencies of the consciousness; as, for example, that one in fatigue or in the first stages of drowsiness, in counting the ticking of a clock, will always count it one unit too many. They constantly advise the French authorities to adopt, in a closer degree, these scientific methods of test on the criminal consciousness.

And the delightful French reply with a parable:

A professor of criminal psychology, of Prussia, was on his way to visit an equally noted savant at Lausanne. The professor was accompanied by his assistant. As they passed a little station on the Swiss border a big old baggage master was stooping over the platform gathering up some grains of barley that had escaped from a torn bag; whereupon the myopic professor called the attention of his assistant to the baggage master in this peculiar posture, and said:

"Look at the beautiful Newfoundland dog."

The French say that they can understand why the celebrated criminologist took the baggage master in that posture for a Newfoundland dog, because at that moment he was reading a brochure on St. John's as a submarine naval base; but they are wholly unable to grasp the intricate German mental process by which he arrived at the conclusion that it was a *beautiful* Newfoundland dog!

Author's Note—See the memoirs of French police authorities—M. Claude, Vidocq, and so on.

# ROSY-LIGHT-OF-DAWN

(Continued from Page 13)

As we came to the yard gate there's a yell and something about two foot high jumps out and fastens onto Charlie's leg. Charlie picks him up and tucks him under his arm like he was fifty cents' worth of sugar in a sack, instead of twenty pounds of squealing, squirming male papoose.

"Ambushed me, did you, you skeezicks?" says Charlie. Then he hollers, "Iysoah!" and Iysoah come out.

I'd pinched myself twice on the way from the barn to the house. I pinched myself again before I shook hands with her. She looked real and she felt real though. Too solid for a dream. Not fat, but what you'd call nicely filled out. A woman, and a happy woman. Oh, you can tell 'em when you see the genuine article, every time, but they're so scarce you get fooled by fair imitations once in a while. It wasn't no "Hurrah, girls!" with her; it was something quiet and peaceful, but it was there, right in her eyes, even when she wasn't smiling. You could sort of sense it.

But, at that, I missed something. I wouldn't ask for a kinder welcome than she gave me, but there was something missing. The next minute she spoke to Charlie, and right away it come to me what it was—the coo had gone out of her voice. Soft and pleasant enough it was, although she was scolding him for carrying the young one head downward, but it wasn't exactly the velvet that Charlie used to get—and I noticed Charlie up-ended the little rooster *pronto*. Then she scolded her papoose and it was the old dove note again, and then some.

She carried him out and was back again, smiling and bright, with a pitcher of lemonade with ice in it. Ice on Ash Creek!

"Sure enough," says Charlie. "But why not? Forty-five below is cold enough to freeze ice, ain't it? That's what we had last winter. I dammed up the creek, and I could have filled the ice house twice over."

He rattled on, bragging about his ice house, his garden, his crops, his stock and his kid, what him and Ole had done last year and what they intended to do; and whenever he stopped for breath Iysoah put in. Ole was married, and his wife helped with the housework and the kid, and they paid 'em forty a month and they was worth twice that—and questions about Texas and news of the reservation; and I sat there, pinching myself once in a while and all the while taking her in. Fresh-laundered, flowered-calico dress, starchy skirts, and shoes as neat as ever; hair done up—not like the braids tied with red-ribbon bows that I remembered, but more stylish, and mighty becoming to her. And happy!

By and by we had dinner, and they was both set I should stay overnight. I stayed. I wanted to find out something that I knew Iysoah wouldn't tell me, not if I stayed a hundred years and could have asked her; but with gabby Charlie it was different. He was one of those boys that are mighty interested in themselves and like to talk about what interests 'em.

After supper, when the chores was done, I got my chance. Iysoah is putting little Charles Fortune Planché to sleep in the next room and Charlie and me is sitting smoking. Charlie winks one of his wicked eyes at me and allows it isn't often he gets the chance.

"She doesn't like it," he says, "on account of it not being good for me. You wouldn't think that, her being ——"

"Injun?" says I.

He frowns and shakes his head at me, jerking his thumb at the bedroom.

"Not but what she's proud of her Injun blood," he says, a little above a whisper; "but you know how it is. An Irishman don't like you to call him Irish, and Ole come near fighting one day when I called him a damn Swede. I had to apologize."

"I'd have sposed you'd smoke anyway," says I. "What would happen if you did?"

He looked round at the door again.

"I don't know," he says, "but I've got a hunch that something would happen. Oh, I'd smoke if I wanted to, but I tell you, Sam, Iysoah is a mighty smart little woman. I've took her advice more'n once and done well by it, and she thinks the sun rises and sets in me. What I say is, when you get a woman like that, treat her well. Humor her."

"That's a pious idee," says I. "Still," I says, "you didn't talk that way afore you married her. You was a-going to make her stand round while you just lay round. When I come up this morning I expected to see her splitting wood for dinner."

Charlie grins sort of foolish. "She'd split it, if I told her to," says he, "but she just naturally can't handle an ax. One time she tried it and it flew out of her hand, and, if I hadn't dodged, it would have brained me. She was all broke up about it, to think what a narrow escape I had. Felt awful bad."

"H-m," says I. "I wonder if she didn't. When was that?"

"Along when we was first married," says he. "I chopped the wood myself after that."

"Well, you're husky enough to do it," says I. "You look like a man that's well fed. Iysoah has got to be a tolerable good cook."

"She's learned," says he. "I used to make a roar when she didn't cook to please me, and she soon learned. But at first—one time she fixed up a stew that blame near poisoned me. Colic! Say, I like to died. She was mighty nigh crazy about it, scared plumb out of her senses. She rustled a flat rock and het it up to put on my belly and in her fluster she got it about red hot, and mamma! It was a couple of weeks afore I could move. I sure suffered. Iysoah said it hurt her more'n it did me, and she certainly took on like it did."

"I bet she's a good nurse," says I, "but anybody's liable to get flustered and lose their head."

"She don't lose hers, as a general thing," says Charlie. "One time I got bit by a rattlesnake right in this house. It beats the Dutch how it got in, and it sure bit me. If it hadn't been for Iysoah I'd have been a goner because I was plumb out of whisky drunk the last drop the night before. See that little cubby-hole under the shelves? I reached in for my hat that Iysoah had stuck in there and the son of a gun got me—on the arm. I'd skassly let out a holler afore Iysoah had that snake's head mashed; then, in less time than it takes to tell it, she'd got my arm tied and was cutting into the bite with my razor to let the blood out, after which she poured ammonia on it. I didn't have to tell her what to do. She knew; made every move count. Some women would have taken half a day to find the latigo string and the razor and the ammonia, but not Iysoah. Kept her head that time, all right. Well, sir, if you never had ammonia poured into an open wound, you ain't got no idee what it's like. And she sure bled me good and plenty. But it done the work."

"H-m," says I. "You sure had a streak of bad luck. I seen Bogga down in Texas and he was telling me about you getting throwed and all stove up. Must have been a good horse, Charlie."

"Well, sir," says Charlie, "that was a mighty funny thing. It wasn't no good horse; it was an old plug that I most generally couldn't rowel out of a walk, but I'd no sooner got on him than he let into bucking like a crazy outlaw. Even so, I'd have stayed with him, but both cinches busted, and saddle and me went a-kiting. I thought I wan't never going to light. They was new hair cinches, too, so you can figure it was some bucking."

"H-m-m," I says again.

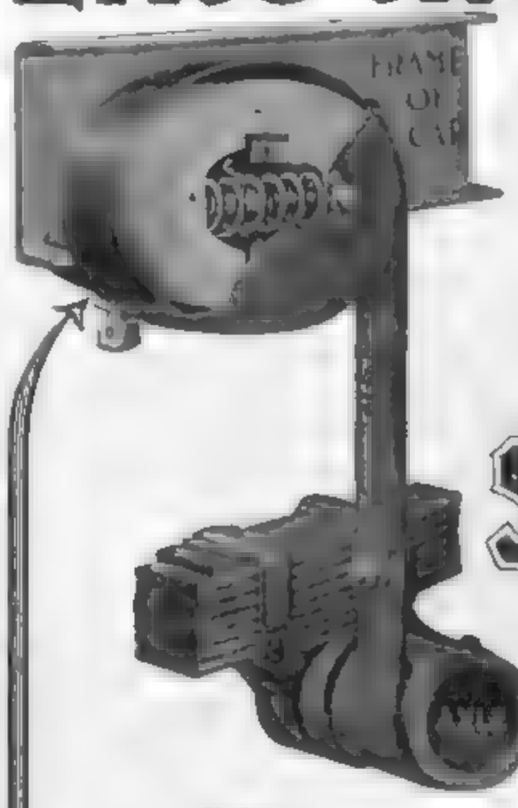
And I studied on them happenings a spell and it come to me that there was a weed the Injuns call *sieu* that if you take the pith and boil it—or put it in a stew—and swallow it, you get an elegant case of fence-rail colic. It come to me that I'd seen Injuns take and cut the poison sacs out of rattlers just for deviltry. They say they fix 'em all that way for the snake dances, but some says not. Howsever, I knew myself that the button of a prickly pear under a saddle blanket will make anything buck, and that even new hair cinches could be wore through by rubbing them against a rock or taking a blacksmith's rasp to 'em.

"I know what you're a-thinking of," says Charlie. "I had my suspicions myself, and I told her so one time. We'd had a few words—like all married folks will—and soon after that, while she was cleaning my gun it went off and took the tip of my ear. Right here, see?"

He showed me his left ear and, sure enough, the tip was sort of jagged.

"I told her what I suspicioned and told her that I'd like for her to let up on me, but I felt ashamed of myself when I seen how it


Like the "Twilight"



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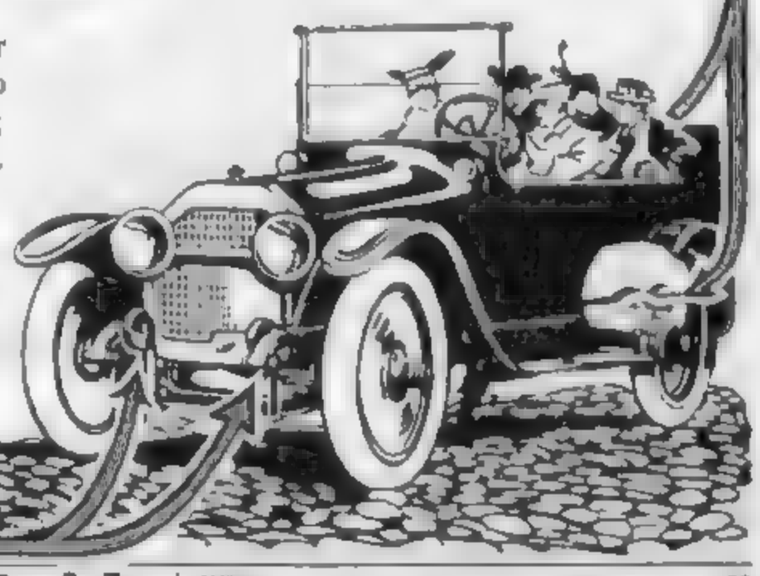

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DU PONT FABRIKOID

# How Many Cars Have Hides?

## A Sequel to "How Many Hides Has a Cow?"

MORE cars are now upholstered in Du Pont Fabrikoid than in any other material.

The number upholstered in leather (counting all grades, *real grain leather* and *splits* or so-called "genuine leather," is steadily diminishing.

About 20% of the new pleasure cars sold in 1915 were upholstered in hides or hide splits. About 10% were upholstered in cloth. Of the remaining 70% upholstered in leather substitutes the majority were in Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality.

Four years ago nearly all automobiles were upholstered in good leather, *but* 1915 production was just about twice that of 1912; in the meantime the steadily decreasing hide supply has made prices soar.

The attempt to meet the famine in real grain leather by using and selling doctored splits as "genuine leather" has been a failure.

The public has learned that there is a vast difference between real grain leather and so-called "genuine leather." Today automobile manufacturers face the choice of real grain leather or its nearest popular competitor, Du Pont Fabrikoid.

Real grain leather, because of scarcity and high price, is out of the question for popular-priced models that are produced in any considerable quantity. Therefore, since coated splits masquerading as "genuine leather," have proved impractical, the decision of the greatest makers of popular-priced cars has been in favor of Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality, proved the most desirable after several years' use on hundreds of thousands of automobiles.

Du Pont Fabrikoid is not leather, but a scientific substitute therefor which has made good. It has the artistic appearance and luxury of real grain leather, and in addition is waterproof, washable and will outwear the grade of "genuine leather" used on 90% of the cars that "have hides."

Fabrikoid Rayntite Tops are guaranteed one year against leaking. They do not get shabby because they are washable and tasteless and will not hold grease or dirt.

Booklet and small sample of Motor Quality sent free.
A usable piece, 18 x 25 inches, sent postpaid for 50c.

**Du Pont Fabrikoid Company**

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hurt her. Shucks! she didn't know nothing about guns; couldn't tell the stock from the barr'l. 'How could you think such a thing of your poor little Injun wife that loves you so?' she says. And there ain't no doubt but she thinks the world of me, Sam. Never gave me a cross word yet, and I'll own up that at first I was kind of short with her, although I never licked her but that once except and that was just love taps—and I'd been drinking.

"'But,' she says, 'being Injun, I can't help believing in medicine, Charlie dear, and I think you make bad medicine for yourself every time you raise hell with your poor little wife. It certainly has always looked that way. It skeers me,' she says, 'and I'm afraid that sometime, when you say ugly things or do ugly things, that medicine will get to working and make something awful happen to you. The house might burn down and you in it. You try to act better, Charlie dear.'

"No, Sam," says Charlie, "I don't believe she ever played it on me. She thinks too much of me. And I treat her well, too, and, as I say, she's smart, and I'm willing to take her advice now and then. Listen!"

I listened. Iysoah was singing to the kid in that dove voice:

*"Dehan iyoyanpa,*
*Qa ciyatan——"*

"Injun," thinks I. But Charlie was looking tickled to death.

Pretty soon she stopped and Charlie pinched his cigarette out and sneaked the stub into his boot leg. The bedroom door opened softly and she stood for a moment in the opening, smiling at us—the way a mother smiles when she has just seen her baby's eyes close in sleep and has laid him down on his little pillow.

*Iysoahinapewin*, sure enough, she looked—the rosy-light-of-dawn!

"That's all right," commented the Bar T boy, "but this here Smithers lady, she hasn't got no Injun in her."

"Don't you let that worry you, son," said the post trader. "They all have."

## The Song of the Tug

*IN THE thick, wet fog of the early morn,*
*Heeding the warning of bell and horn,*
*In and out through the shipping gray,*
*Like a noisy shuttle weaving away,*
*With my busy put-put, I fussily go,*
*Casting about for a ship to tow.*
*Oh, put-put-put*
*Your trust in me*
*And I'll tow you out to the open sea*
*Out through the crowded, bowing ships;*
*Out past the long, wet ferry-slips;*
*Out where the great, gray sea-gull dips*
*To meet the crested wave.*

*Oh, you big, proud ships that sail the sea,*
*You must knuckle and bend to the likes of me,*
*You must fold your white and your spreading wings*
*And put yourself in my leading strings:*
*Though you're for the in or the big out side,*
*You need me more than you need the tide.*
*Oh, put-put-put—*
*How busy I'll be*
*When you and I put-put to sea!*
*Out past the cluttered shipping docks;*
*Out past the buoy that ducks and mocks;*
*Out past the hidden harbor rocks*
*To the Siren Sister, Ocean.*

*Oh, the Siren Sister calls to me;*
*But well know I what the end would be*
*If I dreamed myself a good, tight ship,*
*Equal to make the long sea-trip.*
*But, wherever I pass through the harbor wide,*
*The sea-wind echoes with every tide:*
*"Oh, put-put-put*
*Your trust in me,*
*And put-put-put for the open sea—*
*Out where the screaming gulls wheel high;*
*Out where there's never a harbor nigh;*
*Out where there's naught but sea and sky*
*And a stout little tug together."*

—Mabel Guinan Orr

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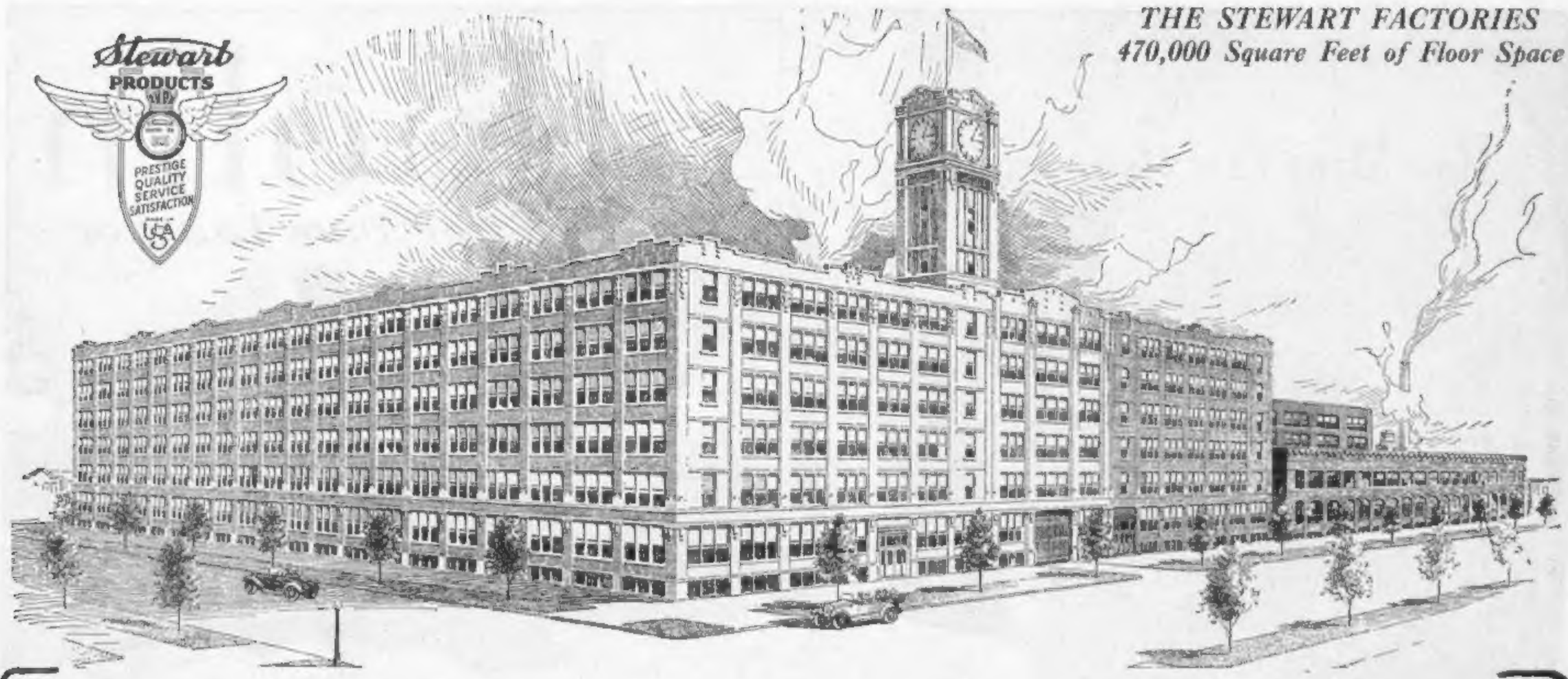


# "Always on the Job"

## What This Means To The Car Manufacturer

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation adopted as a slogan "ALWAYS ON THE JOB," and it is conceded by the entire automobile industry that this slogan was most applicable.

"Always on the Job" means much to the car manufacturer. It means not only an ability to deliver goods on the dates specified, but also means delivery of the right kind of goods, merchandise that will pass the critical inspection of the car manufacturers, and that will give satisfaction all the life of the car.

"Always on the Job" means backing up the merchandise with service that permits the car manufacturer to forget the accessories once they are placed on the car at his factory.

"Always on the Job" means having faith in our merchandise to the extent of advertising Stewart products all over the world at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly.

"Always on the Job" means a corps of trained engineers and mechanics that are constantly visiting and co-operating with the car manufacturer to supply him with Stewart products of the kind that will best suit his car, which often means goods of special design and which is possible only in factories with facilities as flexible as ours.

"Always on the Job" means to build additional factories and equip them with additional machinery far in advance of actual requirements, a policy that has always been followed, and which now gives us a factory comprising 470,000 square feet of floor space.

That our "Always on the Job" policy is appreciated by the car manufacturer is evidenced by the fact that 95% of all car manufacturers use Stewart Speedometers. Within less than two years 53% of the cars are using the Stewart Vacuum System. Within less than one year over 300,000 cars were equipped with Stewart Warning Signals. It is the same story with all other Stewart products.

The "Always on the Job" policy has made possible contracting for materials and taking actual deliveries on them where necessary to such an extent as to enable us to continue our same fair prices to car manufacturers, while most other concerns have advanced their prices on account of the increased price of materials.

Car manufacturers for the year of 1916 will use Stewart products on their cars to even greater extent than ever before. They realize this year more than ever that, with the severe competition in automobiles, they must equip their cars with the best accessories the market can afford.

## What This Means To The Car Dealer

The car dealer, next to the car owner, has to suffer most if the car manufacturer, in an effort to save a possible 25 cents here and there, has equipped his car with unknown or untried accessories.

The car dealer will first appreciate our "Always on the Job" advertising policy, that makes Stewart products a household word, that makes them the least necessary thing to explain on the car. The car dealer invariably says it is a pleasure to point to Stewart products and say to prospective car buyers: "You see the car is equipped with Stewart accessories."

Car dealers appreciate our "Always on the Job" policy of service. The car dealer makes the most profit on the car to which he has to give the least attention after sold; that is the car he takes most pleasure in selling, because it brings him more profit and his customer is satisfied.

Should anything go wrong with Stewart products, it is a pleasure to tell the customer to drive over to the Stewart Service Station, where he will get prompt attention. While if his car is equipped with unknown accessories, he has to either take off the article himself, send it back for repairs, and stand the abuse of the customer, or ask the customer to take the article off the car and ship it back, which places him in a still worse position with his customer.

Even the lowest priced cars can be moved more quickly and with less expense by the car dealer if equipped with Stewart products, and other well known accessories. He has nothing to explain. The car then sells itself. The prospective car buyer is sure to have confidence in even the lowest priced cars if the maker of that car shows him that he has spent extra money by equipping with Stewart products.

The car dealer may be offering one of the best cars on the market, but it is not equipped with these known accessories, while right next door he has a live competitor also selling one of the best cars on the market, but this car is equipped with all of the well known accessories. Is it any wonder that he finds his next door competitor is getting most of the business, if not all?

Dealers are all insisting that car manufacturers equip with Stewart products. They know there are none better in quality, none surer to give satisfaction, none better advertised, and none on which there is equal service, and with the fierce competition 1916 is sure to have, they will appreciate more than ever what Stewart products mean on a car.

## What This Means To The Car Buyer

Prices on automobiles have been greatly reduced. There is now more competition between car makers than ever. They are all offering wonderful values, which makes it more and more difficult for the prospective car buyer to select the car that represents the most for the money he wishes to invest.

More and more he is coming to depend on the accessories of the car as a guide to its quality. Upholstery, paint and steel look very much alike from the outside. The prospective car buyer requires something more tangible on which to base his opinion as to the quality of the car.

He has come to know that really good cars are equipped with a certain starter outfit, carburetor, magneto, tires, speedometer, warning signal, vacuum system, etc., and of all these accessories there are none he is more familiar with than Stewart products. He has seen Stewart products on 95% of the cars on the streets; he has seen Stewart products on 95% of the cars owned by his friends. Stewart products are, therefore, the first he looks for when inspecting a new car.

No matter how good the hidden things of the car may be, the prospective buyer is bound to be suspicious of the whole car if the accessories before his eye are not of the best known makes.

The prospective car buyer cannot go wrong if he insists on buying the car that is equipped with Stewart products and other well known accessories. He will appreciate that the car manufacturer has not skimped; that he has willingly paid more for the accessories than others could be purchased at, which immediately acquaints the prospective car buyer with the broad, liberal policy behind the car.

The car manufacturer who buys unknown makes of accessories is asking his prospective car buyer to take an awful chance in believing that the car itself is better than the accessories.

Practically none of these unknown accessories are backed with service. It is up to the car owner, if anything should go wrong with such accessories, to take them off the car, and ship back to the manufacturer and then wait goodness knows how long for the return of the articles. The "Always on the Job" policy on Stewart products has placed Service Stations or branches in sixty cities equipped with experts and facilities for prompt handling of all service.

*Makers of the Stewart Magnetic Speedometer, the Warner Auto-Meter, the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, the Stewart Electric Motor-Driven Warning Signal, the Stewart Hand-Operated Warning Signal, the Stewart Motor-Driven Tire Pump, the Stewart Hub Odometer, the Warner Electric Self-Winding Clock, etc., etc.*

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**Factories: Chicago and Beloit, U. S. A.** **60 Branches and Service Stations**

# A New Synthetic Substance For the Soles of Shoes

Neolin was born of necessity, the mother of invention.

Never was the need of the world so great for something better than leather for the soles of shoes.

You know how shoe prices have soared in the past five years.

And you may have heard how shoe manufacturers have had to fight—especially since the motor car came—for their share of the world's supply of choice hides.

You will understand, then, why American manufacturers have welcomed Neolin with open arms.

As always happens when an economic pressure becomes almost too hard to bear, science came to the rescue with a new synthetic substance—better than leather for the soles of shoes.

Its name is Neolin, and it comes to fill an old want in a new and a better way.

Shoe manufacturers, through their salesmen, are telling the Neolin story now to shoe dealers all over America.

They are taking orders for the season to come.

They are endorsing Neolin wholeheartedly and with enthusiasm.

And why should they not?

There is nothing they could say of the choicest leather that they are not justified in saying with added emphasis of Neolin.

And Neolin has advantages and virtues all its own.

If it were merely as good as good leather, that would be enough to make it noteworthy—because the supply is inexhaustible.

But imagine a substance, which is not rubber, which is not leather, but which is better than rubber, better than leather, and which is waterproof as well!

That is Neolin—a water-tight shoe sole that is also light and flexible—that gives a glove-fitting sensation to the sole of the foot, even when the shoe is new.

We are entrusting the introduction of Neolin to the shoe manufacturers and dealers of the United States and Canada.

Shoes fitted with these fine soles will come to you through your regular trade channels.

The task of soling the shoes of the two neighbor nations is too vast to be accomplished in any other way.

These announcements are merely to acquaint you with the great task of distribution which these manufacturers and dealers have undertaken.

All we ask of you is that you will show your good-will by mentioning to your dealer the interest you must feel in Neolin.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

# Choose *Seedless* Sunkist Oranges

**Orange Cake**

| | |
|---|---|
| ½ cup butter | 1½ cups milk |
| 3 cups sugar | 6 level teaspoons baking powder |
| 6 eggs | 4½ cups flour |

2 teaspoons vanilla or orange juice

Cream butter, add sugar and yolks of eggs well beaten. Mix and sift baking powder and flour and add alternately to first mixture. Beat vigorously. Add flavoring and whites of eggs which have been whipped stiff. Bake in three layer-cake pans, put layers together with White Mountain Cream made as follows:

**White Mountain Cream**

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 cups sugar | Whites of 2 eggs |
| ½ cup boiling water | 1 tablespoon orange juice |

Put sugar and water in saucepan, and stir to prevent sugar from adhering to saucepan; heat gradually to boiling point, and boil without stirring until syrup will thread when dropped from tip of spoon or tines of silver fork. Pour syrup gradually on beaten white of egg, beating mixture constantly and continue beating until of right consistency to spread; then add flavoring and pour over cake, spreading evenly with back of spoon. Crease as soon as firm. If not beaten long enough frosting will run; if beaten too long it will not be smooth. Frosting beaten too long may be improved by adding a few drops of lemon juice or boiling water.

FILLING—Peel four oranges. Slice thin and arrange sections between layers and on top.

Sliced Sunkist oranges and bananas make an easily prepared and charming dessert.

*Seedless* oranges *slice* better, wafer-thin and unmarred. And these seedless navel oranges are the *tenderest* also.

Famous chefs prefer Sunkist because this firm and tender fruit makes the best *flavored* and best *looking* dishes too.

Millions of housewives are now finding out these facts. *You* will find them out once you try Sunkist.

So order tender Sunkist seedless navel oranges for all culinary uses in *your* home, and try the tested recipe in this advertisement.

See how good these dishes are when made with seedless *Sunkist* from the sunny California groves.

There are scores of luscious orange dishes described in our free recipe book. They will lend variety to your meals, and are very quickly and easily prepared. No woman ever wants to be without this book once she knows how *healthful* oranges are, and knows the charming ways to *use* this fruit.

Send now for the book. A postcard gets it.

## —*from* California

Sunkist oranges are grown in California and shipped by the California Fruit Growers Exchange, a strictly *non-profit*, co-operative organization of eight thousand growers whose aim in thus associating is solely to *raise better fruit* and market it so *economically* that dealers everywhere can sell at reasonable retail prices. Sunkist oranges cost no more than others. Therefore no housewife need ever go without them.

**CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE**

CO-OPERATIVE—NON-PROFIT

**Eastern Headquarters: Dept. A 79, 139 N. Clark St., Chicago**

*Sunkist oranges and lemons are sold by all first-class dealers everywhere. Save Sunkist tissue wrappers for beautiful silverware.*

(428)

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of

# Scrubbing

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